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APR
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X-PN 4821

Vol #1

THE RIDGEVILLE NEWS.

VOL. 2. Ridgeville, December, 15th. 1877. NO. 5.

For the News.

HOW ARTHUR RAN AWAY.

CHAPTER 2.

Miss Ellis smiled, but only said, "if you will come with me, Artie, I'll show you a sad little sight, that is very different from your nice, pleasant home. The little boy we are going to see has never walked in his life: his mother is dead, and he lies all alone in his room, while his father is at work. I have been to see him very often, and have read to him, and taken flowers to him; but I am afraid I shall never do that any more." They went into a dark, dirty street, known as "Rag Alley," and stopped before a house equally dark and dirty, but into which a

ray of light had fallen, four years before. In a small room on a low bed lay a little creature, strangely bent and twisted, but with a face so sweet and touching in its beauty, that Arthur held his breath. The great, wonderful eyes had a light more of heaven than earth; the white forehead, where the blue veins showed plainly, was shaded by long curls of pale gold-color.

(To be continued.)

A very particular swain in Huntington sent his marriage to the paper with the addition, "No card-amons." He said he despised abbreviations.

We will commence Vol. 3. with the New Year.

DECEMBER, 1877.

Vol. 2. No. 6.

#2

X-PN 4827

RIDGEVILLE NEWS.



W. H. Richardson.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

NEWS PUB., CO., PRINT.

X-PN 4827

#3

The QUAKER

JUNE, 1910



P. C. OLIPHANT, Quakemaker

APR 29 1911

X-PN 4827

#4

THE REBEL

He who reaches the age of 30 and is not a Revolutionist,
is an inferior.

—George Bernard Shaw.

THE CALL TO YOUTH

Where is the youth that rebels against wrong?
The youth that is quick to ask vengeance for tears.
The youth that has thrilled all the hearts of the oppressed
In the crises of Man during thousands of years?
Where are the hearts that can blaze for a cause
In the fire of glory that heeds not its fame?
All the thousands of Babbits now give us a pause—
For Man's sake, O young ones, just give us a name.
Just a name and a murmur to tell us that now
Rebellion still blazes in hearts that can feel.
The toil of the slave and the sweat from his brow
In a conflict that calls for strength as of steel.

But the names and the murmers are still of the dead
Few the hearts that rebel in these days of travail;
Give us a youth clean of heart—clear of head
With the passion to seek and recover the Grael.

Wake up, Youth! You have work—there's a world yet to
win
You have nerve—you have brawn—but you yet must
awake

Take the bit in your teeth—swear to never give in—
Overturn things that are, for Humanity's sake!

—Gardner S. Wells.

THE WORKER AND THE MACHINE

During the Industrial Revolution of the Nineteenth century, time after time the workers rose up and destroyed the machines and inventions that were coming into use. The agricultural workers, the farm hands of America, as in every other country, fought, every inch of the way the introduction of harvesting machinery. Hand shoemakers sabotaged and destroyed at every chance the use of automatic shoe machinery. This destruction and staying of progress has in every incident been due to the increasing misery of the workers that each new device brought. The machine has created "tech-

THE REBEL

*For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.*

---Lord Byron

5c Per Copy

NOVEMBER, 1931

25c Per Year

MY SONG OF THE CITY

I was conceived and born in you.
At infancy, I looked at you
Bold and unafraid.

As a child,
I played in your streets, unconcerned.

At youth
I became part of you
Part of your chaos and clatter and
noise.

Shouting on your streets,
Part of the mad race of existence--
"Telegram! Journal! Record! Herald!
"Box-score the Ball Game!
"Paper, mister?"
"Keep the change."
"Thanks, mister."

From Grammar
To Junior High,
From skate-coaster
To bicycle.

From Junior High
To High School,
From bicycle
To Ford.

Singing, shouting,
Working, playing,
Hoping, praying--

Class Day, Proms,
Commencement--

I FACED YOU AGAIN

Alone,
Guided only by small experience,
Streets became wider
And more crowded--
Buildings higher, bolder--
Foreboding and forbidding.
Offices, work rooms, store rooms,
shipping rooms--

THEN I SAW THE FRAUD!

Alleyways of ants--
Towering monuments to man's
boasting ego--
Clatter, clammer, clanging--
Empty, fruitless--chaos;
Factories, belching soot--
Burning coal and lives--
Slums, Ghettos, Latin Quarters--
Filthy--unclean.
Corruption of bodies in brothels,
Corruption of souls in City Halls--
Crime, prostitution, hate strife,
Pain, misery, and poverty.
Needless, senseless--
Clangor and clatter--
Fraud, cheat, fake!

And yet--
Skyline,
Smudge of grime by day,
Haze of lights at night.

There is rhythm to your roar,
Music in your jangle,
Mysticism in your
Clamminess of night.

You hold me,
You are MINE!!

---Roger Rush.

APR 28 1944

THE REBEL, THE
AMERICAN FREE PRESS,
affiliated solely with
The American Amateur
Press Association and
circulated through the
mailing Bureau of the
said Association.
Wilson H. Shepherd,
Editor and Publisher,
Oakman, Alabama.

This issue of these
two journals is a
special combination
issue!

#6
-THE REBEL- No. 4

Special Combination
Issue
No. 5. The American

FREE PRESS

Wilson H. Shepherd
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

SOME

Odds

AND

Ends

of Comment

CHICAGO CONVENTION-why the sudden silence? After all the ballyhoo I had made up my mind to attend if possible and now I know nothing.... will some one please come forward with information? Well? LITERARY QUARTERLY-due to unavoidable circumstances George Kay had to drop out of our combination on the Quarterly. I expect to continue and enlarge this magazine, thus the combination of the Rebel and the Free Press, these two being merged with the Quarterly after this issue. Anyone interested in coming in with me as a co-publisher please come forward, the line forms on the left! DARED GOOD PUBLICITY!- Being appointed by President Price to do what I could to help the AAPA on it's way I formed a committee which for various reason I dubb The Committee for the Advancement of the American Amateur Press Association. To date with the help of Jim Francis who is on the committee with me we have arranged for a two inch display ad and a 50 words classified ad to be run for a year in a large nationally circulated magazine, all this space is devoted to the association. In addition all of you will see our new poster idea described in the current Official Organ and also get your poster, stick this where it'll do the most good, if you need more I have them. Anyone without an office and with some free time and spare change is welcome on this committee we can use several good men. KERN- our member from Wisconsin know as Charley Kern is a writer, or did you know that? Well to be short Charley handed me several stories of his to see what I could do about selling them. Not wanting to knock C. down with praise, but speaking the truth I found the stories on a par with any I've ever read, and I also found them to be representative of the general work done in the American. MORE QUARTERLY, I'd like to hear from everyone on the first issue of The Literary Quarterly...and I wish someone would tell me how to get new members without having to hog tie them! I might add that if material shows up and money with it there will be occasional issue of The Free Press and the Rebel from time to time.
I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR WHAT PRINTER-HELPERS CONSIDER THE IDEAL PRESS...

REBEL YOUTH

Vol I

LOS ANGELES, APRIL 15, 1932

No. 1

5c Per Copy

25c Per Year

Berkeley Students Turn Rebel

Starting from a little group of two or three students who wanted to organize a Thomas-for-President Club, a Socialist organization composed to a large extent of University of California students of more than a hundred members, has been organized in Berkeley.

Still in its first month of organization, the group has started active circularization of Unemployment Insurance Petitions on and around the campus and has secured a large number of signatures. They have planned, advertised, and held one of the largest and most successful Socialist meetings ever held in Oakland.

Not satisfied with carrying on a campaign for Unemployment Insurance and conducting educational meetings throughout the East Bay Region, the group has gone into direct political activity.

J. Stitt Wilson, formerly Socialist Mayor of Berkeley, has been nominated as their candidate for Congress from the new seventh district, covering Berkeley and part of Oakland. They are preparing for a strenuous and lively campaign.

The Berkeley members have definitely left the "Liberal" fold of merely thinking and discussing, and have gone into active work for the things that they believe in. They are far from "Parlor Socialists" and have gone to the street-corners and mounted the noble soap box. They are distributing literature from house to house, carrying around signs advertising meetings, and are making an aggressive and militant fight for Socialism.

The group is under the leadership of David G. Lyon, 1931 graduate of Berkeley. Alida H. Stewart, 1965 Marice Ave., Berkeley, is secretary.

Student Organizers Return From Tour

Hyman Sheanin and Willie Goldberg, members of the Young People's Socialist League who have spent the last five weeks holding meetings for Unemployment Insurance and the Socialist Party returned to Los Angeles for a brief interim before starting north on the longer and harder part of their trip through the northern part of California.

They report that they have found the people more responsive and interested in their message than at any time in the past. Their meetings before college assemblies and classes, at churches, before Y. M. C. A.'s, Labor Organizations, and other groups were well attended and the audience always receptive and interested and more than willing to become active in the work.

The southern part of their tour covered Santa Ana, La Habra, Anaheim, Fullerton, Placentia, San Diego, National City, Riverside, San Bernardino and Redlands. Meetings were held before the San Diego State College, Redlands University, and the Santa Ana and Riverside Junior Colleges.

As we go to press Sheanin and Goldberg have left for Bakersfield, Taft, Fresno, Stockton and other northern cities.

for rugged individuals!

MAY DAY EVE
REBEL YOUTH DANCE

GREET THE RED DAWN
LOS ANGELES LABOR COLLEGE
1480 West Jefferson

Admission 25c

9 p. m.



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The Red Rooster

The Bulletin and News-paper of the National Amateur Press Association

Vol. 1

GREAT NECK, N. Y., APRIL, 1933

No. 1

HOTEL NEW YORKER SELECTED AS CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS

JERSEY CITY, N. J. — The Convention Reception Committee has selected for the 1933 National Amateur Press Association convention headquarters, the Hotel New Yorker. The selection was made at the first meeting of the committee on April 4 at the home of the chairman, V. B. Haggerty, in Jersey City.

The Annual Convention Banquet will take place at the hotel Tuesday, July 4 at 6:30 P. M. The price is to be \$2.00.

Details of further developments, as well as expenses at the New Yorker, will be published in the May issue.

MONTPELIER A. J.'s ORGANIZED

MONTPELIER, Vt. — The Scribblers' Club of Montpelier, founded by Walter R. Davenport, meets monthly with about twenty members. It is conducted as a study club and social organization. At the last session, Walter J. Coates criticized poetry by the members.

LIBRARIAN WILL RESIGN IN JULY

TARRYTOWN, N. Y. — It was learned that Walter M. Stevenson will resign as Librarian at the coming N. A. P. A. convention.

Stevenson issued this statement: "I now, for the first time, give the information that when the coming convention is in order, I will resign as Librarian of the N. A. P. A. All the articles I have collected, money and books, will be turned over to my successor promptly upon his appointment."

Stevenson expected to issue a catalog of the library by March 1 of this year, but it has not appeared yet.

President Thomson was surprised when he heard of Stevenson's statement and regretted the Librarian's decision.

RECRUITING WORK BRINGS 54 NEW MEMBERS

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Many replies have been received by Secretary of Publicity Smith in response to the N. A. P. A. literature which has been mailed to prospective members. The number of recruits obtained so far this year (fifty-four) already exceeds last year's total of new members by eleven.

Twelve hundred extra copies of The National Amateur and an equal number of V. B. Haggerty's recruit pamphlet were ordered especially for this campaign.

BAINS ANSWERS MSS. ACCUSATION

SHREVEPORT, La. — Second Vice President James A. Bains protested that too many publishers and editors were 'crying' that they could not issue a paper because they didn't have enough manuscript.

Bains said that very few requests for manuscript had been received by the bureau. He said that good articles, poems, and stories are generally on hand.

The Second Vice President suggested the publishing of a circular stating the type and length of stories, articles and poems desired by the editors so that the writers could comply with their wishes.

THOMSON WON'T RUN THIS YEAR

NEW BEDFORD, Mass. — President Thomson made the following reply to inquiries as to whether or not he would accept renomination for President:

"It is out of the question for me to accept another nomination. First of all it's against the custom of the association. Finally, if I complete this term with anything to my credit, I'll consider my slogan 'Onward to Victory' amounted to something."

[ADDITIONAL POLITICAL NEWS ON PAGE 4]

The Red Rooster

The News-paper and Bulletin of the National Amateur Press Association

VOL. 1

GREAT NECK, N. Y., MAY, 1933 **APR 28 1944** No. 2

A.P.C. BALKS POLITICIAN'S MOVE

PHILADELPHIA, Pa. --- The Amateur Printers Club met at the home of Harold Segal, April 30. In attendance were all but one (MacMahon) of the eight members, a new member, Murray Carpenter of *The Molecule*, and six guests.

Resignations of President Segal and Secretary Andersen were refused for lack of feasible reason. Trainer was selected editor of the next issue of *The Amateur Pressman* and the next regular meeting was sent for July 2 at Haggerty's home. A special meeting will be held there June 18.

A club emblem design submitted by Baddock was approved and he was requested to proceed in securing cuts of it.

The political machine which has dominated the last few elections had hoped to secure the backing of all the A.P.C. members, but suffered a severe setback when it developed that each member seemed to have definite opinions of his own on whom to support. As few candidates were acceptable to all, plans for a united campaign in support of one ticket had to be abandoned.

—RR—

NOTED ALUMNI WILL RATE PAPERS

BROOKLYN, N. Y. --- President Wills has appointed three Alumni Association members to act as judges of the papers entered for the \$10, \$5, and \$3 prizes which he offered. They are Charles W. Heins, Ridgefield Park, N. J., a former N.A.P.A. President; Frank B. Noyes, Washington, D. C., President of the Associated Press; and George Stewart Brown, Brooklyn, Associate Judge of the U. S. Customs Court. Their decisions will be announced by Chairman Heins and the awards made by President Wills at the convention banquet.

July 3-4-5! Will you be there?

LAY PLANS TO MAKE NEW YORK CONVENTION HUGE SUCCESS

NEW YORK, N. Y. --- Arrangements with the Hotel New Yorker concerning the annual N.A.P.A. convention on July 3, 4, and 5 include use of: a room for the reception to visiting delegates on Sunday evening, July 2, a mechanically cooled parlor of size sufficient to accommodate the business sessions, a hall for the banquet (\$2 a plate) Tuesday evening, July 4, and show cases for whatever exhibits the association cares to make.

The Convention Committee has decided to make no additional program of social activity but to allow the delegates to choose their entertainment from the abundant features offered by the city.

Business sessions will begin on time at 10 a. m., the first being slated for Monday, July 3.

Sunday afternoon, delegates are invited to attend the regular Amateur Printers Club

--Continued on page 4--

—RR—

HAGGERTY SECURES LINOTYPE

JERSEY CITY, N. J. --- Vincent Haggerty materialized an old desire by having a Linotype installed in his home recently.

The machine, a model 4 rebuilt as a model 5 (one magazine of mats) was secured, after an extensive search thru printing machinery establishments, for \$1200, to be paid over a two year period. It is equipped with 8 pt. De Vinne matrices (a company name for a plain roman face) and 13, 16 and 20 em liners.

Haggerty is going to hire a Linotype operator to do his work until he has learned how to operate his new toy.

Later on, he plans to go into partnership with New York amateurs in forming an inexpensive amateur paper publishing service, in which he will do the composition and the partners will do the printing.

The Red Rooster

National Amateur Press Association Unofficial Official Newspaper

VOL. I

Great Neck, N. Y., August 1933

No. 5

Over 100 At New York City Convention; Smith Presides Part Day and Resigns; Segal To Lead NAPA During Year

MANY NAPA CELEBRITIES ATTEND 58th ANNUAL CONCLAVE

New York, July 5 --- "And a good time was had by all" covers the 1933 NAPA convention accurately, albeit briefly. In all, over a hundred persons attended one or more of the gatherings, fulfilling all that was hoped for in that respect.

Full as many old-timers as young bloods turned out and it has been said that it is doubtful whether a greater number of NAPA celebrities have ever been assembled before.

The first get-together occurred Sunday afternoon when the Amateur Printers Club was supposed to hold an open meeting at the Haggerty's home. As a regular meeting it was a colossal flop, since the APC members were busy getting things together to leave for the convention hotel. Segal, Anderson and Babcock, however, got together in the cellar while more than a dozen visitors made merry upstairs.

Sunday evening, forty-two delegates and visitors attended the official reception at the hotel. The Blue Pencil Club played the leading role, holding their regular July meeting at that time. Members of the club read prose

---Continued on page 6---

R.R.

SEGAL MAKES APPOINTMENTS

Philadelphia, July 18 --- President Segal today announced the following appointments: Historian --- Herbert Fuhrman

Recruiting Chairman:

North --- Al Ostrow

South --- Clarke Walton

West --- Clyde Whetstone

Club Promoter --- Jack Starkweather

Manuscript Recorder --- John Bertha

Chairman of the Bureau of Critics

--- Howard P. Lovecraft

Mailing Manager --- Fred B. MacMahon, 302

Anderson Ave., North Tarrytown, N. Y.

Chicago A.J.'s To Be Hosts In '34

Bonnell Chosen Official Editor; Pursell Made Treasurer; Babcock Is Vice President

New York, July 4 --- In spite of his desire not to be considered a candidate for the office, Edwin Hadley Smith was elected NAPA President at the annual elections held this morning. Smith was not only the popular choice of convention voters but also 2 to 1 favorite in the proxy vote.

Smith accepted on the condition that he might resign later in the day. Following his resignation, Harold Segal was elected by unanimous vote of the convention.

Other officers chosen included: Vice President, Ralph Babcock; Treasurer, John Pursell; Official Editor, Earl Bonnell; Executive Judges, Harold Segal, George Thomson and Felicitas Haggerty. On Segal's election to the presidency, he resigned as Judge and Smith was chosen to fill the vacancy.

Chicago was chosen for the next convention and only the first of the five amendments was passed.

Chairman Suhre of the Proxy Committee delayed the business routine by his late appearance at the Tuesday morning session. The proposed amendments were discussed, while waiting for him, and were voted on as soon as the proxy report was read. Hadley Smith's proposal was the only one to pass.

C. W. Heins nominated Smith for President and James Morton nominated Segal. In the second speeches for Smith, Edward Cole pointed out the fallacy of a complete "young blood" regime. Fossils President Bochat mentioned his persistency and Doc Swift emphasized the Smith collection of a. j. papers.

In declining the nomination, Hadley said that financial reasons were partly responsible for his decision and that "young bloods"

The Red Rooster

The Unofficial Official Newspaper of the National Amateur Press Association

Vol. II

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 1934

No. 2

Fossils Library Moved At Last

By Amateur Grapevine News System

PHILADELPHIA, April 6—The Fossils Library was delivered to the Franklin Memorial at noon today, concluding nearly five months of bickering among amateur journalists, old and young.

Following a final hold-up on April 2, when he again refused to permit its removal from his office at 150 Nassau Street, New York, Joseph Dana Miller about faced and allowed a trucking company to pack the precious archives on April 4 for the trip to Philadelphia.

Edwin Hadley Smith, whose collection of amateur journalism—together with that of Richard Gerner—constitutes the main part of the Library, journeyed from Washington, and, with Harold Segal, assisted in arranging the collection in its final repository. The precious junk was so badly piled, even before its trip from New York, that several months will be required to complete its permanent arrangement. Smith has taken part of the miscellany to his Washington home to work on.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6—President Segal and Librarian Smith turned over the present NAPA Library to Librarian Alfred Riggling of the Franklin Memorial today. This material, most of which has been collected by Walter Stevenson since 1930, will be added to the Fossils collection to form the only public record of amateur journalism in existence. Efforts will be made to eliminate the gap between 1915 (when the Fossils Library ends) and 1920 (the beginning of the NAPA Library), and to keep the collection complete from now on.

—R R—

Palmer House To Be A. J. Center

Special To The Red Rooster

CHICAGO, April 19—Mrs. Jennie K. Plaisier has resigned as Chairman of the Convention Reception Committee because of ill health and the lack of co-operation by other Chicago members. President Segal is consulting Vincent Haggerty and E. H. Smith about plans.

The location of the fifty-ninth annual NAPA convention was changed from Hotel

(Continued on Page Two)

Trainer Defies President: Judges To Act

Special To The Red Rooster

JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 26—Secretary Trainer was accused of six violations of the NAPA Constitution in an indictment filed with the Executive Judges today. The author of the charges was not revealed.

As a retaliation against the allegedly unfair practices of the incumbent Secretary, a petition for censure has been presented to the Board of Executive Judges. The charges are: illegally dropping members, inefficiency, inactivity, insubordination, flagrant disregard of the Constitution, and indifference to the good of the Association.

Judges Felicitas Haggerty, George A. Thomson, and Willard O. Wylie, who constitutionally have the power to censure or suspend members—subject to the approval of the next convention, will examine the charges immediately and submit a report to President Segal.

Their decisions will be the first made in several years. No act of censure has been delivered in over five years, although previous violations of the Constitution have occurred. It is expected that this case will effect a closer observation of constitutional requirements on the part of future officials.

LINWOOD, PA., April 27—When asked whether he had previously known of the evidence upon which the charges were based, and, if so, why he had not taken action against the Secretary, President Segal replied:

"I planned to remove Trainer from office in March, but reconsidered. To have done so might have harmed the Association more (due to the resulting confusion) than to suffer from his inefficiency during the remainder of his term. At the time, I was aware of only a small portion of the evidence which has now been presented."

Segal reported that he had received letters from ex-President Thomson and O. W. Hinrichs, a member of the Editorial Award Committee, expressing regret at Trainer's actions, especially the publishing of the February "Scribbler."

The Red Rooster

Unofficial Official Newspaper of the National Amateur Press Association

Vol. 2

Great Neck, N. Y., May 1934

No. 3

NAPA Meets July 3-4-5 In Chicago

CHICAGO, May 12—The NAPA will hold its 59th annual convention at the Palmer House July 3, 4, and 5. The banquet will be held Wednesday evening, July 4, will cost \$2 a person, and will be informal.

A good program is planned and many former amateurs in and around Chicago have expressed their intention of attending at least one session of the convention and the banquet.

Rates at the Palmer House run from \$3.50 for single rooms and \$6 for double rooms or suites. Less expensive accommodations at (\$1 and \$1.50 a night) close to the hotel and the fair grounds may be secured thru Mrs. Plaisier who personally guarantees

(Continued on page 5)

—R.R.

Smith Identifying Fossils' Photos

PHILADELPHIA, May 11—The Fossil Library, now located in the Franklin Institute and comprising some 360 volumes and 750 amateur books, is ready for consultation at any time by Fossils or NAPA members. Admission to the book racks containing it may be had by applying to the desk in Pepper Hall, the second floor public reading room of the Institute.

E. H. Smith, Librarian of both the NAPA and The Fossils, is at present engaged in arranging and identifying the numerous photographs which are a part of the Fossil collection. Following that, he will begin collecting papers issued between 1916 and 1930 in order to fill the break between the end of the Fossil Library and the beginning of the NAPA Library. The latter will remain in his possession and will not be turned over to the Institute until these additions are made.

Exec Judges Reject Charges Against Trainer

Haggertys Explain Secretary's Side

PITTSBURGH, PA., April 26—President Segal and Vice President Babcock today filed charges with the Executive Judges which, in brief, accuse Secretary Trainer of:

1. Violation of Art. 6 §3a thru usurping the right of the President to drop officers, in dropping the Vice President and the Promoter of Press Clubs for non-payment of dues.

2. Violation of Art. 3 §6 and Art. 6 §6f in dropping Babcock a month before the Secretary had a constitutional right to.

3. Violation of Art. 6 §2d in flatly refusing to perform duties assigned to him by the President—sending out duplicate bills for dues to remind delinquents.

4. Violation of Art. 6 §6d in not keeping the membership list up to date. (Based on the delay in reinstating Sesta Matheison and Ralph Babcock.)

5. Violation of Art. 6 §1 thru failure to publish a paper in September.

6. Violation of Art. 6 §6h by failing to file the \$200 bond required by the Constitution.

New Bedford, Mass., May 18—All three Executive Judges, working independently and without outside influence, decided to reject the charges against Secretary Trainer after reading his reply to them.

Their report: "The Board of Executive Judges have considered the charges made against Secretary George W. Trainer, Jr., by President Harold Segal and Vice-President Ralph W. Babcock, Jr., and Secretary Trainer's reply to same. After due deliberation, it is our opinion that the charges are not sustained and that no further action of the Executive Judges is warranted.

Mrs. Haggerty and Thomson signed the report and Wylie, who reached the same conclusion, would have done so had not his letter been incorrectly addressed and, as a result, returned to him.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 8—Ralph Babcock visited Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty at their home tonight, discussed the charges against Trainer, and was verbally informed of his reply.

The Red Rooster

Unofficial Official Newspaper of the National Amateur Press Association

Vol. 2

Great Neck, N. Y., July 1934

No. 4

Progressive-Victory Ticket Candidates Make Clean Sweep; Monroe Declines; Convention At Oakland, Calif. Next Year

Attendance Near 40—Many Young Bloods;
Banquet Is Howling Success

CHICAGO, July 5—Another convention has come and gone. The delegates to the 59th annual NAPA gathering have scattered to the four winds, returning to their homes with many pleasant memories of the glorious 1934 Chicago assembly. And while the attendance was but a third of last year's gathering, the delegates feel that the fraternal spirit more than equaled anything the New Yorkers experienced.

That stickler for prompt beginnings, Vice President Babcock, arrived at the convention room over an hour late and found everyone waiting. After another half hour of delay, he, being the ranking officer present, finally summoned enough courage to bring the meeting to order.

After the reading of Secretary Trainer's report, the convention elected to membership the 46 recruits of the past year.

President Segal's retiring message touched upon the restoring of Life Member Norman H. Quillman of Capac, Mich., to the Membership List, the need of a plan for financing

[Continued on page 6]

—R—

President Announces New Plan To Define, Increase Activity

GREAT NECK, N. Y., July 19—President Babcock today announced the details of a plan to define and increase activity in the NAPA during the coming year. Known as the Red Rooster Activity Promotion Plan (being sponsored the columns of this paper), it would, he said, form the keystone of his program for the new administration.

Instead of only two lines of activity as listed in the NAPA Constitution: writing and publishing, the RRAPP considers four channels: writing, publishing, recruiting, and financing.

"Two years ago 82 new members were recruited in one year. That mark can be bettered—and must be, to compensate for the drop to 46 last year. We must get 100 recruits

[Continued on page 5]

Large Proxy Vote Decides Election

President Babcock, Secretary Detrick, And
Editor Bradley Set To Lead In
Bumper NAPA Year

CHICAGO, July 4—With a remarkable demonstration of steamroller politics, the entire ticket of the merged Victory-Progressive party was swept into office at the NAPA annual elections today. Oakland, Calif., received the 1935 convention seat designation after Clarke Walton declined for his home town, Monroe.

The election results were known as soon as the Proxy Committee had tabulated the 113 proxy votes received, as leading candidates held 40 to 60 vote majorities. Altho representing only little over one third of the membership, this vote evinced either greatly increased activity or an intense interest in this year's elections, it being the greatest proxy vote since the 82 of 1929 and last year's 79.

The convention favored the leading candidates with a block vote in all but the Executive Judge and Convention Seat elections. As a result, Ralph Babcock defeated George Trainer for the presidency, 76 to 21. Hyman Bradofsky ran away with vice presidency, 92 to 4 each for C. W. Walton and Albin Mertes. Charles Detrick received 86 votes for Secretary as against 5 for Ernest Adams. Edgar Hanson and John Pursell polled 70 and 28 votes, respectively, for Treasurer. For the official editorship, 82 votes were cast for Chester Bradley, 11 for Charles Detrick, 7 for Ralph Babcock, and 4 for John Pursell. Harold Segal, who received 94 votes, Edward H. Cole (59), and O. W. Hinrichs (56) were the Executive Judges elected, Vincent Haggerty, F. Earl Bonnel, and Anthony Moitoret being the runners-up. The six amendments were lost, 98 to 7, 95 to 10, 95 to 10, 99 to 6, 99 to 6, 98 to 7.

Convention Seat voting ran into three ballots. On the first, Monroe, N. C., with 38 votes, lacked 11 of the 49 necessary to elect. It was elected on the second ballot, defeating Oakland (18—the convention votes), Washington, D. C. (8), New York (7), Philadelphia (4), and New Bedford (4). A copy of a letter

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#14

THE RAMBLER

DECEMBER 1934



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Merry
Christmas!

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#15

THE REDWING

VOL. I SPRING, 1935 NO. 15

COMMENTS BY APR 28 1944

THE EDITOR

AS a comparatively new member of The United Amateur Press Association of America, I hesitate to criticize. However, there are some points on which I would like to express myself.

I agree very readily with official mailer Karl X. Williams when he stated in the December issue of "THE SPOTLIGHT" that Arthur Larson, who preceded as mailer, was innocent of all that he was accused

— OVER THE PAGE —
1

4327

#16

THE REDWING

Entered For Laureate-ship Awards
Vol. I

RAIN
By William H. H. 28 1944

The first few drops of rain splashed gently on the dry leaves, making a whispering patter, which rose in volume as the rain beat down more heavily.

Drops fell in random profusion from the tree, spattering branches onto soft ground beneath. The first light shower soaked into the thankful earth, from which arose a damp, clean (over)

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THE QUASI-OCCASIONAL
KITTY KAT

Vol. 1. GREAT NECK, NEW YORK No. 5.

The November Mailing brought three surprises, to wit, *Spare Time*, *Library News* and *Amateur Journalism*. The last named paper should prove very interesting to new as well as prospective members. The idea is first-rate and should be continued. We would, however, suggest that it could be improved by slight revisions, before being reprinted for the use of future membership chairmen.

Library News gives recent members a far more favorable slant on the ability and activity of its publisher than his *Boys Herald* did and helps some in removing the bad odor of his "Puerile Holler." Congratulations on this informative account of one phase of NAPA history, but we think the article would have been better if condensed a bit in spots, thus avoiding so much repetition.

The two issues of *Spare Time* both astonished and pleased us. We had never seen a copy of this paper before and did not know what we had been missing. We hope that it will continue to appear and that nothing else will happen to cause its editor's withdrawal from activity as occurred earlier this past year.

Each issue of *Amateur Affairs* contained a good short story, yet, frankly, most of the small bits did not appeal to us. However, it takes all sorts to make a world and other people have other likes.

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THE QUASI-OCCASIONAL
KITTY KAT

APR 29 1944

Vol. 1. GREAT NECK, NEW YORK No. 6.

CHRISTMAS 1935

Hurrah! The September NA finally staggered in after a hard, gruelling race with its December half-brother and Santa. All three bore heavy loads: Sept. a presidential map, Dec. a presidential message, and jolly old Santa an overflowing pack. The Old Gentleman at least did not disappoint us.

So much for the poor old Official Organ and its troubles. Now the burning question is: Who is the Mailing Manager? Any member seeing one around anywhere will confer a great favor if they will tip us off as to where this missing quantity might be. We finished our previous issue on Thanksgiving Day; it gets mailed with this—by us. We seem to recall some criticism last year over a temporary Mailing Mgr. who mailed papers. What a difference one year makes! But enough of NAPA comment.

The following, copied from a purchased Xmas card, expresses our sentiments very well:

*A whole year's joy, a whole year's greetings
Are in this cheery Christmas rhyme,
A whole year's wishes for your happiness
On Christmas Day and All The Time!*

3-7-41 0527

419

The Runaround

Vol. 1

1935 April

No. 4

Wonderful Wether

Rain, rain, com agen;
Wash out our side-hil pigpen;
Keep away the butchering men.

The Origin ov HOMO RIDENS

Dragonz and snakes ov every hue
Lozing their joy, laying too few
Egz to keep up the population:
God sed, 'This iz a situation!
Nothing but lemurz and squirrels left.
Agil az I! I'l be bereft
Soon ov my joy unles I look sharp,
Play me a new tune on a new harp:
Squirrelz now, they'r not wize enuf,
Don't dare laf when the wether's ruf;
Lemurz may be such boobz herafter,
Now, at least, they are ful ov lafter;
Gues we can keep each other gay
Til I work out som funnier way.

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Publisht 13 tizez a year by Edmund Kelly Janez,
Oakdale, Stanislaus county, California:
5c a copy, 50c a year.

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#20

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Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
—Milton

APR 25 1944

The Runaround

Vol. 1

1935 July

No. 7

Delay in publishing the June issue, plus my fatherz deth on June 11, hav causd me to giv up the projected Sol issue, between the June and July issuez. It iz highly dangerus anyhow to be in advance ov other folk; even the most ardent advocates ov the 13-month calendar do not plan to inaugurate it until by the old calendar the year beginz with a Sunday.

At last I hav discoverd sombody who iz of-fended by the Runaround. Ov course there waz that poetry editor near the sorce ov the Missis-sippi who urged me to edit somthing an intelli-gent person could read clear thru—I must remem-ber when I gro rich to subscribe to hiz mag.

But the critic who wrote me on June 11 re-zidez nearer to Oakdale. I treat him az a New York editor once treated me, publish hiz most denunciatory paragraf:

‘I do not wish any more of your blasphemous trash.’

Publisht monthly by Edmund Kelly Janecz, Mem-ber United Amateur Press Association of America, Box 506, Oakdale, Stanislaus county, California
50 cents a year, 5 cents a copy

#21

I will sing ecstatically, but I will sing intelligently too.—1 Corinthians 14:15 (Goodspeed)

The Runaround

Vol. 1

1935 August

POWERS No. 8
75441 210000

How Poemz Ar Made PR 281944

I begin the poetic number ov your puissant wit-tizine by ansering a question that Amy Lowell, somewhat mor ov a poet than I, once sidestept: just what iz the sycological or sociological proces by which poemz com into being?

A poem, like any other work ov fine or useful art, iz the equivalent ov a child. It iz brought out ov eternity into this temporal world by a similar proces. The main difference between a poem and a child iz that the poem haz considerably mor than 2 parents.

Neglecting God, who iz probably no mor operative in art than in parturition, it takes a multitude ov human collaboraterz to create a genuin poem. Az queen Hal keeps repeating after uncle Walt, to hav great poets we must hav great audiencetz too. Which iz mor necessary, the poet or the audience? Which iz mor necessary, a father or a mother?

Publisht monthly by Edmund Kelly Janecz
Box 506, Oakdale, Stanislaus co., Calif.
50 cents a year 5 cents a copy

The Queen City Amateur

Vol. 2 Spring, 1935 No. 1

Published occasionally in the interest of Amateur Journalism
by Robert M. Dunlap at 2894 Linwood Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PRESIDENT

Hyman Bradofsky

VICE-PRESIDENT

Jack W. Bond

TREASURER

Edgar M. Hanson

OFFICIAL EDITOR

Margaret N. Martin

EXECUTIVE JUDGES

F. Earl Bonnell

Vincent Haggerty

Ralph W. Babcock, Jr.

CONVENTION CITY

Philadelphia

AMENDMENTS

1. YES;

2. NO.

THE QUEEN CITY AMATEUR

For President, HYMAN

PLATFORM: Cultivation of Literature
Increase size of "The Ne
Recruiting from education
Elevation of Laureateship

◆In Mr. Bradofsky, successful young attorney (dependent) the foremost active member of the all to be the ideal toward which aspirants to ofsky writes fluently upon almost any subject form perfect, but he shows by the thought versed in the subject upon which he discourses should be elected President of the National choice.

◆Mr. Bradofsky's ability was recognized early school days he was associate editor of the also attended night high school and served the paper, "The Poly Owl." At Southwest contributing editor of "The Bison." At the publishes "The Californian," lately adjudged. With such a treasure of experience, he is a creation out of the literary "doldrums." He is ◆In addition, Mr. Bradofsky, thru his and the fact that he is President of the Los Angeles has the practical knowledge necessary to lead. He is thus enabled to efficiently and capably association to its advantage. He is a qualified idency. Do not hesitate, but cast your vote for erate with him, then note the result.

ELECT IN THE QCA QJ

#23

THE REDWOOD

Vol. II

Summer, 1935

No. 1

"FERNDALE."

O, Ferndale, fair Ferndale,
Thou land of the blest!
Where the tourist may travel,
The weary may rest
Up the steep craggy heights
The wanderer may go.
Or dreaming recline
Midst the roses below.

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From the top of the old Wildeat,
I gaze down thy glade
To a sweet, quiet nook
Nesth the evergreen shade.
The spires of the churches
Point upward toward Heaven,
In reverence to him
Who this beauty hath given.

Just there, on the hillside,
The sun veils its light;
While resting on tangles, vines,
All gleaming and white,
Where myrtle and ivy
Together doth spread,
For the graves of our loved ones
A flower scented bed.

In my New England home,
Though far, far away,
I'll dream of a spot
That is near Humboldt Bay;
Where it's water in fury
Goes lashing the shore,
Though were safe from its grasp
When the bar we've passed o'er.

I wonder if ever
Again I shall stand,
On the shores of the bay
In that far fairy land;
Or if ever again
Those people I'll hail
The ones I have met
In my stay at Ferndale.

—R. E. Whittier.

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#24

The Red Rooster

and The New Times

Vol. 2

Great Neck, N. Y., January 1935

No. 6

RESIGNATIONS FLY; SHAKE-UP PARALYZED BUT STORMY WEATHER LOOMS FOR THE PRESIDENT

NAPA SPOTLIGHT ON OAKLAND

Coming Convention Seems Likely
To Draw Many Visitors

OAKLAND, Jan. 29—Oakland's first burst of enthusiasm over the prospect of entertaining the National's 1935 convention-goers has not waned.

Fifteen of the eighteen Oakland APC members attended a dinner at which the recently-elected officers were installed January 5. The club will meet semi-monthly henceforth.

Plans to arouse the California Fossils and oldtimers are progressing. Ex-President Holub announces that a pre-convention reunion dinner will be held February 22nd at the San Francisco (professional) Press Club. About twenty oldtimers are expected to attend.

Victor Moitoret has been appointed Convention Arrangements Chairman. The convention has been set for July 4, 5, and 6 at Hotel Oakland, pride of that city of over a quarter million habitants, and special rates as low as \$1 a day (each person, for rooms with twin beds and bath) have been secured.

In addition to the usual sessions, banquet and photo, early plans include sightseeing, a launch ride on Lake Merritt, a daily printed paper, and perhaps a short radio broadcast.

The line of conventioners has already begun to form. President Babcock announces that he will definitely attend—even if he has to walk home, though he doesn't expect to have to, nor does he look forward to such a hike as he does not claim to be a youthful James Morton or Ernest Dench. I. D. Magnes and family, of Larchmont, N. Y., plan to attend. Mr. Magnes co-edited a paper with ex-President Lind in the 90's and is a native Californian. Mrs. Edna Hyde McDonald is quite sure of going.

Ed Suhre expects to celebrate the 25th anniversary of his election as President there.

Harold Segal is seriously considering the jaunt from Pennsylvania.

(continued on page 9)

Ousted Sec'y Demands Prexy Resign

Babcock Admits Constitution Violations
But Sticks By His Decisions

Brief review of recent developments:

10 Oct. Harold Segal tenders resignation as Executive Judge in order to submit certain charges to the Board. Resignation squelched and charges forgotten.

27 Nov. After considering the matter for nearly two months, President Babcock removes Detrick as Secretary and designates Hanson as Secretary-Treasurer.

28 Nov. Pursell's resignation as Mailing Manager, effective after the pending Dec. mailing and tendered due to business pressure, received at the White House about 11 a.m. Decision reached, and notification slips for inclusion in Dec. mailing leave Great Neck at 1:10 p.m. via special delivery airmail.

6 Dec. President repeats demand that ex-Secretary send money and books to Hanson.

8 Dec. Bradley offers resignation any time it's wanted. Spanked and sent back to work.

21 Dec. Edwin Hadley Smith acknowledges, "Detrick ran for Secretary at my suggestion." Calls Babcock's actions "an encroachment of the executive. Kingfishy." Writes Haggerty and Morton, "I view with alarm" Babcock's violations of the constitution. Haggerty refuses to be involved, declaring he hasn't the time and doesn't think it worth getting worked up over anyway.

24 Dec. President threatens Detrick with publication of all his shortcomings unless he sends books and money to Hanson by Jan. 10.

31 Dec. President sends his resignation to the Executive Judges.

3 Jan. First Judge tears up resignation; second asks Prez to reconsider; third suggests reconsideration.

5 Jan. Detrick finally ante's up with books and money.

8 Jan. Noel, UAPA Sec.-Treas., seemingly worried for his own neck (or perhaps other reasons—Noel and Detrick both have written Smith about consolidating the National and

The Red Rooster

and The New Times

Vol. 3

Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., August 28, 1935

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New England Club Open To NAPA

Breaks With United And Invites All
A.J.'s To Oct. 12 Meeting

Brighton, Aug. 14 — Francis W. Miller, Secretary-Treasurer of the New England Amateur Press Club, announced that the club ceased affiliation with the United Amateur Press Association today upon adoption of the new constitution by vote of the membership, and that it will hereafter function independently.

The NEAPC will hold a Columbus Day get-together on October 12th (naturally). The "Red Rooster" has not been advised of the location but was assured that all a. j.'s who could get there would be welcome.

West Roxbury, Aug. 13 — Dave Meskill, President of the NEAPC, today removed Mrs. Schertell of Boston as Vice President (because of inactivity) and appointed Clarence Chandler of Danielson, Conn., to the post. The present officers serve until the next convention, May 30, 1936.

— R —

OAKLAND AMATEURS PLAN OUTING

Oakland, Aug. 18 — At the first meeting of the Oakland APC held since the convention, Robert Rolley was placed in charge of arrangements for the club's summer outing to Santa Cruz, to be held August 31st. He expects to charter a Southern Pacific interurban trolley for the trip.

Following the meeting those present, Don Ellis, Victor and Felix Moutoret, Bob Briggs, Marion Morcom, Judson Compton, Helen Ackery, Benton Wetzel, and Bob Rolley, indulged in a heated debate on "Babcockism, Pro & Con."

— R —

ROTHOLTZ TO HANDLE MANUSCRIPTS

Reno, Aug. 2 — Ben Rotholtz, who came to the rescue of the NAPA's Manuscript Bureau late in July, following declinations of Chester Bradley and Harold Segal to accept the office, today received the bureau's scripts and records from Jack Bond.

Michigan Association's Summer Conference Draws 23

PRESAGES SUCCESSFUL '36 MEETING

National's Semi-Fossils Mix With
MAPA's Raw Recruits

Special to the Red Rooster

The first summer conference of the Michigan Amateur Press Association will go down in the annals of a. j. as an event of unusual interest and accomplishments. St. Clair State Park, 12 miles north of Port Huron, was the scene of this summer activity, and Norman Quillman the host. August 17th dawned with but two amateurs at the park, but before noon the Macauley clan of Grand Rapids had put in an appearance.

Excellent preparations were made by the committee in charge, but due to the lateness in the arrival of members the first session of the conference did not get under way until four o'clock. Consequently, those present voted to defer the Saturday afternoon program until Sunday morning.

The surprise arrival was Clyde Townsend, National APA President from 1924 to 1926, who gladly gave up the pleasure of seeing the Tigers defeat the Yankees to meet once again with the amateur crowd. With Walter Goff, George Macauley, and Norman Quillman, the conference took on the appearance of an oldtimers' gathering, and these four spent many hours reminiscing bygone days.

The debut of the "Grand Rapids Amateur," edited by Charles Macauley, 11 years old, was well received.

The members adjourned at 6:30 to Sunset Inn for dinner. Walter Goff acted as toastmaster and toasts were responded to as follows: MAPA, Margaret N. Martin; NAPA, Clyde Townsend; The Gentlemen, Mrs. Matheison; The Ladies, Mr. Matheison; The Central States APA, Harry B. Martin; Grand Rapids, 1936, George Macauley; The Traveling Amateur, Robbie Macauley; The College Amateur, Alec Thomson; The NAPA Official Editor, Chester Bradley; The

(Continued on page 5)

Vol. I, No. 3 Elkins, W. Va., Oct., 1936 One Cent.

MAYOR WELCOMES FESTIVAL VISITORS

TRIPLE TOPS ON SPRUCE TREE HERE EXTENDS WELCOME IN BEHALF OF THE CITY

Three tops instead of the usual one are growing on a small spruce tree at the Elkins High school grounds. The original top at some time was cut out and three of the tree's top limbs have grown into well-formed tops.

WHAT? NO SIXES!

Extra! Extra! Extra! A spray with three three-four and five five-leaf clovers, all attached to the same stem, grew this year on an extra-leaf producing clover plant at the home of Mrs. Carrie L. Byron.

† † † †

Mayor H. H. Kerr extended a word of welcome to the hundreds of visitors that will attend the Seventh Annual Mountain State Forest Festival here October 1, 2 and 3. Mayor Kerr said "In behalf of the city of Elkins I extend a sincere welcome to the Festival visitors. It is our wish that you will enjoy your visit here and that you will return again and again to Elkins."

TWO SETS OF TWINS BORN 12 DAYS APART

Quadruplets, two born 12 days later than the other two, were born to a cat owned by H. T. Spiller.

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Vol. I No. 1 Elkins, W. Va., June, 1936. One Cent.

CLOVER PLANT REVERSES ORDER

The order will be reversed and four- and five-leaf clovers will be plentiful and three-leaf clovers scarce if a clover plant that is growing at the home of Mrs. Carrie L. Byron has anything to do in the matter, it appears.

The four-leaf and 13 five-leaf clovers and not one three-leaf clover have appeared on its stems so far this season. Last year only one three-leaf clover grew on its stems.

Painting for Church

A reproduction of Hoffman's painting, 'Christ in Gethsemane' was painted in the M. E. church, South.

MINIATURE CROQUET SET MADE HERE

Some match sticks for mallet handles, some corks for mallets, some more corks with pieces of fine wire stuck in them for wickets and some marbles were used to make a miniature croquet set for little Miss Shirley Wanless, with which children are having lots of fun.

Three Two-Handers

J. E. Hessler is a left-handed fiddler and a right-handed writer; S. W. Cussins throws right-handed and writes left-handed; and Earl Hart writes legible and fast either right- or left-handed.

New Homes

Several new houses are being built here.

Vol. I, No. 2 Elkins, W. Va., August, 1936. One Cent.

DOG SAVES BABY CHICKS

Booty, fox terrier, self-appointed guardian of a flock of baby chicks, at the home of Charles E. Phillips, outwitted and caught a big rat when it attempted to catch one of the chicks for its dinner.

Attractive Dollies Made Of Paper Thread

Some pieces of colored crepe paper, cut into strips and twisted into threads, were used by Mrs. Laura Jordan to make several attractively designed sets of paper dollies.

BOYS HEAR FROGS PLAY TREE HERE

Admitting that maybe they stretched their imagination a wee bit, two boys claim they heard some bullfrogs along the Tygart river play the first two bars of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" one night this summer.

Out-Of-State Travelers Stop In City Of Elkins

Out-of-state travelers are evidently making Elkins a point of interest, or at least using the city as a stopover point.

O' 20 automobiles parked on Davis avenue between First and Second streets one morning recently ten bore out-of-state license plates "two were from Pennsylvania, two from Virginia, and one each from Maryland, Indiana, Ill., N.J., Ohio and Ky.



X-PN 4827 THE QUIZ

#30

Vol. I, No. 475, Elkins, W. Va., December, 1936. One Cent.

MAKING GUN STOCK OF KNOTTY WALNUT

Out of a knotty piece of black walnut wood, Mike Clark slowly fashioned a beautiful gun stock. The grain in the handle-part is cross-grained and the barrel-part is straight-grained.

Knotty, knotty, Mike!

BIG ELEPHANT-EAR LEAVES

Before the frost cut them down last fall, a pair of elephant-ear leaves exceeded a growth of 40 inches in length and 30 inches in width at the home of C. S. Blockberry.

CACHET POPULAR

The official Seventh Forest Festival cachet proved popular this year. During the three days of the Festival here, cachets in red, green and black were reproduced on envelopes received from 27 states in the United States and three foreign countries and mailed.

Odd' Santa Claus

A fungi growth that formed a likeness of Santa Claus was found near Elkins by 7-year-old Shires Teter.

GROWS THIRD PAIR OF UPPER FRONT TEETH

Bill Lowery isn't gnashing in the least about losing his first two pairs of upper front teeth. Why? Because a third pair grew in to replace them.

Bill lost his first pair in the usual manner and knocked his second pair out in falling from a tree.

PRESIDENT BUYS PEANUTS

Young Master Clarence Gilbert was thrilled when President Roosevelt purchased a bag of peanuts from him while the president was at Elkins during the opening day of the 1936 Forest Festival, October 1.

ESCAPES BRUISES

Robert Kelley, Elkins star third baseman, escaped bruises from pitched balls this year for the first time in three seasons. He was hit 26 times in 1934 and 15 times in 1935.

Beavers Increasing

Beavers, estimated at more than 100, now occupy 12 dams on six streams in Randolph county, it was reported.

X-PN 482.

#31

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TREAT REFERENCETHE QUASI-OCCASIONAL 1944
KITTY KAT

Vol. 1. GREAT NECK, NEW YORK No. 7.

EASTER 1936

The NAPA 1936 political campaign is on, with several tickets of worthy and able candidates already in the field, yet one nomination we would like to see is missing. That is Edgar Hanson, last year's Secretary-Treasurer, who was so summarily dismissed as this year's Secretary by the present presidential incumbent almost before the droning sound of the presidential acceptance speech had died away.

In view of that admittedly shabby treatment, it is unlikely that Hanson would accept either a nomination or election, but we would like to see him proposed as a third or fourth candidate for some office and then, on the first ballot at Grand Rapids, receive a small minority backing of 30-40 votes. This would not elect him but would go into the records as a token of our respect for him, and that might help to restore his faith in the NAPA.

We fully realize that such a gesture might rob the regular candidates of needed support, but inasmuch as some voters usually do not favor either of the popular nominees, their proxy votes plus a

(Continued on Page 12)

7- 27 432

REMARX



Published Occasionally By
William Haywood, at
80 East 210th Street
New York, N. Y.

This being number 1.

APR 28 1944

November, 1936

THE sudden death of *The Yankee*, which was attributed by the family physician to "chronic starvation due to lack of funds," was a severe blow to the author of these REMARX, and possibly to several of his friends in amateurdom who knew *The Yankee* during its all too brief existence.

While this journal can in no way compare with our previous efforts, it is at least an expression of our continued and undying interest in ay-jay. There are so many things we'd like to say, so many doings we'd like to comment upon, so many old friends like Barry Herbster, Jerry Chmelicek, Jim Reid, and all the rest, that we want to greet again in print, that we cannot exist without at least a small journal in the bundles mailed (irregularly, alas) by the various amateur press associations. And therefore we present these REMARX for your consideration. *Abst invidia.*

ROTURIER

Member of M. A. P. A. and N. A. P. A.

VOL. 1

JUNE, 1936

NO. 1

STABILIZING THE YEAR

Floyd J. Miller wrote in the Royal Oak (Michigan) Tribune: "Last summer I asked a visiting stranger whether his town ran on standard or daylight saving time; slow or fast time, as some say. He replied pertly: 'We don't take to these new-fangled ideas of monkeying with the clock. We stick to God's time.' "

No doubt this stranger was using sun time or what is known as local time; not as regular as standard time but easier to tell correctly in any local center. For national commercial purposes local time is not convenient but for the farmer in the field it is easier to anticipate the dinner bell, if nothing else.

The farmer does not go to work or stop with a whistle; the sun is his guiding star for labor. When the orb peeks over the eastern horizon, he is ready for a day's work and willing to quit when the sun drops back of the trees or hills to the west. In the summer time that is a plenty long day—most city people would consider themselves slaves to put in so many hours. However, the farmer is obliged to do it as his entire life, and the city man's as well, depends upon taking advantage of the sun and its vitalizing power.

In the world wide question of changing the calendar to a more uniform basis, great stress is laid upon the business man's point of view. Little is asked of the farmer. If a ruralist was to regulate the year, he would probably start the year at

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The Queen City Amateur

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Issued occasionally in the interest of amateur journalism by
Robert M. Dunlap, 2894 Linwood Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Number Six

SUPPORT THE REVISION PLAN 29 1944

It is the opinion of this Editor, upon carefully reading the plan stated in the November 1935 issue of the *Sea Gull*, that the changes set forth there are worthy of adoption - of some concrete action this time, rather than that casual affirmative nod which has been given to so many other plans, and which has been followed invariably by complete and absolute dismissal from mind. Thus, I repeat, something should be done - now - to change our rusty administrative machinery - to make it more modern - if we expect the association to grow and to prosper in the future.

Before very long, you will undoubtedly read much about the "wool" this plan will pull over your eyes, if adopted. But remember, at the instant you believe such a statement the "wool" is actually being pulled over your eyes, not by the supporters of the plan, but by the adversaries - the reactionaries. Please keep this fact in mind.

Now, after that necessary preliminary, let us examine the plan itself - and see whether or not it is as bad as undoubtedly you will be led to believe. The Presidency, the Official Editorship, and the three Executive Judgeships are not to be changed; the Vice-Presidency [just a name at present] is to be merged with the Publicity Directorship, the Club Promotorship [also just titles now] and Manuscript Recordship, offices which require but little time each, and which when combined, will be a good deal

(Continued on outside rear cover)

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#35

THE RED AND
WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

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Vol. I.

Winter 1936

APR 28 1944

CRITICS

Our critics are our best friends. Of course every one will raise a howl at this statement, but pause and think, they spur us on to greater efforts. If it were not for our critics we would get into a rut from which there would be no escape. They draw attention to faults which crop up in spite of ourselves and gain such a hold on us that we are subject to them before we know it. It just proves that old saw about familiarity breeding contempt. We did not know that we were faulty.

We got into a rut before we know it and made no effort to get out until it was drawn to our attention by some person, as we thought, who did not like us. Possibly we set them down as "know-it-alls", but really, in criticizing they are proving to be better friends than those who devote their time to flattery. Flattery may work for a while, but, sooner or later, we find that it is being done for some purpose.

Therefore, we repeat, our critics-- honest critics-- are our best friends.

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#36

THE RED AND WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

Vol. I.

Winter 1936

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CRITICS

APR 28 1944

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X-PN 4827

#37

THE RED and WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

Vol. 1

Winter 1933

No. 1

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X-PN 4827

38



THE RED AND
WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

Vol. I

Spring 1947

WELCOME HOME

By Cpl. James MacDonald, USA

There's a whooping welcome waiting when the boys
come home

From the little job they've finish Over There,
From the shambles of Cantigny, from the nightmare
of Argonne,
Where the bullets whined and shrapnel tore the air.

It shall be a day of glory when the pennants proudly
wave

To greet the brown-clay heroes on the march,
A day of wondrous welcome for the army of the brave
As they gaily stride beneath the Triumph Arch.

O the joy of celebration and the shouts of acclamation!
I can hear them now a-ringing in my ears:

I can hear the frenzied plaudits, I can see the grand
ovation,
I can hear the sobs a-mingling with the cheers.

It is grand to be a hero, but the glory seems to fade
When I think of home and Dad Mother, too.
So, forget the great reception and dismiss the swell
parade;

Just send this home--"I'm coming back to you!"

(Composed in France, April 5, 1919.)

LIBRARY OF
JAMES
NO. 2
APR 28 1944

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THE RED AND
WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

Vol. 1

Summer 1937

No. 3

DEMOCRACY vs AUTOCRATIC REGIMES

By SIDNEY COHEN

Nazism, Fascism and Communism should and must be kept in the country of their origin. These autocratic regimes do not belong in our United States.

Our older citizens realize what America's liberal democracy has done for them, and therefore do not take these foreign causes seriously. However, our young Americans seem hardly to realize the privileges and advantages that only democracy can offer, and does offer, them. Therefore, a large group is being drafted into the belief of foreign causes by those silver throated Nazi, Communist and Fascist orators.

In a few years, our present youths will be old enough to hold government offices, unless their belief in these foreign causes are dispelled immediately, these youths will continue to believe in Nazism, Fascism and Communism until they reach their majority, and after they reach their majority.

If ever they should hold a government office they will have more power than ever to inaugurate their foreign beliefs, thereby chasing democracy out of our country. If the youth of America believes in any of these "isms" so well that they become a part of it,

(continued on page three)

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#40



The RED AND WHITE EMBLEM

□ An Amateur Publication □

VOL. 1

FALL 1937

NO. 4

The TANG of PRINTERS INK

In April 1907 I bought a small printing plant from a fellow in Yonkers, N. Y. He had been in the mail order business in a small way, but with little suc- cess. It was a Model press of an 6 x 9, bench early make, not used much, after eral cleaning, apple pie order. This small plant satisfied for a was adding new materials. In the fall of 1908 I bought a very old make of press; it was 8 x 13, made to set on a table or bench, but bolted on an iron stand and was operated with a treadle on the left side. It turned out nice work, altho it had years it had no worn parts and in a way I regret selling it. Its real make I never knew.



In the winter of 1909 I traded in the Model and bought a Pearl 7 x 11 press, and the following year a 16 inch bench paper cutter, 72 fonts of type in four dust proof cabinets, a goodly supply of cuts and general supplies were added; but in October 1913 I sold the whole outfit, saying "I'm thru with the printing game."

(Continued on page three)



The Quiz

X-PN 4827



Vol. I, No. 5

Elkins, W. Va., March, 1937

One Cent

MANY EXTRA-LEAF CLOVERS ON PLANTS

One hundred and one extra-leaf clovers, the majority of the 5 leaf variety, grew on an extra-leaf producing clover plant at the home of Mrs. Carrie L. Byron last year.

Another plant that grew nearby produced 44 extra-leaf clovers, the majority of which were 4-leaf clovers.

Hoo-dee! Skidoo! Vamoose!

POCKET KNIFE HOBBY

Who? H. E. White. What? Collects pocket knives. Why? A hobby. When? Most anytime. Where? At Elkins. How? By swapping one knife for two.

BOOST ELKINS!
BOOST WEST VIRGINIA!
BOOST AMERICA!

—o—o—

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" RIPLEY SPEAKS OF QUIZ

Robert L. Ripley, creator of the popular "Believe It Or Not" cartoons, had this to say about the word "QUIZ" in one of his cartoons.

"The birth of a word!

"Richard Daly, of Dublin, suggested that he could introduce a new word of no meaning into the English language in 24 hours. He wrote the 4-letters QUIZ all over town and won the bet."

COLLECTS ELEPHANTS!

A live elephant seems to be about all that is needed to make L. C. Roy's collection of elephants complete. His collection now consists of ornamental elephants of various sizes.

Who's trumpeting?

—o—o—

PRECEPTOR 5-37

THE LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#42

THE PRECEPTOR

*"Devoted to the cause of helpless,
groping humanity"*

April, 1937



UAPA Edition

DESTINY

There's that still small voice that calls
Our hearts together in a common cause.
We who would paint life's pictures in words
Whose spirits roam, free as the ocean's surge,
Is it for this, my friend, that we were born
For which our very souls with pain are torn?
For this our weary hearts must break,
Our humble lives with pain are wrought?
If by Thy will, O, God, may it be so,
For only You can know our every thought,

-Madge Pinson.

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#43
THE RAG BAG

April, 1938

APR 28 1944



American Amateur Press Association

27
#44
The Rip

AN AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS PAPER

NUMBER FIVE

SPRING, 1938

Aspects
APR 28 1944

Like the soft-sung chant of the sage,

That curls to rest in the soul,

Is the earthbound tear called the dew-drop

That drips from the heavenly scroll—

That rolls from the solemnized scroll.

And the men of the earth say gaily:

"This heaven-sent gift is ours!"

But the *sovereign* own the earth and its products

While others just pull out the flowers—

As the others just smile at the flowers.

RED AND WHITE EMBLEM 1938

#45

SERIAL ..

The RED and WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

No. 7.

Spring 1938

Vol. 1.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

"Twas the 18th of April in seventy-five
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day in the year
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."

-- Longfellow.

And so, for over 150 years the name of Paul Revere has been handed down thru the generations. But what about Bill Dawes and Sam Prescott? They watched the Old North Church for the signal too and raised up their parts of the countryside. Few people know of them because Longfellow did not include them in his poem.

How many people know you and your United? To us of our United we give gladly space advertising our annual conventions, this year more than past years we are advertising the 1939 convention in Jersey City, New Jersey. July next

How do you like this issue? Suggestions of several interested readers prompted the new arrangement. What is your reaction? We would appreciate a postcard or short letter from you on the subject. This is not to be a straw-vote, but an interesting test of applied psychology.



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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

#46

The RED and WHITE EMBLEM

An Amateur Publication

1945

No. 7.

Spring 1938

Vol. 1

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Reverie



ROBERT TELSCHOW, Editor, Printer, & Publisher

Vol. I, No. I

JANUARY, 1938

Whole No. I

GOING TO TOWN

Cheerio, folks!
I am a star-gazer. Life has
always been far off in the
great and distant to-morrow.
Like most mortals, I have
suffered. I keep smiling. Ever
dreaming and planning.
Every man is the architect of
his own design for living. Too
much planning is as bad as
too many cooks. I am near-
ing my destiny. I recently
placed in service a new set of
false teeth. Would I could
buy a brand new brain—one
devoid of cobwebs and the
ravages of disappointment
anent an existence or too
much nothingness.

Life opened full of promise
in the big city, followed many
years in the wide open spaces
of the suburban type, rearing
a family. The inevitable and
inexorable cycle goes round
and round. One after another
of our babies grew to matur-
ity, and like their parents
before them, married and
founded homes of their own.
It came to pass that ma and
pa are once more alone and
the prattle or childish voices,
their cries and laughter are
heard no more through the
house. Missing too, are the
trials and tribulations of their
school days; the parties and
gaeties of their adolescence,
and the heart throbs of their
courtships—all are gone.
Instead, other little voices are

LIFE'S GARDEN

By ROBERT TELSCHOW

If it's garden has flowers
That bloom in golden hours;
They are known as kind deeds,
And sprout from tiny seeds.

The seed may be a thought
To brighten days grown short
For some one old in years,
Whose span of life fast nears.

Or it may be kindness
To one met with blindness
Stumbling along the way
Whom you may meet some day.

Keep cheery words on tap,
Wear a smile on your map;
These are the kind of seeds
Life's garden really needs!

now piping merrily in the
homes of our erstwhile
babies.

Back in town are grandpa
and grandpa, where first we
met not quite two score years
ago. A soft and commodious
armchair beckons and here I
shall sit often in silent rever-
ie, envisioning past, present
and future through spec-
tales that need no rose-coloring.

✽

Here's wishing
you a happy,
healthy and
prosperous

1938

THE QUITTER

Five hours have passed
since making my latest resolu-
tion to quit smoking. I
passed many tobacco shops
and successfully resisted all
impulses to replenish an ex-
hausted supply of so-called
"fags." Not so bad, eh? Oh,
I can do it if I want to. All it
takes is will power. I have it
in big chunks.

I have just enjoyed a hearty
dinner of broiled beefsteak
and home-fried potatoes,
topped off with a swell cup
of Java. I wonder why people
like to smoke after eating. My
resistance breaks. I spend 14
cents for a package of my
favorite brand. After lighting
one and taking a couple of
puffs I am overcome by re-
morse and wish I hadn't fall-
en. Then, ridiculous as it
seems, I smoke another. How
silly!

I have been repeatedly told
that I look wan and yellow,
or sickly white; or wilted and
frayed like the last rose of
summer. My wife adds that
my eyes have a dull look such
as a dying bull might have.
She further avers I might be
a man if I tried. Which means
I assume, I must forego cigar-
ettes and allow nature to re-
possess me. Frankly, there
seems to be no alternative
but to give up the vile habit.

(Continued on next page)

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#45

Reverie



Vol. 1, No. 3 AUGUST, 1938 Whole No. 3

HARK, YE LITTERATEUR

By "Scriptus"

PR 281944

A little rhyme to start off things,
Appears quite the proper caper—
A "pome" that rings and fairly sings,
And almost jumps from the paper!

Now is the time for all good men
(At least those who as authors pose)—
If you'd beget success with pen,
Don't write verse if your gift is prose!

YOUR UNCLE ROBERT SAYS

ACCORDING to the index of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, "REVERIE" is the title of no less than 615 different pieces of music by as many different composers. I am happy to report that after a diligent search your uncle failed to find any other amateur journal using "REVERIE" for a name. "Reverie" stands serenely alone in its field, fast and firm on a solid foundation of grit and determination, a veritable symphony of type and tripe.

Reverie



Vol. 1

DECEMBER, 1938

No. 4

CHRISTMAS TIDE

A light in the window,
A glow on the hearth;
Trees white in the window,
Peace, good will on earth.

Robert Telschow

UNCLE ROBERT SAYS



YOU WILL notice the word "Your" has been omitted from the heading hereof. Saves a bit of typesetting; is just as expressive. Of course, I am not *your* uncle at all. Those whose uncle I really am, will probably never see these lines. Figuratively speaking, let's consider me as everybody's uncle who has the good fortune to be in possession of a copy of "REVERIE." I may then proceed at will to discourse on various topics which innocently thrust themselves upon me as I sit enthroned on the editor's hardwood chair. I trust my zeal may not lead me into false avenues of literary expression. Rather, I desire to keep on the safe straight concrete road, driving my sententious Lizzie carefully and with due regard for the rights of

THE IRREPARABLE

VOLUME III

MAY 1938

No. 9

PLANTING A TREE— By Walt Mason
TO be in line with worthy folk, you soon must plant an elm or oak, a beech or maple fair to see, a single or a double tree. When winter's storms no longer roll, go, get a spade and dig a hole, and bring a sapling from the woods, and show your neighbors you're the goods. When though with years you're bowed and bent, and feel your life is nearly spent? The tree you plant will rear its limbs, and there the birds will sing their hymns, and in its cool and grateful shade the girls will sip their lemonade; and lovers there on moonlight nights will get Dan Cupid dead to rights; and fervid oaths and tender vows will go a-zipping through the boughs. And folks will say, with gentle sigh, "Long years ago an ancient guy, whose whiskers brushed against his knee, inserted in the ground this tree. 'Twas but a little sapling then; and he, the kindest of old men, was well aware that he'd be dead, long ere its branches grew and spread, but still he stuck it in the mould, never did his feet grow cold. Oh, he was wise and kind and brave— let's place a nosegay on his grave."

CHIMES AND CHUCKLES, by Tramp Starr
They're a world of care, and I would not dare To claim that my burden is light. For they take my time, these children of mine, I'm busy from morning till night.

For living is high, and there's shoes to buy And books when we start them to school, And counting their dress, and all, I confess I'm broke, as a general rule.

And Mamma? My land; I can't understand, It seems to be part of their plan To steal all her hours, these children of ours, From Betty clear down to Joan.

For when prayers are said, and she's gone to bed, And all's set till morning, you'd think Some youngster will cheep, when she's half asleep, "Hey Mamma, come bring me a drink;"

They're thoughtless, at best, and give us small rest, These children to whom we belong. But I'VE this to say, that they sort of pay For their care as they grow along.

For folks, when they're grown, and we're not alone, Just two of us here in the house, With no one to call, or need us at all, And everything's still as a mouse.

I think that we'd five, oh worlds, just to live Again with the loved ones we miss, And think not a task our babies could ask, Was high at a hug and a kiss.

COMPLEX HOMEOPATHY— This is a new age; We experience not only the destruction in politics, but we also see the revolution and renovation in all territories. Even in medicine a transposition of all medical thoughts has begun. Many matters of fact which were settled and represented till us by medical outsiders as well as by gifted and favored laymen, refused however as swindle and deceit by the official school in consequence of their onesided material direction of mind, because not suitable to their system, are scientifically acknowledged and permitted already today. The regular school of medicine has made great progress in the direction of recognizing and acknowledging the biological methods of healing. Privy Councillor Bler, the great Berlin surgeon of world fame, has opened the way for Homeopathy to public acknowledgement owing to his surprising and open confession to this method of healing and on the strength of his authoritative position, B. Ashner wrote his well known great work: The crisis of medicine, constitution therapy as an expedient, in which he professes in a very decisive manner to the benediction of the independent methods of healing, alike as in his Paracelsus book, Light, air, water, diet, these influencing factors since decemiums which are nearer demonstrable, and having been popularly preached, become in the school medicine more and more the object of interest serious examination and application. The Complex Homeopathy has likewise, in a pleasing manner, derived profit from this optical feeling and new orientation, interesting medical and popular circles in the same way. Not in the least, this acknowledged has also been brought about by the noticeable success achieved in the treatment of the different acute and chronic diseases, which the regular school of medicine has ten declared to be incurable. This acknowledgement is also expressed by the fact that always more and more physicians take interest in this method of healing, ask for information and occupy themselves with it particularly. They all are surprised by the often star success which gives them new courage and confidence and not at last also satisfaction in their profession. We sincerely wish and that the number of these medical men may increase constantly. We are fully aware of fact that there is a limit for all possibilities of healing. Besides, we are using

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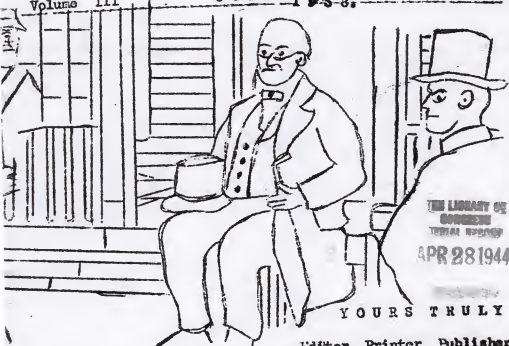
REMINDER

#51

Volume III

JUNE 1883.

O. VI.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 28 1944

YOURS TRULY

Editor Printer Publisher

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE,-- By Walt Mason.

If I'm descended from an ape, I am not much depressed by that;
I shed no tears, I pin no crepe upon my coat sleeve or my hat.

If some gorilla was the sire of my proud race, I do not care;
I'm nobly toiling at my lyre to settle for the bill of fare.

I herd my hens and plow and sow, and do not care a tinkor's oar
what chanced a million years ago to either apes, or men, or both.

I do my work in proper shape, I milk the cow and spray the tree
and if my grandsire was an ape it surely cuts no grass with me.

I worry over many things connected with the present day; my
fliver has two broken springs, I've found some mildew in my hay.

The hair is falling from my dome, which makes me madder and re-
pine; my aunt is coming to my home, to visit for six weeks or ni-

The chair I sit on falls apart, and lets me down and makes me
swoar, the cost of living fills my heart with indignation and de-
spair.

just a Reminder

NONE PERFECT—By Walt Mason—
No man is perfect, beneath the sky; there is a flaw in every guy. We could not long endure the man constructed on so rare a plan that all our searching would not find a blemish in his heart or mind.

This most astonishing of gents would make us look like fourteen cents. Since you have blemishes to burn, why roast your neighbor to a turn? Why jump on Jinks for swiping coal, if you have pinched an orphan's roll?

While you roast neighbors one or two, be sure that some one's roasting you. I have a lot of loathsome faults; my gall is florid, my conscience halts, sometimes I drop my lyre and pen, to take a sack and steal a hen.

I talk too much and bore my friends; my list of failings never ends. And you are roasting me, I know, as you go waddling to and fro, and pointing out the things I lack to make like a winner stack.

My faults, I know, defy all cures, but they are smoother faults than yours. I wouldn't swap, you poor galoot, unless you gave your watch to boot.

While you are roasting me it's true that I am busy roasting you, and neither one has any right to roast the other misfit wight.

That man who has no fault or flaw alone has right to ply his jaw.

GOD bless our native land; Firm may she ever stand. Through storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save by Thy great night.

For her our prayer shall rise To God above the skies; On Him we wait: Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee aloud we cry, God save the state;

ARISE, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears, The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears; Before the throne my surety stands, My name is written on his hands, No ever lives above, For me to intercede, His all redeeming love, His precious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine; Let Thy light within me shine; All my guilty fears remove, Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

Speak Thy pardoning grace to me, Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in His precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Dwell Thyself within my breast, Harvest of eternal rest.

Let me never from Thee stray, Keep me in Thy love.

Most of those who seek to acquire information about the Complex-Homeopathic Remedies will do so less from a preconceived opinion or sense of curiosity, but from necessity, because other methods of healing do not satisfy them.

To heal the every-day acute diseases is in most cases no extraordinary performance. Sometimes they would even heal by themselves. The majority of the acute diseases and especially the chronic ones need undoubtedly medical treatment. And a great many of the acute and chronic diseases were said to be incurable at all until today. And the operative. The great teacher of pathological anatomy, Prof. Nyrtl of Vienna did not remind his disciples for nothing: Gentlemen! Never boast concerning your operations; You will only prove therewith that you were not able to be your patients. But concerning absolute necessary life-saving operations, wherein modern surgery is excellent, these must of course be considered as quite another thing. The power of nature, always taken up by the followers of natural curing, which quite alone shall remove the morbid matter, necessitates a naturally resistant body, a body which is not made resistant by venereal enjoyments and by a wrong way of life, by medicines and so on. But such primitive natural bodies, distinguished by life- and resistance power are unfortunately very rare today. For most people it will therefore be necessary to interfere and to support this weakened natural power of the body by the respective remedies, containing such natural powers.

Different methods of healing which are more or less based upon natural (biological) principles, are associated with the traditional school-medicine. However, we will not lose our way in critical comparisons of the different methods of healing but we shall try to make the Complex-Homeopathic method of healing intelligible in the best possible way.

Dr. Puscheck's Famous Household Remedies.
Complex-Homeopathic cones, 1 oz. bottle, .75
" " pills, 30 and 60¢ a via
Medical Herbs, tea or tablets,
Plain " 25¢; Mixed, special formulas.

Skinker,— Old Diggs isn't much good, is he
Bonovisor,— No; all he does is to earn a lot of money for his family to spend.

Mikhail,— So you slapped his face when he told you your stockings were bagging at the knees? She,— Certainly, I didn't have any

An appetizing dessert consists of chopped tangerines and apricots covered with chilled custard.

THE REMINDER

 THE LIBRARY OF
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 SERIAL RECORD
 1945

VOLUME III

AUGUST 1938

NOW VIII.

THE KINDLY PADRE

THE "HERBALIST" BOOK

The kindly padre in his gown, Goes daily walking up and down. The little boys with whom he chats, With reverence remove their hats, And also reverence to show, The little girls all outstay low, While grown up folks like you and me, Wish more like his our lives to be.

"Aha" says he, with twinkling eye, "I would not change you, though I try. You should be good, and oft I pray The Lord to take your sins away; But, Oh, I love you, good and bad; I love the mischief in the lad; I love the merry hearts of you, In spite of all the wrong you do.

"Oh, were it not that I am bound To sing the Mass in vestments gown'd, And hold by solemn orders here To walk the narrow path sovereign, The boy in me on many a day Would break the laws he should obey, But I am what I am, you see, Because it is my job to be."

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a privilege to carry Everything to God in prayer, Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear— All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden, Lumbered with a load of care? Precious Savior, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms He'll take and shield thee! Thou wilt find a solace there.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.

One and one-third cups granulated sugar, two-thirds cup butter, three-fourths cup sweet milk, one-half teaspoon salt, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla, two-thirds cup of nut meats, and whites of five eggs beaten stiff and added to the batter the last thing. Bake in layers.

COCOA CAKE.

One and one-third cups sugar, one-half cup lard, one-half cup sour milk, one-half cup hot water poured on two heaping tablespoons cocoa, one teaspoon vanilla, one-half teaspoon salt, three eggs, two cups flour, one teaspoon soda dissolved in the sour milk, and one level teaspoon baking powder. Bake in layers.

FRIED RADISHES.

Take large rad ones which are too strong or pithy to eat. Scrape well and slice in thin slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Fry in hot skillet with quite a large amount of fat. Cook until tender and brown. Green tomatoes may be prepared likewise.

Way down in Indiana is a man you all should know. His name is Joseph Meyer. You bet your life it's so.

He's down there selling roots and herbs and they are strictly fresh, the packages are good and full, Sometimes they're even struts! And if you do not know about the good of roots and herbs, He has a little book that tells about them in plain words.

This little book I'll tell you now, is called the Herbalist, And if you send him just two bits, he will mail it mighty quick.

And then you read it through and through, and you will barely know, a lot of things you never knew about the things that grow. Now don't blame him if one small box does't cure you of your ills. Remember that for years and years you've maybe taken pills. You don't know what was in them, sometimes, they tasted funny! Although the pills were awfully small, they cost a lot of money.

So, if you're feeling out of sorts, and as cranky as can be, Just send and get some roots and herbs and make them into tea, Just drink about two cups a day, and you'll be feeling fine. It's better than a glass of beer, or even rum or wine.

Now I could ramble on and on, but I know you will say— "I'll get my pocketbook out now and send for some today."

And then you'll throw away your pills, your crutches and all that. And you will feel so jolly good, you won't even kick the cat. And when you're feeling well again, just thank your lucky stars, That God put such a man on earth, as Mr. Joseph Meyer.

SONORA TONIC.

Paraguay Tea—Stimulant and tonic,

Mexican Mate— " "

Buffalo Herb— Nutritive " "

Daniann—Stimulant " "

Sweet Flag—Aromatic and carminative,

Senna—Mild Laxative,

Yellow Dock—Rich in medicinal value,

Yerba Santa—Holy herb, Stimulating etc.,

Boldo Leaves—Stimulant.

This tonic stimulates important functions,

gives pep and stamina, and stimulates e-

limination. Tea or Tablets, 60¢.

Sold by Indiana Botanic Gardens, P.O. Box 6,

Hammond, Indiana.

J. C. Thimijan, Local Distributor.

Tel. 2721, 715 N. 7th St., Lako City, Minn.

Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds; You can't do that way when you're flying words. Thoughts, unexpressed, may sometimes fall back, dead; But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

Then what is the use of repining?

For where there's a will, there's a way.

Tomorrow the sun may be shining,

Although it is cloudy today.

Some people say worry will drive one crazy. Wrong. It is only the already mentally unbalanced who worry.

X-PN 4827

THE REMINDER

VOLUME III

SEPTEMBER 1938

Number 9

APR 28 1944

DOG-DAYS,— By Walt Mason

THE sun trails on, across the brassy sky, the grass is brown, the earth is hard and dry, the trees are drooping in the yellow glare, the birds are swooning in the torrid air, and melting man cries out—alas, in vain— "I'd give three bones to see a good wet rain."

Men stand and gasp, apostrophize the heat where moulting elms cast shade upon the street, relate old tales, and say they will be burned, if ever yet they were so scorched and burned.

The women rest in hammock and in chair, and with their fans attempt to stir the air; in modest terms they say there is no sense in heat that melts the knotholes in a fence.

The little kids don't play upon the street, but hang around and talk of prickly heat. The wilting dogs, for which these days are named, crawl in their holes, embarrassed and ashamed.

Cheer up, sad hearts, and think about the coal for which you soon must blow the hard earned roll; Full soon those days of torture will be gone— how will you then redeem your duds from pawn— the duds you'll need to keep your systems warm, and shield your whiskers from the bitter storm?

THE WEED GROWERS,—By W. M.

NINE men get up at break of dawn, and toil with splendid zest, to trim the whiskers from the lawn and keep the weeds suppressed.

They pull up thistles by the roots, and swat all noxious weeds, and softly say, "We'll bet our boots those things won't scatter seeds."

They to their homes devote their lives, they strive to keep things neat; they know the lawn, where blue-grass thrives, for beauty can't be beat.

The tenth man doesn't care a whoop how shabby things appear; the weeds are growing around his coop in regiments, each year.

The grass is smothered by the weeds, which swipe each inch of soil, and every zephyr blows the seeds, to quiver the good man's toil.

There is no law to make him eat his weeds, or mow them down, although his place will quiver the street and handicap the town.

Why doesn't Congress up and knock this Jonah on the pate, for nearly every village block has got this sort of skate.

A man's character is known by what he laughs at.

REMINDER

#55

VOLUME III

OCTOBER 1938

Number 10.

THE WIND,— By Walt Mason—

THE wind blows off my lid, and makes me reel
and skid, and say distressing things; it jars
me like the deuce, it blows my whiskers loose,
it swats me and it stings.

It comes and takes a fall, from my parasol,
to my intense disgust; it blows all kinds of
dirt against my Sunday shirt, and fills my
ears with dust.

"Yet blow, O wind," I say, "and all the
livelong day your program rehearse; for if
you'd disappear, they'd send some weather
here that would be nine times worse".

If winds should cease to blow, we'd have
a lot of snow, or ruin, or hail, or slush;
perhaps a thunderbolt would give my muse a
jolt, and make my harpstrings hush.

However bad things be, I look on them
with glee, embalming them in verse; when
evil things are gone, we'll likely see the
of something twelve times worse.

I look on things like this, and so I'm
full of bliss, when I'm not full of prunes;
and all the windy day I wend my cheerful way,
and warble sprightly tunes.

Sally,— Does the moon affect the tide?

Mikhail,— No, just the untid.

Fosh,— Got a minute to spare?

Shof,— Sure.

Fosh,— Tell me all you know.

Since primitive times mankind relied in cases of sickness not only upon the sanative power of his nature, but sought like the animals, healing plants or vegetables. Out of this developed the popular medicine, a treatment based on experience, to which the official medicine is indebted for many of its most important remedies. While in the old times the physicians perfected this vegetable medical science, collecting scientifically, the medicine was tempted later on, owing to the progress in investigation of the mineral kingdom and chemistry to apply these inorganic matters as remedies also for mankind, and deviated always more from the natural way of sanative treatment. We are glad to say that of late there is a strong tendency in medicine to return to the pure vegetable products. Since mankind stands not only on the anorganic kingdom, but is also built up out of the vegetable organism, therefore— quite reasonably— he finds his sanative remedy not in the inorganic kingdom, but in the organic vegetable kingdom. Among the physicians who have perceived the great value of this vegetable treatment were the most prominent so called spagyrist. They prepared their medicaments in the spagyric way, i.e. by loosening and separating, collecting and recombining in the form of different fermentations.

APR 28 1944

X-PN 4827

#56

THE REMINDER

Nos. 11-12-

VOLUME III HOLIDAY NUMBER NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1938.

GOOD OLD WINTER.— By Walt Mason
We always tire of winter before it's had its fling, and yearningly begin to extol the charms of spring. We roast the wintry rigors in wild, impassioned terms, and long for spring and chiggers and flies and bugs and germs. And yet the winter weather is good for mortal man, and we should get together, and boost it while we can.

The arctic blast's a hummer, but while it roasts and rolls, the pests of spring and summer are dead or in their holes. Hail, storm that swats us critters, with many a pretty biff; You give the germs their bit-terers, and freeze the microbes stiff. Hail, blizzards that is snorting across the icy plains; You send old blood cavorting through every palsied vein.

With zest I do my labors when knee deep in the snows; I go and whip my neighbors, and pull a peeler's nose. The springtime finds me slouchy, too indolent to smile, and I am gruff and grouchy, and full of prunes and bile. But now the frosted breezes athwart my sideboards blow. I shake off all diseases, and every frown and woe.

I feel as gay and chipper as when I was sixteen, and from the old tin dipper I quaff my gasoline.

Still Hope— Ned— "Darling, we can't get married. A slick salesman sold me some oil stock, and got every cent I owned. What can I offer you now?" Lila— "Well, you might give me his name and address."

SOMETHIN' NEEDS FIXIN' SOMEWHERE—
THIS world'd be a better place for almos' everybuddy, if women-folks would only quit makin' one mistake; Now, I have give' this enterprise o' livin' lots o' study, an let me tell you here an' now some things give me a ache where apples often does the same inside a little duffer; I mean jus' this: I don't see why a wife-an- mother tries to make her husband ever, cus she thinks he's gettin' tougher, when common sense 'd tell her that ain' where her duty lies.

I don't know who the person was that started all the trouble, but, anyhow, she jumped her job a darn long time ago; An' ever since no sooner does a gal get hitched-up double than she discovers lots o' things she wishes wasn't so. She hadn't oughter blame the lad becuz his early training was in the hands o' someone who was bringin' up his dad; But so it's been fer generations— every wife complainin' becuz she thinks she has t' save her man from goin' bad.

Now, don't you see where this here thing has got the women hazy? It seems t' be a problem they don't know jus' how t' fix; But managin' a home won't never drive nobuddy crazy, when they finds out that ol' dogs ain't so good at learnin' new tricks; Some day a mother will forget about her husband's badness, an' try t' civilize her boys buffers they all grows up; Then, after while, a crop o' dads 'll find some peace an' gladness— Cuz wives 'll know it's easier t' educate a pup.

REMINDER

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READING ROOM

JUN 28 1945

#57

In Oversize
Box 27

Volume III

MARCH 1938

No. iii.



This Do I For Thee, What Dost Thou For Me.

MAKE YOUR WILL--By Walt Mason.

"Some day," said Perkins B. McGill, "I'll take an hour and make my will. It is a job I despise, although I know it's sane and wise, for it reminds the shrinking skate that he'll be some day in a crate, and o'er his head the goats will browse, and also sheep and bebtailed cows. It should be done, I must admit, and shortly I'll attend to it, but just at present as you see, I'm busy as a bumble bee, and I shall let it slide, I wot, until my work slacks up a lot." While he pursued his useful game a dark blue auto climbed his frame.

He gave a few brief anguished pants, and bade farewell to wife and aunts, and journeyed to that shining shore where auto butcher folks no more. And his affairs were badly mixed; to get things straightened up and fixed, administrators and their clan came in a stately caravan. A second cousin filed a suit a lawyer looked around for loot, and creditors sprung large accounts, and fakers asked for large amounts, and hungry relatives appeared with claims detestable and weird.

And when it was all settled up the widow drew the Airdale pup, and all the balance went to pay the costs--which is the good old way.

The widow's busy scrubbing floors and doing other drastic chores, and as she toils she murmurs still, "If Perkins had but made a will."

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.--By J. W. Thompson.

I took a Correspondence Course in fishing as an art, And got my sheepskin too, to show that I had done my part; So then I felt I knew it all, the same as any boy, And all swelled up with confidence, exuberance and joy.

I fished all day and fished away far into the night, I did not catch a fish, although I felt the rasals bite. A Correspondence School, long months before that weary date, Had gone and taught the little fishes "How To Get The Bait."

No. 999--General Tonic;--Formula.

Rocky Mountain Grape, Alterative.

Corn Silk, Diuretic. Marshmallow, Soothing.

Gentian, Tonic. Sacred Bark, Laxative.

Tartar Emetic, Tonic, Laxative; Yellow Root,

German Cheese Plant, Diuretic; Fennel Seed,

Jamaica Ginger, Tonic; Anise Seed, Stimulant.

Thyme, Tonic; Juniper Berries, Diuretic.

Colic Root, Bearberry Leaves, Diuretic.

Tablets, box, post paid,.....\$1.25.

No. 1000--Clover Blue Flag Compound.

Red Clover Flowers, Blood Purifier.

Blue Flag Root, Alterative; Juniper Berries.

Rocky Mountain Grape;--Tinn. Senna Leaves.

Alex. Senna Leaves, Laxative; Cheese Plant.

Blue Gentian, Tonic; Lesser Periwinkle Lvs.

Mild Alterative and only slightly Laxative.

PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS.--By Yours Truly.

Apparently not all is well with the Fascist and Communist regimes in Europe. In Russia many higher ups have been executed under suspicion of disloyalty to their leader; in Germany many have been ousted from high office for the same reason.

The nobility or imperial military elements lost out twenty years ago in Germany and Russia; now they are apparently losing out again. Will they make another effort in the future sometime, and if so, what will be the result? Or will it be three times and out? In Spain the people succeeded in casting off the rule of the nobility some years ago, but now they are making an energetic and bloody effort to stage a comeback.

We do not believe that the intermingling or co-habiting of people of different races and standards of living is conducive to the peace and welfare of those concerned.

We believe it would have been far better for this country if members of the African race had never been brought to this country in such large numbers. This has brought us nothing but heartache and trouble. First the slave question, then the Civil War, and what not since.

We believe it was a mistake on the part of the white invaders of this Continent to push forward into the interior so rapidly, and indiscriminately; we believe they should have moved inward more slowly and preserved a more unbroken front. This would have prevented much trouble and suffering that was now encountered.

We believe that Orientals and people from southern Europe should not have been permitted to come here in such large numbers, and that Caucasians should not have attempted to form and maintain settlements and interests in Asia.

People of two different civilizations and standards of living cannot possibly live and work together side by side in a state of equality without friction. Were it not for the fact that we have in this country today so many representatives of an inferior civilization and a lower standard of living there would be no unemployment situation and no labor question.

Bringing up the child.--The old and new. The old way.--Spoken roughly to your little and beat him when he snores; No only does to annoy, Because he knows it teases.

The new way.--Gain the confidence of your child by letting him select his own bedtime.

If your child fails to respond when you suggest that it is time to wash face and hands

REMINDER

In oversize Box 27

VOLUME III

PRIL-19

APR 28 1944

B

No. 11v.

Good Friday greetings
EASTER



SIGNS OF SPRING.—By Walt Mason.

Be patient if you freeze your feet while trudging through the slush and sleet; already winter's growing gray, and soon he'll bow and say "Good day!"

I see some harbingers around; the grass shows greenish on the ground; a bughousebird is seen anon cavorting on the frosted lawn, and in the grocer's moral store seed packages are seen once more.

When once the grocer digs up seeds, to meet the garden grower's needs, we wot that winter's on the wing, and that we're due to welcome spring.

This morning as I went my way, I heard the village Marshal say, "This year I'll hark to no excuse—no chickens must be running loose.

The owners of all hungry hens must keep the blamed things in their pens, according to the statutes made, and which by all must be obeyed."

He says the same thing every year, when Winter's billed to disappear, and then forgets it in the Spring, when chickens scratch like everything.

But it's a harbinger, all right; it indicates that Spring's in sight. The marshal makes his yearly bluff, and then farwells to wintry stuff, to foolish storms and silly gales, to biting wind that shrieks and wails.

The gentle Spring will soon return, for there are harbingers to burn.

THE GROCER'S GRIEF.

You go to the Moving Picture place, You spend a handful of cash; You sit in your accustomed place, and see the Movie Stars crash.

You walk up to the Delicatessen Bar, and guzzle the food and drinks down; no matter how flat and broke you are, for this you've always gotta crown.

You climb into your automobile car, you race up and down the street; and you go places both near and far, oh, but is it not a treat?

Sure, you say, and it is no-mistake, and it is well worth the price; as long as my grocer me will-stake, to bread and buns, milk and rice.

The Grocer, anyway, he's a thief, his goods, they cost him nothing; yet he charges for them a sheaf, of money, bills, or something.

ARE YOU FEELING BLUE?
You wake up in the morning and feel a

OUR FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST.—Do You Know the difference? Every family, in fact, every one, has a medicine chest which usually contains a remedy for colds, another for aches and pains, a physic, a pill or powder for headaches, hair lotions, tonics, cosmetics and a host of concoctions for any of the minor ailments with which the individual may be afflicted. Any of these can be bought at the drug store and usually you will find half a dozen or more different remedies on the druggist's shelf which may be used for the same ailments. Then the question arises "Which one shall I buy?" If the druggist is conscientious he will recommend the one he thinks is best, or he may offer you the one on which he makes the greater profit. Neither he nor you know what such a remedy contains unless he happens to have Dr. Pusek's Famous Self-Home Treatments on hand. The label on Dr. Pusek's Treatments contains a list of all the medicinal ingredients contained in the bottle or package. There is no "Guess Work" when you take the remedies,—you know what goes into your body. The direction label tells you how to take the remedy, what you should eat and drink and how you should live while taking the treatment. With but few exceptions, Pusek's Treatments are a combination of Homeopathic remedies, hence they are absolutely harmless and this feature makes them especially desirable for the Family Medicine Chest. Choose the right remedy, follow the simple instructions and you will obtain the desired results. Choose the wrong remedy, or take an overdose of the right remedy, and no harm is done, because they are homeopathic. THE HOME HEALTH MONITOR, The official American Journal for Home Self-Treatments, Homeopathy, Complex Treatment and Veterinary Science. A Family Magazine on Health Topics, Practical Hints and Instructions for the treatment of prevailing diseases, Chronic ailments, Baths, Exercises, Anatomy, Physiology, Etc. PUSHECK'S HEALTH LABORATORIES, Chicago, Ill. Winnipeg, Can. J. C. Thimijan, Local Representative, 715 N. 7th St., Tel. 2721, Lake City, Minn.

- | | |
|--|-----|
| No. 2. Blood Purifier, bottle, post paid | 75¢ |
| No. 8. Chronic Constipation, " | 80¢ |
| No. 11. Corn and Wart Drops, " | 30¢ |
| No. 12. Cold Push, " | 30¢ |
| No. Cold and Cough disks, " | 90¢ |
| No. Diarrhoea disks, " | 75¢ |
| No. 17. Dyspepsia treatment, " | 75¢ |

REMINDER

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VOLUME III

PRIL 1938

B

No. 11v



Good Friday greetings
EASTER



SIGNS OF SPRING.— By Walt Mason.

Be patient if you freeze your feet while trudging through the slush and sleet; already winter's growing gray, and soon he'll bow and say "Good day;"

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| No. Cold and Cough disks, " | 90c |
| No. Diarrhoe disks, " | 75c |
| No. 17, Dyspepsia treatment, " | 75c |
| No. 19, Ear Drops, " | 75c |

X-PN 4827

The Recruiter

46

"300 MEMBERS BY MAIL"

No. 2

JUN 20 1939
August 1939

YOU Can Help With Recruiting

The question has been asked how members can help with recruiting. The answer is simple. Recruiting may be carried on in either of two ways:

1) Direct: Send names and addresses of persons you think will be interested in joining the AAPA to me (Wilson H. Shepherd, Oakman, Ala.) or to the Secretary (F. W. Miller, 297 Elm St., Holyoke, Mass.) or to the Mailing and Publicity Bureau (Bruce W. Smith, 709 S. Jefferson, Green Bay, Wis.) Upon receipt of these names we will send sample hand-
dles and other material, or—

2) Personal Distribution: Write to any of the above officers or to President George H. Kay, Little Falls, Minnesota, and tell them how much material you need (information folders, application blanks, etc.) and you can give these to anyone you know who might be interested in the AAPA.

(NOTE: Please help out by enclosing a few stamps)

REVERIE
Sept 1939

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UNITED STATES
APR 28 1944

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Reverie



Vol. 2, No. 1

MARCH, 1939

Whole No. 5

SILENT SOUNDS

A turmoil in the solitude of hearts;
A pleading face with deep protracted sigh;
The beat of wings when clay from spirit parts;
When tongues are mute and grief just thinks
"Good-bye."

Albert Chapin

The Butterfly

APR 28 1944

By MONTGOMERY MULFORD

THE BUTTERFLY glided into the church in time to hear the sermon's ending. It was as though an angel illumined the altar as the pretty winged creature hesitated and then flew on its way.

"--Whatsoever you give away will be returned unto ye a hundred fold," the pastor was saying. The words trailed after the butterfly as he regained the sunshine.

The congregation was filing from the church a little later, but the pretty winged

RED AND WHITE EMBLEM

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

#63

X-PA 627
The RED and WHITE
EMBLEM

Summer 1938 (M)

Leased The Worlds Fair Grounds
for the
United Amateur Press Association
of America Convention

It can't be done

TENTATIVE plans are under way for a day at the Fair. July 5 is set aside as United Amateur Press Day. The Fair and your committee have many surprises for this day, special grove amplifier system, and several concessions for members and friends. Make plans now to attend the convention in Jersey City (just across the Hudson River, 5ct fare). Write the convention chairman for room reservations as they will be much handier and very reasonable.

Note to Mrs. S. F. Falkenberg, Callao, Utah: The following rhyme by John W. Harden of the Charlotte (N. C.) News, will give you an idea of what we publishers are up against.

ERRORIANA

"The Typographical error is a slippery thing and sly,
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by
Till the forms are off the presses, it is strange how still it keeps:
It shrinks down into a corner and it never stirs or peeps,
That typographical error, too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.
The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans;
The copy reader drops his head upon his hands and moans—
The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean can be
But the typographical error is the only thing you see."

X-PN 4327

#64



Wishing you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

+ + + +

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 28 1944

Reverie



DECEMBER, 1939



"THE ROUND TABLE"

Vol. I, No. 1

Topeka, Kansas

Nov. 1939

"BROTHERHOOD"

By Etta Miller

There goes a poor man with faltering feet,
Treading his perilous way down the street.
Should we not sturdily walk by his side?
Who knows but his wavering feet we may guide?
Perhaps he is driven by keen mental pain.
A few friendly words may his confidence gain.
A brother is he for whom the Lord cares.
Let us prove that he may find a friend unawares.

He may not be to blame for his uncertain plod;
He may be under trial by a merciful God
Who would show him his error, and help him to see
Through some human instrument—might that be you or me?
We are none of us perfect; we are not without fault.
Some of us blind; some crippled, or halt.
There are times when we all are needing a friend,
And thankful for those whom the Father may send.

Hence we should not fail, should our conscience declare
That we kindly encourage, and warn of the snare.
That too often is set for irresolute feet
Of those all unwary, who travel the street.
Let us give them a hand. Help them up when they fall.
Even time and again, though their efforts be small.
And let us not judge, but think when we see,
"There, but for God's grace, goes, staggering, — me."



APR 28 1944

VOLUME IV - Nos. 1-2. JANUARY - FEBRUARY 1939 - J. C. Thimijan, Pub.

THE NEW CAR,-- By Walt Mason. ---

WHEN first a voter buys a car, he's so afraid that dirt will mar its shining surface, he will spend his energy for hours on end: he'll take a costly chamois skin and polish it outside and in, and use a magnifying glass inspecting nickel knobs and brass, and if he sees a speck of dust, or notes a little flake of rust, he throws some seven fits in line, and chills run up and down his spine.

He jaws the children and repeat, and tells them where to put their feet, and threatens to divorce his wife if she brings sorrow to his life by eating candy in the wain, and leaving on the plush a stain. But when he's owned two cars or three it doesn't gripe him much to see the good old bus all splashed with mire from radiator cap to tire. And if a fender's hammered flat he grins and lets it go at that.

He lets it stand out in the gale assaulted by the rain and hail, and if some chickens build their nests where once he proudly seated guests, he doesn't care a tinker's hoot, just so the blamed old bus will scoot.

OLD BOOZE WONT GO,-- By W. M. ---

THE moving finger writes, and we may read the fateful lesson of its changeless screech, of which no man may cancel flow a line, by all his prayers, by all his flow of brine.

All useless things must perish from the earth, which has but room for things of proven worth. In every age some foolishness is stopped; in every age some worthless things are dropped.

The worthless things may grow and flourish long, and long the world endure some grievous wrong, but when their time has come to bump the bumps, no power can save them from the divers dumps.

And so our booze we're sipping day by day; nothing can stop us on our downward way; the world hasn't had enough of gin and rye, nations and states and villages the moral defy.

Friends of Old Booze are fighting for him hard, weapons in hand they stand upon their guard, all in vain our brave fight against rum -- Old Booze wont go because his time hasn't come.

HAPPY NEW YEAR;-- We said it first.

AFTER CHRISTMAS

As I glance round my happy home
In this post - Yuletide season,
I'm like a person in a dream,
And not without some reason:
A corner of the living room
With grazing herds is dotted,
And in my favorite cozy chair
I see a leopard spotted.

Upon the couch a gay red cow
Has taken up its quarters,
And from beneath the table peep
All Noah's sons and daughters.
Out in the hall I know I saw
A boar of aspect horrid,
And my bedroom's the habitat
Of beasts from climates torrid.

A horse is on my writing desk,
A deer upon the table.
And in my sowing basket lurks
A cat with coat of sable.
O little son, with eyes of blue,
Don't let that lion roar --
Or I shall think my dream is true
That I am Mrs. Noah.

APRICOT PUDDING;-- One pound of dried apricots, one and a half cups of sifted flour, one-fourth cup butter or other fat, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoons baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon salt.

Wash the apricots, chop fine and mix them with two teaspoons of the flour. Sift the remaining flour with the baking powder and salt. Cream the butter or fat, add the sugar and well beaten eggs, and add alternately with the milk to the sifted dry ingredients. Finally, pour the mixture into a greased mold and steam for two hours. Serve hot with a suitable sauce.

Boogy,-- What part of the auto kills the most people?

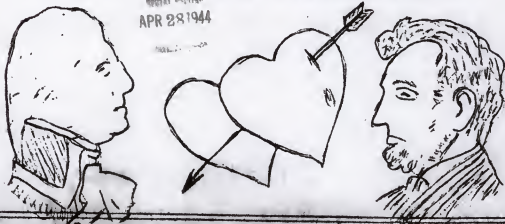
Woogy,-- That's an easy one--the nut behind the wheel.

Lawyer Burzan,-- Do you understand the nature of an oath, Mrs. Scruggs?

Mrs. Scruggs,-- Well, my husband has tended the furnace for 30 years, been a dub golfer for 15 years, and we have four grown sons.

Valentine

APR 28 1944



TOO MUCH PRIDE - By Walt Mason.
Ambition's needed in your game if you would win success or fame. The gent without it seems a dled, content his treadmill way to plod, while men who have the splendid spur fill all the air with smoke and fur.

Ambition, when it's safe and sane, controlled by wisdom's curb, and rein, is necessary to the guy who hopes to reach the places high.

But if you say, "I'll never stop until I reach the gleaming top, regardless always if the rights of other hopeful striving wights," perhaps you'll reach the top and then discover you're abhorred of men.

I'd build mud fences all my days before I'd tread the higher ways, and hear some delegates exclaim, "He never played an honest game. To push himself to higher rank he'd rob his granny's savings bank."

To gain a foot on other men, he'd swipe a mother's setting hen. His thoughts are always of himself; to gain renown or gather self he'd push a cripple from the road, or touch a poet for his ode.

In Holland there's a lonely skater who hoped to be supremely great; the rights of men he laughed to scorn, and trod upon the barest corn. What mattered it if legions died, so he increased his pomp and pride?

And now he sits in shadows gray, and with cackles all day. His fate's a caution to us all, the fat, the lean, the port, the tall.

COMPLEX - HOMEOPATHY -

By means of the Spagyric method of preparation of essences with sanative power from fresh plants, are released the spirit or virtue, or as we can express ourselves today, the specific vegetable or vital-ray powers. These powers are not chemical, but only biological. At any rate - these powers - which cannot be precisely explained in a few words - show similar effects as the vitamins. The vitamins, forming various groups (Vitamin A, B, C, and D) are substances with ferment and enzyme-like character, the proper manufacturing of which still meets with the greatest difficulties. Apparently this has been successful but for one group, the Vitamin D. At any rate, the Vitamines cannot as yet be thought of as chemical-materially, but they can only be identified physically chemically and biologically. Such observations should make us modest in thinking. They should lead us to follow nature instead of tempting us to manufacture medicine with our human intelligence only in an artificial way.

Even Hippocrates and Paracelsus taught that a disease can be fought and healed by the same materials which had incited the disease (similia similibus curantur) Hahnemann, the man of great merit, proved - by many careful trials that medical matters, which were able to cause a certain disease when applied in strong doses, can heal it in very weak doses.

JESUS; Name of wondrous love;
Name all other names above;
That which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

JESUS; Name decreed of old;
To the maiden-mother told,
Smiling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

JESUS; Name of precious worth

JESUS; Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

JESUS; only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

JESUS; Name of wondrous love;

IN woe we often languish;
And pass through times of anguish,
Of wars and tribulation, Alarming every nation.

A faithful mother keepeth
Guard, while her infant sleepeth,
Its fear and grief assuaging, When angry storms are raging,
Thus God His children

THE

REMINDER

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS SECTION

VOLUME IV - Nos. 3-4 - MARCH - APRIL - 1939 - J. C. THIMLIAN FEB 28 1944

MARCH -- By Walt Mason.

Windy March is now on deck; winter gets it in the neck, and we hear him say, "By heck it is time to leap the loops"; gentle spring is on the way; there are balmy winds to-day, and the hens begin to lay in their richly furnished coops.

March will try us for a spell; she will rant and she will yell, raising forty kinds of Hail Columbia, but its all an empty bluff. Winter has his final fling ere the birds begin to sing, and we welcome gentle spring; oh, the springtime is the stuff.

March may dish up snow and sleet, fill with slush the village street, and annoy rheumatic feet, but no deadgame sport will sigh; for the sun will fellow fast on the coat tails of the blast; March's tantrums will be past in the winking of an eye.

Soon the bumble bee and ant on the lawn will gallivant, and the pelican will chant like a bulbul, to its mate; soon the eard-vark and the owl and the common barnyard fowl will sit up at night and howl, for old winter pulls his freight.

Oh, the rapture and the bliss when the blizzards cease to hiss, and the sunbeams come and kiss dewey lillies and the rose; March's winds may rant and shout, but they cannot bluff us out, for we know, beyond a doubt, they are winter's dying throes.

NERVOUS AILMENTS

AN old professor always told his classes that to diagnose a case as a "nervous disease" was a mark of ignorance -- nervousness is not a disease. It is merely a symptom which may be caused by anyone of a dozen different diseases, excitement, fright or apprehensions.

Usually a prolonged nervous state indicates a serious disturbance in the functioning of the body. It may be the result of malnutrition, poor digestion, in which case the nerve cells and tissues of the body are undernourished, due to lack of sufficient healthy blood. Mental or physical exertion, improper care of the body, anger, worry, fright, and other mental disturbances may cause a great variety of nervous symptoms. Acute catarrh of the stomach usually progresses through the chronic stage to "nervous indigestion".

It goes without saying that any influence or condition, which draws too heavily upon the nerve energies, drains this energy, and to that extent affects the general health.

As in every other disease, there can be no hope of a permanent return to normal health of the nervous system without correcting the errors of living which produced the derangement and this correction can only be accomplished by the individual, after the irregularities and abuses have been pointed out.

Reminder

#69

APR 28 1944

VOLUME IV - NOS. 5 & 6 - MAY - JUNE - 1939 - J. C. THILMAN - PUB.

JOEY'S SOLILOQUY.

Little Joey by the doorstep of the little cabin lay, Pouring gravel through his fingers, and his mammy heard him say:

"Aint nobody -- cain't nobody love a culled boy, don't guess, Teacher raps me, mammy slaps me and I longs for love, I fess

"I jess wish when mammy calls me She'd say 'Come heah, honey lamb' stead of sayin', 'Get heah Joey, or I'll shore give you a slam.' "If I died de folks ud miss me, Lav some flowers around my head, Mammy'd cry an' mebbey kiss me, Yes, I mostly wish I'se dead." Mammy smiled, while -- love and pity struggled with a touch of pride, Then she hastened to the window, and in loving tones she cried; Come in honey; you'll be gettin' all tanned up, de sun's so hot. And de grand folks passin' by'll think you's Irish, like as not.

NEIGHBOR JOHNSIN'S ROLL

My neighbor Johnsin can afford a lot of things that I can not; yet I'm not onvious or bored, beneath my collar I'm not hot. My neighbor Johnsin, has a roll ... that's large enough to choke a steer; I contemplate him, and my soul is smiling .. still, from ear to ear. For de thing is supremely true-- as some one said, in ring tones-- that happiness has naught to do with what a human being owns. Old Masters hung upon the wall won't bring a Nigger's worth of bliss. The rich man, in his gilded hall, is always saying things like this: "The gladdest time I ever ... spent, was when I lived in yonder shack, and had to husband every cent, to buy sundors for my back." Let neighbor Johnsin view his roll, through tears that .. make his vision dim; I won't touch it with a nolo, when seeing what it's done for him.



FAITH and JUSTIFICATION

My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil. On Christ, the solid Rock I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, and blood, Support me in the sinking flood; When every earthly prop gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand.

When I shall launch to worlds unseen, O may I then be found in Him, Dressed in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne. On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand.

FOOT TROUBLES

The need for more widespread education in regard to foot-care was never more apparent than at present.

Improperly shod feet, hard pavements, long hours of standing, lack of education in regard to foot hygiene, and general .. physical conditions, all contribute their part to prevailing foot ailments.

The feet perform a hard task daily in carrying the full weight of the body. The delicate bony framework, interwoven as it is with intricate nerve and muscle tissue, is subject to constant pressure, jars and strains. Hence foot trouble has become almost uniform especially among women, taking many forms such as flat foot, sunken arches, weak, painful feet, painful heels, athlete's foot, bunions, ingrown nails, .. and many more troubles too technical to mention here.

The conditions do not remain local. .. Feet that are subject to pressure from improper shoes, for instance, will produce not only bunions, corns and other foot .. troubles, but will produce bone derangement, or foot disalignment, resulting in .. and bodily disalignment, which in

THE REMINDER

VOLUME - LV - Nos. 7 - 8 - JULY - AUGUST - 1939 - J. C. THIMLIAN - PUBLISHER.

SPRING DOPE.— By Walt Mason.—
NO, that spring, so blithe and merry,
spreads his rugs of living grass, from
the learned apothecary we must buy some
sassafras. For our blood is coursing
slowly after winter's longdrawn games.
and a lot of boils unholly soon will break
out on our frames; and we'll have a bilious
fever and a lot of other ills, and
old death will swing his cleaver, if we
don't buy yards and pills.

Oh, the druggist smiles and whistles,
as he labors all alone, as he boils a
lot of thistles, for this season is his
own; he is brewing tea of tanny and of
liverwort and leaks, flavored with a dash
of pansy, and he chortles when he speaks.

In the cure of ailments chronic our
learned pharmacist delights; he is mix-
ing up a tonic for our livers and our
—lights. For our blood is slow and slug-
gish, and we're breaking out with rash,
and for potions dire and druggish we
—must blow our surplus oash.

And we need a hair restorer and an eye
wash for our blues, dope to stop the elm
tree borer, which is threatening our
—limbs. So we see the druggist wrestle
back of his prescription case, with his
mortar and his pestle, making dope to
—save the race.

THE OLDFASHIONED GIRL.—
By Barton Ness Bogus.—THE oldfashioned
—girl is the girl for us— She of the a-
pron and blouse— The one that is handy
with biscuits and pies, with sweepin' and
dustin' a house. Her face assures you
the moment you meet there's a goodness—
heart-deep in her life; and when you
—have settled on startin' a nest, you had
better choose her for your wife.

They're raisin' "jazz-babies" by thou-
sands these days— These dames with a mu-
sical twist— Those faces, blank white, —
like a sane person think they've used all
of Pillsbury's grist. A big wind of hair
a'cootie karapo is folded tight over —
each ear; While high spots of rouge —
flank the deserts of white, and two yards
of scorin is their wear.

The makin' of home is out of their —
line, they're trained to giggle and jerk,
and women, to them, were brought here to
loaf, nor ever got soiled with plain work
They'll kiss a french poodle, but never
will see to a darling cradled in white, —
for home is beyond them, work is a bore,
they love only dazdle and flight.

I'm wantin' no woman who's clear out
of date, or a slave to the grind of days
but I do like a girl of judgement and
—grace, of sensible, home-loving ways. —
She'll help you when things are run-down
at the heel, make home a place you will
pride, So when you have settled on —
startin' a nest, choose the oldfashioned
—girl for your bride.

A BEE for Sale.— (Reprinted) —
LAST spring the back-to-the-land move-
ment hit me hard. As a result I proceed-
ed to buy a huge ranch of five acres in
the suburbs of our fair city. After secur-
ing it, I consulted our leading farm pa-
pers and learned that a variety of live-
stock was necessary to maintain the soil
fertility, so I proceeded to buy a cow, a
pig, a rabbit and a chicken. Eventually I
read in a paper that bees were the most
profitable form of live-stock. Consider-
ing the already crowded condition of my
farm, one bee seemed to be enough. Later
a friend told me of a person who had bees
to sell. I hunted up the bee person. He
described the glories of bee-keeping in
honeyed words. In fact his words were po-
sitively sticky. His bees were gentle,
broke to work, able to stand hardship and
exposure and did not sting. I bought —
not one bee, but eight flocks and trans-
ported them proudly homeward. I staked
them out in the grove and unplugged the
hutches. Nothing much happened, as I left
them severely alone all summer. True —
some of them went off on excursions in
huge bunches, but they must have come back
as the hutches were all occupied.

It is also true that one neighbor, —
smaller than myself, did sue me, and an-
other about my size tried to lick me be-
cause my bees bit them. In the fall I
went out to get my honey. I tied down
my pants legs and coat sleeves, put a —
piece of mosquito bar over my face, and
sallied forth armed a butcher knife and
a little dhecky to squirt smoke.

I squirted some in the general direc-
tion of the hive and then started to work
loose the top box which, according to the
book, held the honey. Immediately the air
was full of bees that sung by my ears —
like bullets. The book said to remain —
calm and quiet, and as I wigh over 220
it was easy to do. That is, it was easy
until a bee, which in some under-handed —
fashion had crawled up my pants leg, be-
came irritated at me and bit me on the an-
—stant. Such a cowardly and unexpected at-
tack from the rear so startled me that I
jumped and yelled, and upset the bee box.
Really it was an accident, although the
bees drew a hasty inference to my in-
—tentions and came at me with their conclu-
sions already drawn and ready for action.

Unfortunately my head had become en-
tangled in a barbed-wire fence and tore loose,
letting the bees right amongst me where
they used said conclusions effectively.

Frankly, I couldn't see for a week and
it was three days before I could sit down
comfortably. I haven't any honey yet, ei-
—ther. If these are gentle and stingless
bees, what would rough ones that sting —
be like? I have some bees for sale again,
but the buyer must round them up himself,
and he must take every bee.

ISRAEL DESIRES A KING.

THEN all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah, and said unto him, Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations. And Samuel prayed unto the Lord. And the Lord said unto Samuel, they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.

And Samuel said, This will be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen; and some shall run before his chariots. And he will appoint him captains over thousands, and captains over fifties; and will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make his instruments of war, and instruments of his chariots.

And he will take your daughters to be confectionaries, and to be cooks, and to be bakers. And he will take your fields, and your vineyards, and your olive yards, even the best of them, and give them to his servants. And he will take the tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards, and give to his officers, and to his servants.

And he will take your menservants, and your maidservants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work. He will take the tenth of your sheep, and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you, and the Lord will not hear you in that day.

Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay, but we will have a king over us; - That we also may be like all the nations; and that our king may judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles.

And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto their voice, and make them a king.

The moral of the above is, that since man have rejected God as their king, he has given them into the hands of earthly kings, potentates, dictators, tyrants, etc. and given them over to the exploitation of profiteers and racketeers. Kings like to make believe that they rule by divine appointment, but do they?

HARVEST AND THANKSGIVING

O LORD, whose bounteous hand again Hath poured Thy gifts in plenty down, Who all creation dost sustain And all the earth with goodness crown; Lord of the harvest, here we own Our joy Thy gift, and Thine alone.

O may we ne'er with thankless heart Forget from whom our blessings flow; Still, Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart; Still teach us what to Thee we owe. Lord, may our lives with fruit divine Return Thy care, and prove us Thine.

Lord, grant that each may sow to Thee; Grant us in endless life to reap; Of every heart the Guardian be; By day and night Thy servants keep, That all to Thee may joy afford On Thy great harvest-day, O Lord.

GOD bless our native land; Firm may she ever stand; Through storm and night; When the wild tempests rave, Ruler of wind and wave, Do Thou our country save By Thy great might:

For her our prayer shall rise To God above the skies; On Him we wait: Thou who art ever nigh, Guarding with watchful eye, To Thee aloud we cry, God save the state: -

HARK: the herald-angelssing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled;"
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark, the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;"

THE old year now hath passed away,
We thank Thee, Christ our Lord, to-day,
That Thou hast kept us through the year,
When danger and distress were near.

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REVEALED

VOL. 1

JUN 28 1945 NO. 1

TRAINER EXPOSED

ASSPY

Flatbush, July 4, 1940. (A. J.)

@wo daring reporters in co-operation with the police force of Brooklyn today caught and jailed the arch gangster menace, George Trainer. He was booked by Judge Helen Vivartas and held for espionage. Chief Norman Levine explained that Trainer had been seen in the company of Robert Smith, noted play boy.

(Continued on page 4)

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THE ROYAL CLARION

CHARTER: CLASS A-25

VOLUME 2

September 1940

EDITOR'S HASH

September is here and also the new term of school. You know, this is my First Anniversary Edition, for I began mailing copies in September, 1938.

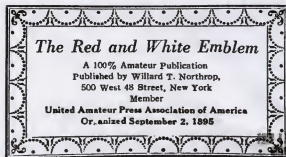
This issue, therefore, will contain 8 pages. The story of the first year of The Royal Clarion has been one of progress. I started with typewritten copies and when my mailing list grew, I issued rotary press copies. Today, I am using a 3x5 steel press. I intend to buy a 6x8 steel making another mark in the advancement of the ROYAL CLARION. You will do BIL, a favor, as well as YOURSELF, by voting for the following candidates: So-Long Fran

SECRETARY: BOB THOMPSON
AAPA MAILER--BILL GROVEMAN

PAGE-1

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#74



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PERIODICALS

Summer 1940

APR 28 1944

Editorial

IN the summer issue of 1939 I submitted a list of names of the victory ticket. in the fall issue I asked that members write me and state the office they would like to be a candidate for, many wrote me but many wrote naming others they thought should make good officials in our United.

I also received names for apoitave offices, these I shall forward to the propper persons, I wish to state I have not chosen any of these names, every one came to me from members, I thank you all, and hope our labors will have not been in vain.

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#75

The Red and White Emblem

The Original Emblem Publication

(Often Copied Never Equalled)

Winter 1940 - 41

The WORKSHOP CRITIC



YAH! We got him, and him it is, and now that you see his likeness, we cannot tell his name at this time, we however say to all our readers to write the secretary of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, Jersey City, New Jersey, and ask for a letter. We suggest your letters to said club be drawn via lottery and only one letter to a member, maybe this will start more coudespondence.

APR 28 1941

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WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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DECEMBER, 1940

ROBERT TELSCHOW,
EDITOR, PRINTER & PUBLISHER
57 MAY STREET,
HAWTHORNE, N. J.

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327
"THE ROYAL JUN 28 1945

FEB 1945

OFF

IN THIS ISSUE WE FEATURE THE
"BILL OF RIGHTS" BY THE EDIT-
OR, AND STAMPS, BY THE PUB-
LISHER. JIM WEST, OF SAN DIE-
GO, CALIFORNIA, BOB THOMPSON
OF JUNCTION CITY. KANSAS AND
BILL GROVEMAN, OF HEMPSTEAD,
N.Y. ARE OUR GUEST WRITERS.



CONGRATS TO AMERICAN
EAGLE, VOX JUVENIS AND
LONG ISLAND AMATEUR.

HELP PRESERVE U. S. PEACE AND
UPHOLD DEMOCRACY!

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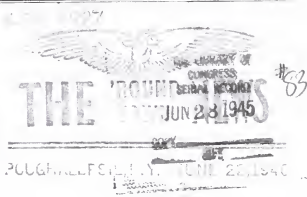
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. JUNE 8, 1946

KARL YETZER DIES

Karl Yetzer of 12 Delano St. died Wed. June 5 in Vassar Hospital of a heart attack. He was buried Friday.

HAG SHOWER

A shower was given to Theresa Kihlmaire of 66 Front St. Friday, May 31. She will be married June 15 to Walter Germaine.



SCHOOL'S OUT!

Boys and girls all over the country put away their school books for two months of play last week. No more lessons, tests or homework for awhile! There'll be camping, fishing and swimming instead.



X-PR 4027



JUN 26 1946
THE TOWN NEWS

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. JULY 6, 1940

ATTEND FAMILY REUNION

Mr. and Mrs. L. Heybruck of 14 Front St. attended a family reunion at Mr. and Mrs. L. Wright's home in La Grangeville July 4th. About 20 attended.

HOME FROM MT. VERNON

George Cunniff of S. Church St. returned home from Mt. Vernon Monday July 1.

Vol. 12



#85

THE TOWN NEWS

POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. JULY 20, 1940

Well Known Resident Here Moves

Mr. and Mrs. W. St. Germaine
and Mr. H. Kihlmire formerly of
66 Front St. moved to Longview
Ave. Sat. July 13.

Back from Kayak Trip

Ray Detmer of 45 Front St.
returned home from a month's
kayak trip to Ohio Wed. July 10.

THE ROUND TABLE

Vol. I, No. 2

Topeka, Kansas

Jan., 1940

"TO THE LEAST OF THESE"

By Etta Miller

A little boy, playing, passed merrily by
An old disused tenement three stories high;
Glanced upward, attracted by some moving thing,
Entrapped was a robin, with fluttering wing
The unlucky bird was imprisoned there fast
Between double windows' two sections of glass
The child at the sight, was most sorely distressed.
And thoughtfully wondered what action was best,
To mount that unscalable, lofty stone wall
Was work for a fireman. That's who to call!
He did. They responded, nor deemed it absurd
With hook and a ladder, to rescue a bird.
And in Heaven's record a good deed was filed
I am sure that the angles looked downward and smiled.

IN LIBRARY
COUNCIL
JANUARY 1941
APR 28 1941

A mother-cat weaving amongst throurging feet
To carry her kitten across the wide street
Bewildered, had paused at the edge of the curb-
The world upon wheels did her spirit perturb.
A traffic policemen, observing her plight,
To ease her distress, exerted his might.
With whistle so shrill; with mace high in hand;
He held up the traffic by right of command
Till cleared was the pathway for those furry feet;
Puss carried her kit safely over the street,
He signalled-The multitude moved on again
A tenderness swept o'er the thrilled hearts of men,
The kind deed recorded-a star for a crown-
The angels in Heaven smiled happily down.



Roman Gazette Staff "Meditates"

Milwaukee

in

1940!

THE

ROMAN GAZETTE

JUN 28 1945

Los

Angeles

in 1942!

Volume I

May, 1940

Number 1

California Chapter Holds First Meeting

**Roman Editors Get
Together In Normal
Conference**

Sssss boom, bang! Look out Frankie; duck Jimmie; wheee, there goes that Aztec Indian Araiza through the roof! One can spot Rene under the table praying for the Lord to civilize his brothers (Frankie, Ernie, Raul, Eddie, and Jimmie).

As the day comes for the meeting, the Romans prepare. All the eds meet in the great Roman Amphitheatre with women throwing flowers, and dancing while they discuss their plans, and censor the news for the ROMAN GAZETTE. Their leader, Chief Slap Happy Araiza calls his Indian tribe to silence. "My friends," he begins, when suddenly, whee, boom, bang—a shower of arrows, rocks, vegetables, and old shoes greet him. He thanks everybody, and continues with his speech, but somebody turns the lights off, and somebody else goes flying out of the window.

He finishes, and Raul has the floor. He takes it for granted, and goes to work on it. He takes the nails and boards, and Frankie rises and commands, "I order to have a better paper," but before he finishes the rest prepare his burial ground, because his friend,

(continued on page 8)

**Majority of Members Unable
To Attend; Future Meet Planned****THE MARCHING
COLUMN
By Rene De Maestri****HELLO EVERYBODY...**

This is a brand new a-jay enthusiast extending hearty greetings to all ye old bearded veterans of the amateur press... here's hoping that my stay in the AAPA will bring experience and friends and will be as lengthy as that of the celestial sun which forever rides the heavens... poetic and philosophical, eh, what?

AND NOW...**INTRODUCING MY-SELF! (Fanfare).**

I'm a seventeen year old, 5'6" hunk of human being, who is interested in all journalistic work. I attend ye old Garfield High in 'Greater' East Los Angeles where I indulge in my favorite subject of journalism. of course, and enjoy myself with the quaint and curious game of basketball. I like good books, movies, all sports, collect stamps, draw, and write. I hate mathematics, super-conceited persons, apple polishers (in school) and reckless drivers. My super-dream is to be an author...

Well, well, there you have
(continued on page 4)

It was on the sunny day of February 10 that eight, enthused members of the AAPA met on the Hazard Playground to lay the foundation for the much talked about California Chapter. There were short, brief comments by all the members present about the purposes of this Chapter, but no definite decision was reached. Due to the fact that the majority of the members living in the vicinity were unable to attend, it was not possible to accomplish much.

At short meeting held previously, Ernest R. Araiza was chosen Chairman, Dave Gradillas, Publicity Manager, and Keith Mower, Secretary. These three members are planning for another meeting when more of the amateurs will be able to attend and get better organized.

James Ortega had in mind a more easily accessible site for a meeting place and he and Eddie Englehart may be able to secure one.

Rene De Maestri and Raul Martinez seemed to be anxious to get the Chapter started and were given more information on a-jay by ol' reliable Willard "Texas" Thompson, the oldest and most experienced member

(Continued on page 3)

The Paper Every Subscriber
Like
It's A Good Newspaper
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945 #88

The Rock River-Register

COPY ONE

CONSOLIDATED WITH THE MISSISSIPPI SENTINEL AND THE MISSISSIPPI CLARION

PRICE - 2¢ A COPY

" GALE COUNTY'S YOUNGEST NEWSPAPER "

SECOND YEAR

VOLUME 2, NO. 64.

MISSISSIPPI FARM, OGDON, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 16th, 1940.

Vera Leary Wed to Donald
Mattison, Thursday of
Last Week.

SOCIETY NEWS
BY BETTY HINN

The wedding of Miss Vera Leary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Leary and Donald Mattison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Val Mattison of Oregon, occurred Thursday evening of last week in the home of the bride's father. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Smith, Minister of the Christian Church. The bride's gown was of tulle with lace. Mr. and Mrs. William Frohn of Ogdon, brother-in-law and sister of the bride were the attendants.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bennett and son Ray were dinner guests Tuesday at the home of Rev. Walter Easton and family of Lighthouse.

The Rock River Golf Club and the Ogdon Country Club were guests of the Ogdon Club were guests of the Ogdon Club.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bonnell and family of Mount Morris visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bennett of Lighthouse Sunday.

WEEKLY SNAPS-- 3 lbs. 25¢ at Murdock
Meat Market, Ogdon, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Y. Medsker, Jr., and William Roney and Louisa who have been at Lake Geneva, left for "Cascadia" (Alexandria, Va.) this week. Tuesday evening week to stay for a few weeks.

Editor-- "Had a talk with Frank Fisher of Oregon the other day who returned home Thursday of last week from a vacation in Minneapolis. Frank says he had a swell time; took a few movies with his movie camera, and in other words enjoyed the trip very much."

WASH & LONDON OFFICE 2 lbs. 40¢ at the
Murdock Meat Market, Ogdon, Ill.

Mrs. George Leary entertained the Ladies Aid Society at her home at Ogdon, Ill. Farm Thursday afternoon.

ATTENTION !!

You can now obtain at the REGISTER OFFICE 1000 copies (a year) of EXTRACT, which paper for the week originally cost \$1.00. Take advantage of this offer.

FOR THE WEEK OF PAGE TWO

FROM ENGLAND - NOV. 5, 1939.
 DEAR Mr. Thimijan,-- For some time now I have been intending to make some reply to your interesting comments on European politics which appear in The Reminder; since it is apparent they must represent quite a section of American opinion which we only receive occasionally via the views of Senator Borah etc. Being personally a vigorous opponent of the present Government, I nevertheless now find myself a grudging supporter of their attitude. Whatever you and I may say about the selfish economic motives of the Conservative Party, it cannot be denied that, be the reason what it may, the Nazi regime was a menace to European peace. Sooner or later England had to face up to the task of stopping Hitler or appeasing him to the point of her own extinction. You will now see England is to blame for allowing things to get to this pretty pass. I quite agree -- The Chamberlain government has been in office since 1931, and is completely to blame. But what all fault-finding Americans seem to ignore is the present reality. Whatever was left undone in the past is beside the point -- we had to lay down an ultimatum in September. (At the moment, due mainly to Russia's unfathomable actions, Hitler is in such a position that it may be a suitable time to impose peace terms) Certainly in my opinion, we should declare our peace terms now. The News Chronicle, our radical paper, has published what it considers should be the basis of reparations running into two news sheets, but I don't think there is the slightest chance of our Government making any declaration on the subject. We can be sure that big business will have the first say if it is left to Chamberlain. It is also certain that as long as we have private manufacture of armaments, and a preponderance of power in any one direction, we shall have the possibility of wars. As usual, Europe will be the cause of it, and America, despite great displays of self-righteousness and noble expressions, of all-around good will (genuine and otherwise) will reap great profit from it, and maybe later join in. But sometime, perhaps, U. S. A. will fall foul of Japan in some sphere of interest, or the Philippines will become fractious, and then will be the time for our arm munitioners to cry shame on you preparatory to sitting back and marveling merrily at the rapid distention of their bank balances. And Lake City, Minn., and England, will waste much breath and paper on the why's and wherefores. You may include this in Reminder if you wish. Sincerely yours,

Associate member, N. A. F.
 HITTER demanded Danzig and the Corridor; this demand we believe was justified. -- We believe this demand was deliberately blocked by Great Britain to crack Hitler's patience and drive him to commit an error so that could be used as an excuse for making war on him. Well they got what they wanted. Here's hoping it will stick in their throat, as we believe it will.

VIA Columbia, Mo. -- December 19, 1939.
 Dear Sir,-- Received the Reminder and wish to comment especially on your article about the war and Hitler, although other articles fine also. This editorial was excellent; A fine bit of interpretive analysis and a clear-out look at the world today. I theologically defend your right to your own view, but I just as thoroughly disagree, not object, to one sentence and which, I believe, is not founded on fact and is untrue, when you say Hitler would be admired for his achievements were they not made at the expense of his critics. Why did you say this, when the rest of the article reflected unprejudiced, clear, analytic thinking? I as one critic, do not admire Hitler's achievements of Nazism, dictatorship, slaughter of millions, (he started it indisputably this time) suppression of liberties, etc. (signed)

IN REPLY.

Dear Sir,-- I am sorry that you seem to have misunderstood the exact meaning of one of my statements, although we would not expect an adverse critic to admire the person thus criticised or his achievements. I do not admire the person, his methods, or the nature of some of his achievements. I refer rather to the scope thereof, and the comparatively short time in which they were accomplished. I believe Hitler's aim was and is to restore Germany to its rightful place in the family of Nations. He first joined the League and sought relief for Germany from the oppression imposed by the post-war so-called Peace Treaty, which was in fact and effect merely a prolonged armistice. Failing here, he withdrew and resorted to negotiations; and finally, as a last resort, to force. Maybe he did take a little for good measure and self-protection, anticipating an attack from the West. Ye Editor.

We believe the Allies have bitten off more this time than they can either chew, swallow, or digest. With the present line-up, the British sea blockade must necessarily fail in its objective, that of starving the Germans into submission. And to bring the issue to a decisive close on the Western front we believe likewise improbable, the sacrifice required would be too great. There is another front, the Southern front. We believe it is here that the decision must and will come if the struggle is carried through to the bitter end; And in this front the Totalitarian states have the advantage of proximity. This front extends from the Rhine to the Pacific. We do not believe that the Allies ever figured that Russia would come in actively against them, or that Russia and Germany would ever co-operate. They tried to bribe Russia, but balked at the price. The same is apt to happen in the case of Italy. To pay Italy's price, if this ever happens, would be equivalent to an Allied defeat. Look at it as you see. Allied prospects are not very rosy.

THE K E M I N D I E

VOLUME V - MARCH-APRIL 1940.

Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death.

Patrick Henry.

Members are rebelling against The "emin-
der being sent out in the NAPA bundles, say-
ing that the editor is a communist.

DISSEMINIS - B. J. Smith, Editor, 1-5-40.

What relationship is there between the a-
bove two paragraphs? A very close one, we
believe. Shall the A. J. Press be a free
press or a censored press? Subject to the
dictates of an arbitrary bureaucracy, ad-
ministered by a small clique of hi-hats?

So we are a communist? Wonder by what law
or rule of trigonometry they managed to fig-
ure that one out? Furthermore, why put it
so mildly? Why not make it a bolshevik?
Since we wear a beard three feet long, and
change our clothes twice a year, Spring and
autumn, from winter to summer and back a-
gain. Before putting on a fresh change we
go out in the rain or snow and soak our hide,
sopping up enough moisture to keep our skin
from drying out and cracking open be-
fore the end of another six months rolls by.

Rebelling is a game that more than one can
play at. Wonder how many and who? Perhaps
the editor is using this as a polite and
shrewd means of getting his own personal
opinion off his chest without sticking his
own neck out too far.

We believe our officers and leaders should
man their bridges and chart their course.
When there are but two or three A.J. jour-
nals in a monthly bundle there certainly
is something rotten in the state of Denmark.
We fear our present course is steering our
ship of state onto the rocks.

Someone has asked the question, who are you
anyway? We are a little old man living by
the side of the road and watching the world
go by. "We have been doing this for sixty-
five summers and winters now, and during
that time we have seen, observed and learned
much, although some of our readers do
not seem to think that some of our obser-
vations are entirely O. K. Be that as it
may, threats, defamation of character, or
misinterpretation of our words or motives,
cannot and will not change our views or our
editorial policies, right or wrong.

Amateur Thimijan:-- How much is Germany
paying you for your Anti-British propaga-
nda? Get wise to yourself; we want real A-
mericanism in this country -- not anti this
or that. Another Amateur.

Since when do amateurs get paid for their
literary efforts? We have not yet gradu-
ated from that kindergarten of journalism.

How many Americans are there without any
sympathy or antipathy for foreign peo-
ple or nations?

Never again shall the world be crucified
on a cross of gold. Wm. J. Bryan.
Why was the author of this quotation ne-

Since the good standard has now been prac-
tically abandoned, its sponsors, benefic-
aries and supporters are now engaged in a
life and death struggle to perpetuate the
system based on it and sponsored under it.

Finland, being but another link in the Brit-
ish encirclement chain welded around Ger-
many, is it not natural that the latter co-
operate with Russia in its attempt to smash
it,?
We sympathize with the Finnish people that
its leaders or government should permit them
to be used as but another handmaiden in the
service of the London system, or the inter-
national banking syndicate.

This war as well as the World war and the
period of tention preceding and following
it are nothing more or less than a struggle
between the Germans and the Jews to make
or break world domination by world Jewry.

The Jews, in their own estimation, are
a superior race, the chosen people, destin-
ed to rule the earth. In pre-Christian
times, while still a nation, they made war
on other people, driving them west before
them. They are attempting to do that even
now in Palestine, under British sponsorship.
Since they have become a people without a
country, they are adopting different tactics.
They boro from within, not by forceful re-
volution, but attempting by stealth and so-
crecy, to secure influence and power.

While in Rome do as the Romans do.
Unfortunately, thus far, the majority of the
Gentiles or non-Jews have not realized the
situation; but now there seems to be a uni-
versal awakening; everywhere there are
signs of unrest and a struggle for liberation
from the invisible yoke, wage slavery and
pauperism.

How did Fritz Thyssen get his millions?
Did he shoulder a pick and shovel and earn
them? As you know, he is a German indus-
trialist, now disfranchised and oxidized.

The German property owning classes sup-
ported Nazism under Hitler, as an alterna-
tive to communism, to protect them in the
possession and control of their spoils se-
cured under the old private capitalist and
monarchist systems. Now that it has devel-
oped into a becoming, depriving them of
those spoils, they are turning against it,
and denouncing it.

What has the Reminder done or said to get
Groverman's kid or goat so on edge? Or did
we use too much arsenite in the ink?

What is this organization coming to any-
way? Is it an AJEA, or is it a grand hog-
solling (nams-solling) (seems to be a hog-
solling (nams-solling) contest club?

We are told that the American flag stands
for liberty, justice and equality for all.
What has become of the liberty of our peo-
ple to earn an honest, decent living? Com-
pare with this the liberty of the privileged
few to exploit the masses. Is that equal-
ity or justice? *

What about millions of our people losing
their homes, business or savings, through

THE REMINDER

VOLUME V - MAY - JUNE -

THE PRESENT CRISIS

(REPRINT - Continued)

For Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'T is as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's now-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

Now occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
Lo, they must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires'. We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

James Russell Lowell

What aid did the Finns get from the Allies?
They sold them obsolete war supplies at war
prices. The soldiers of Germany, Russia,
Poland, Finland, etc, have seen service at
the front on the field of battle; the sol-
diers of Poland, Canada, etc. are in Franco,
ready to bear the brunt of any onslaught -
that may happen to come; in the Near East
Australian soldiers are lined up to be like-
wise, but where are the French and British
fighting forces in evidence? As always, -
they are pushing others into the fray, while
they sit on the sidelines, attempting to rake
the war-spoils and profits. - - - - -
We have just learned that the first Allied
planes have just reached Poland, dropping -
leaflets to scare the wicked Germans and -
Russians away. They are attempting to win
the war by starving out their opponents by
sea blockade, regardless of the rights of
neutrals and the principles of internation-
law, on the principle that might is right.

To Thee our God we fly For mercy and for
grace; Oh, hear our lowly cry, And hide,
not Thou Thy face, O Lord, stretch forth
Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our
Fatherland. - - - - -
Arise, O Lord of hosts, Be jealous for Thy
name, and drive from out our coasts the sin-
that put to shame; O Lord, stretch forth
Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our
Fatherland. - - - - -
Thy best gifts from on high in rich abun-
dance pour, That we may magnify and praise
Thee more and more; O Lord, stretch forth
Thy mighty hand, and guard and bless our
Fatherland. - - - - -
The powers ordained by Thee with heavenly
wisdom bless; May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness; O Lord, stretch
forth Thy mighty hand, And guard and bless
our Fatherland. - - - - -
The Church of Thy dear Son inflame with ac-
love's pure fire; Bind her once more in one

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THE REMINDER

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#92

VOLUME V - MID-SUMMER-A-JAY - NUMBER 1 - COPY NO. 1

WHAT is a pretty girl made of,
Who keepeth a Springtime Tryst?
Of eyes of lashes that curl and tangle,
Of modish hats at a swaucy angle,
Of gloves for her hand and wrist;
Of buttons and clips and everything smart
Of curving lips And a beating heart;
Of sleeves where she wears the latter,
Of slippers and belts and such,
And something gay in a Spring bouquet
For that Finishing Touch.

WHAT is a courtship made of,
When April is at its heyday?
Of a boy and a girl and a lucky meeting,
Of telephone calls and a stammered greet-
ing, And a date that's arranged for pay-
day; Of talk that appears To be largely
laughter; Of kisses and tears,
(But that comes after);
Of something sent from the florist's,
Which over her heart she's planning--
That means no much as a Finishing Touch
And a good Beginning. (Reprinted)

THE WAY TO DO IT
Exercise three times a day; Feed yourself
on simple fare, Mostly made of bran and
hay; Revel in the open air; Never give
way to your fears; Sleep just like a ba-
by; Then you'll live a hundred years--
Maybe.

Wear no wraps about your throat; Do not
eat late lunches; Do, oh, do not rook
the boat; Stay away from punches; Do not
drink too many beers; Let not debts dis-
tress; Then you'll live a hundred years,
More or less.

Don't dispute with men who wear larger
fists than you; Do not give way to de-
sair, Though the rent is due; Do not
waste your strength in tears, As for trou-
ble, scout it; Then you'll live a hundred
of years, Don't it?
Do not umpire baseball games; Don't for
office run; Do not call a fellow bumpo
if he has a gun, Unto wisdom lend your
ears; Shun the festive schooner; Then
you'll live a hundred years, if you don't
die sooner. Pina (Ohio) Call.

To Jesus we for refuge flee,
Who from the cross has set us free,
And humbly worship at his throne,
Saved by His grace through faith alone.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With power our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

NOV
If you have hard work to do, Do it now
Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you; Do it now.

If you have a song to sing, Sing it now
Let the notes of gladness ring clear as
song, of bird in Spring, Let every day
some music bring; Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say, Say them
now. Tomorrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may, Loved ones
will not always stay; Say them now.

If you have a smile to show, Show it now.
Make hearts happy, risen grow, Let the
Friends around you know The love you have
before they go; Show it now. N. Y. Sun.

It's what you think that makes the world
so dull or bright to you;
Your mind may color all things gray
Or make them radiant hue.

Be glad today, Be clear and wise,
Seek truth among the dross;
Waste neither time nor thought about
The bridge you'll never cross.

--Groveville Alonzo.

COMMENTS - PRO AND CON
REBUTED carries a punch. Come oftener
with the kind of material you write so
well. This editorial was excellent. A
fine bit of interpretative analysis, and
a clear-cut look at the world of to-day.
I thoroughly defend your right to your
own view.

From Reminder just received, I note
you are having criticisms for voicing an
opinion. Brother, I like to fight just
such hipocrisy -- self-same -- that
denies YOUR right to speak, yet all the
time are yelling about "this Freedom" we
live under;

Is not profit derived from underpay-
ment of labor? So those who hire labor

in the bank what they have won by destroy-
ing democracy. Capitalism tends to corrupt
its friends, without their knowing their
own corruption. There is a man in my church
who talks democracy on Sunday, and on
week-days he sometimes acts like an autocrat.

Dear Editor:-- Among the things said is,
"Don't read Thimble's paper". I will try
to admit that when you get poison in your
system you are said to be addicted to it.
I can not help wanting the Reminder. I am
of English and "rosch" descent. Therefore
I am in sympathy with the Allies. But I see
no reason why the U.S. should help them,
for we are a conglomerate of people.
There is an old saying, "Convince a fool

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REMINDER

VOLUME V - AUGUST - 1940 - NUMBER 8.

IS IT YOU?

Some one's selfish, some one's lazy; Some one's sense of right is hazy; Some folks live a life of ease, Doing largely as they please— Drifting idly with the breeze.

Some one hopes success will find him; Some one looks proudly behind him; Some one's full of good advice, Seems to think it rather nice In a has-been's paradise—

Some one trusts to luck for winning, Some one craves a new beginning; Some one says: "I never had Such a chance as Jones' lad." Some one's likewise quite a cad.

Some one's terribly mistaken; Some one sadly will awaken, Some one's working on the plan That a masterful "I can" Doesn't help to make the man— Is it you?

Some one yet may "make a killing," Some one needs to be but willing, Some one better set his jaw, Cease to be a man of straw, Get some sand into his craw— And it's You. Baltimore American.

HOW TO SECURE PROMOTION.

Filled with that conceit that book-keepers all possess, "Wanted, a Book-keeper," the advertisement read, "Experience not required if you only have a head" I asked for this position with immediate success. The office in arrangement looked like an old junk shop. On the wall an old clock ticking; that is, when it did not stop.

The desk was very shaky; old age was coming on; The window frames were filled with tin, the glass was broken and gone; The light was from a candle and the candle it was poor; The safe was old and rusty, so could not be secure. So if you would have promotion and of fortune be a reader, Work for modern people and subscribe for The Book-Keeper

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THE JOURNAL OF
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SERIAL RECORD #94

REMINDER

VOLUME V - OCTOBER - 1940 - NUMBER 9

KEEP A PULLIN'.

Ef the tide is rinnin' strong, Ef the wind is blowin' wrong,
"Taint no use to cuss and swear-- Wastes your breath to rip
and tear-- Ef it rains or ef it's fair, Keep a pullin'".

"Though it's winter or it's May, Ef you're in the ring to
stay, "Though you can't see e'en a ray, Sun is bound to sh-
ine some day, Got to come 'fore long your way, Keep a pul'n".

When you're sick an' tired too, Never 'low you're feelin'
blue, Ain't no good in blamin' fate, 'Cause you're workin'
hard an' late, Better say you feel first rate, Keep pullin'.

Fish don't bite just for the wishin', Change your bait and
keep on fishin', Luck ain't nailed to any spot, Men you en-
vy, like as not, Envy you your job and let, Keep a pullin'.

Sympathy is just a fake, No one feels it when you aches,
Only this is worth 'erwhile, And you'll find it helps a
pile, When the wind blows hard, just smile, Keep a pullin'.

Ef your runners strike bare ground, Don't give up, and don't
go 'round, Wouldn't give a hoss his grain, Ef he wouldn't
break his chain, Back up proper, and pull again, Keep pul'n.

'Spese you havn't got a cent, Not a red to pay the rent?
Gettin' busted ' ain't no crime; Gorry, 'mighty' - That's
the time, Grit will make a man sublime; Keep a pullin'.

Can't fetch business with a whine, Grin an' swear you're
feelin' fine, Summin' up, my brother, you Hain't no other
thing to do; Simply got to pull her trough; So keep pullin';

---The Alkaloidal Clinic.

The family seems to be just sitting around waiting for
grandmother to get old enough for pension.

JUN 28 1945

6 6

VOLUME V -- MID-WINTER A. A. P. A. NUMBER 1940

Master of Destiny

A moon of gold is hanging in the mystic
sky That waves not by platitudes or dog-
mas cold, It cares little what men believe
or reason why; Man cannot change the course
of an orbit centuries old.

Who knows the force that moves the moon
and all the stars And guards each planet
in the journey through the sky? Go wor-
ship what you will and nurse your earthly
scars But there are other worlds and plan-
ets that evolve on high.

Go build your man-made gods and idols by
the score And mouth the words that signi-
fy the hypocrite, But don't annoy me with
your meaningless metaphor; I shall worship
the force that keeps the moon so bright-
ly lit.

You can make your pies of mud and your
puppet shrines But let me have my own be-
lief without your hell; And you, who make
your wooden idols and divines, Know not
the Master of the Stars-- you are the
infidel.

Dean V. Meredith, Rt. 1, Box 325
Oregon City, Oregon.

PATRIOTISM

Have you ever had the experience of
seeing a man fail to remove his hat and
rise when our national anthem is being
played, or the flag is passing by? I have.
The mere thought of it still brings a
lump to my throat; How anyone could be
so negligent and unpatriotic is more than
I can imagine. A friend of mine related
an incident to me that he had seen happen
in a Western city, which was having a
celebration. During the celebration the
band played "The Star Spangled Banner".
An out-of-town business caller, who was
standing directly in front of an elderly
gentleman, forgot to remove his hat, ei-
ther intentionally or absentmindedly. The
elderly gentleman who carried in his
hand a walking stick, had undoubtedly been
among the pioneers and early settlers
of this Western country. For that reason
he felt that this nation should be dearer
to any man's heart than any other country
on earth. With a quick, but well-aimed
gesture of his walking stick, he removed
the stranger's hat.

Love for his country made him feel so
patriotic toward our great nation. Why
can't we all be like that old gentleman?

Wilbert E. Hauff.

We are indebted for most of the mat-
ter in this issue to our Manuscript Bu-
reau. Thanks. Come again soon.

The Editor & Pub.

THE SNOW - WHITE DAISIES

I wandered by the country - side
By flowery meadow and swelling hillside
When, all of a sudden, I espied
A field of snow-white daisies.

Out of their background of bluish-green
They twinkle. Often have I seen
The stars in the heaven serene
Twinkle as did the snow-white daisies.

And when I see them bob and sway
To the tune of a windy lay,
Then nothing can delay
My approaching the snow-white daisies.

You are a symbol of purity,
A token of security.
O snow-white daisies. The End
Aida Giorgianni.

DIAMONDS

Came over the radio:--
"To Moyer's jewelry store go--
There are diamonds and rings galore
On sale at Moyer's jewelry store."

I turned to Mama whose head
Ached, and jokingly I said,
Come on, Mama, get your coat and things,
There's a big sale on diamond rings."

Mama looked up with bitter smile
And said, in quite a grande dame's style
"Diamonds, yet, and rings, I need,--
I got hungry kids to feed."

"Diamonds" then her face lit with real
smile, "In the cellar I've diamonds, a
whole pile; Yah, yesterday I bought a
ton-- Black diamonds, every single one."

Pearl Groomman, Wilkes-Barre.

MY CONSCIENCE

He is a little fellow born to pilot me
When my thoughts are tossed in an angry
ocean, Or float upon a vilo sea.
Many times I rely upon his steadfast hand
As he guides me from his pilot-house in
science's Fairyland.
He is always there at the wheel to guide
me from the reef. He always steers with
steady keel to keep me from my grief.
I am as a little boat in a world of strife.
It is to him I owe my greatest gratitude.
my pilot On the sea of life.

*Science's fairyland - A term so-
times used to describe the mental realm
in reference to its study.

Robert Edison.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
We said it first.

JUN 28 1940
N 9.

THE REMINDER

VOLUME V - HOLIDAY EDITION OCT 1940

NOT WORK, BUT WORRY.
It is not the work, but the worry
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hair with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace.
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are hoary and troubled
With a weary and despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah, no. But we plan and ponder
How both ends can be made to meet.

It is not the work, but the worry
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid
When we should be merry and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight
And even a cloud in the blue;
The scent of the rose is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
So half the story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.
—The Suggester and Thinker.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God, A trusty
shield and weapon; He helps us free from
every need That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old evil foe Now means deadly woo:
Deep guile and great might Are his dread
arms in fight, On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours can naught be done,
Sore were our loss o'ertaken; But for us
fights the Valiant One, Whom God himself
elects. Ask ye, Who is this? Jesus ...
Christ it is, Of Sabbath Lord, And thore
is none other God, He holds the field
forever.

O Lord, whose bounteous hand again hath
poured Thy gifts in plenty down,
Who all oration dost sustain and all the
earth with goodness crown; Lord of the
harvest, here we own our joy Thy gift,
and Thine alone.

O may we no'er with thankless heart for-
get from whom our blessings flow;
Still, Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart;
Still teach us what to Thee we owe.
Lord, may our lives with fruit divine
Return Thy care, and prove us Thine.

JESUS, Thy Church with longing eyes
For Thine expected coming waits:
When will the promised light arise,
And glory beam from Zion's gates?

E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds c'roast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled.
All nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
— The triumphs of Thy conquering power.

COME hither, ye faithful, Triumphant sing;
Come see in the manger our Savior an king;
Te Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord.

True Son of the Father; He comes from the
skies; To be born of a virgin He does not
despise; To Bethlehem hasten with joyful ac-
cord; O come ye, come hither to worship the
Lord.

Hark, hark to the angels all singing in heaven
"To God in the highest all glory be given;"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither to worship the Lord.

To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth,
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word;
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord.

Swoll the anthem, raise the song, Praises
to our God belong; Saints and angels join
to sing praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from his liberal hand flow
round this happy land. Kept by Him, no
foes army; Peace and freedom we enjoy.

Here, beneath a virtuous sway may we choor-
fully obey; Never feel oppressions rod,
Ever own and worship God, Hark; the voice
of nature sings praises to the King of
kings; Let us join the choral song, and
the grateful notes prolong.

HELP us, O Lord; behold we enter upon an-
other year today; In Thee our hopes and
thoughts now center, Renew our courage for
the way: Now life, now strength, now hap-
piness we ask of Thee, O hear and bless.
May every plan and undertaking this year
be all begun with Thee; Whom I am sleep-
ing or am waking, still let me know Thou
art with me.

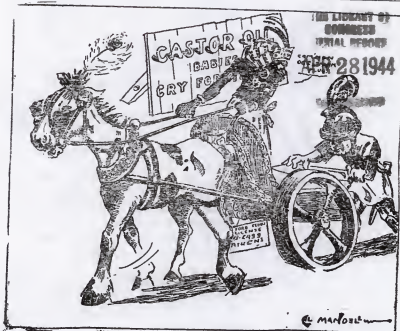
X-PN 4327

X-PN 4827

97

The RED and WHITE EMBLEM

Spring 1941



We're Going to Louisville, Ky. Sure, we'll be there on
July 4th!

X-PN 4827

#96

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Red and White Emblem

Summer 1941



We'll Bound For Louisville, Too!

X-PN 4827

#99

The Red and White Emblem

Meaning Red and White the Colors and the Emblem of the
U. A. P. A. A.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

Fall 1941

APR 28 1944



Meet us on the West Coast next July

X-PN 4827

#100

June, 1941

No. 13

IN THIS NUMBER:

ALBERT CHAPIN,
MONTGOMERY MULFORD
ESTHER VIRGINIA BROWN,
MARGARET NICKERSON MARTIN,
H. C. KOENIG and
WALTER E. MELLINGER

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JUN 21 1941

Reverie



Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association

ROBERT TELSCHOW

EDITOR, PUBLISHER & PRINTER,

57 May Street,

Hawthorne,

New Jersey, U. S. A.

X-PN 4827

#101

September, 1941 No. 14

Cleveland Convention Issue

IS LIGHTLY ON
CONGRESS
SPECIAL REPORT

APR 28 1944

Reverie



Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association

ROBERT TELSCHOW

*Editor, Publisher and Printer,
57 May Street,*

Hawthorne, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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#102

December, 1941

No. 15

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
JULIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

Reverie



ROBERT TELSCHOW

Editor, Publisher and Printer,
57 May Street,
Hawthorne, New Jersey, U. S. A.

THE REMINDER

VOLUME VI -- -- SUMMER 1941 -- -- Number 103

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Still the war is on and going strong. Still the world is mad, apparently bent on self-destruction; determined to destroy what it has taken centuries to build, even civilization itself, if we may speak of civilization in connection with what has happened since the beginning of the present century. We fail to understand how civilized and Christian people and nations can engage in warfare of the present-day type with each other; why they cannot come down to a live and let live basis in their relations with each other?

We suppose the principal cause war and warlike conditions in the old world is lack of space and natural resources. After the first world war, due to the harsh peace terms imposed on the people of the Central powers, those conditions were aggravated in their case, while the people of other countries had access to space and resources outside of the Continent.

We believe those conditions were imposed intentionally by the potential victors in the late war, consequently this war.

We hold no brief for what there may have been or may now be in the minds of Hitler and his associates, but we believe we do know that all that the German people want is security and peace, honor and respect of their fellow men for them and their country; a place in the sun as a world power and a great people. That is all that Hitler ever asked for until he was driven to go beyond by the fact his onchies refused to accept and recognize his work, a united Germany. You couldn't expect the Germans to sit meekly by while their enemies united and armed for their destruction. Since Hitler completed the task of rebuilding Germany he has repeatedly offered to talk peace with the world, but has persistently met the retort, "We do not want peace, we want victory".

Pride, the wish and hope for self-aggrandizement would not even permit the consideration of a sane negotiated peace.

We believe, or at least hope that the ultimate outcome of it all will be a new world order; we believe that even an Allied victory will not prevent this. We hope that it may be something that more nearly approaches true democracy, in truth and fact, not in name and form only, such as the present systems of capitalism parading about under the cloak of democracy.

When we first learned of the Roosevelt-Churchill agreement, it struck us as a bid for peace, which, perhaps, it is to a certain extent; but upon further consideration it assumed to us the nature of a clever piece of propaganda, designed to secure support to the Allied cause, principally from this country, as well as from the conquered and even from the enemy peoples. The whole thing looks to us as a mess of honeyed promises, such as we have come from the same sources before. We sincerely believe that the perpetrators of these promises have no intention of ever living up to any of them, at least not according to the light of past experience.

Two years ago the question of peace or war, hinged on one point, a settlement between Germany and Poland. Britain, at that time, had it in its power what it should be.

to say
She entered a military alliance with Poland, as France had done previously, and thus cast the die in favor of war.

The world today is divided into two main orders or systems, private or corporate capitalism and totalitarianism or state socialism or capitalism. The main difference appears to us to lie in the leadership of the two systems, each struggling for supremacy or world domination. As far as the people are concerned we see no fundamental difference. The leaders of each system are bent on exploitation and enslavement of the masses. When are the people going to awaken to a realization of the truth of the world situation? When are we going to quit to applaud the attempt to fit the wrong shoe on the wrong foot? We cannot say that we approve of the social philosophy of the totalitarian leaders, but neither do we approve of the economic philosophy or practice at least of the leaders of private or corporate capitalism.

What about the millions in India who are coking out a bare existence with British bayonets pointed at their back,

What about the millions of Chinese - that were forced to become slaves of the opium habit that British Lords and capitalists might enrich themselves by means of the opium traffic? What about the Boer war in South Africa, and the American Colonists and the Revolutionary war?

JUN 28 1945

#104

VOLUME VI AUTUMN & WINTER 1941

At the end of one year and the beginning of another it behooves us to stop and take stock, to look both backward and forward. The past year has been an eventful one, and the coming one may prove even more so. We are now no longer in the war short of men, for we are no longer merely the absence of the democracies, but we are in the war all-out, or rather all-in. No country or people can engage in war-profiteering, thus intensifying and prolonging a foreign war and not suffer some serious consequences. The nations of Europe have found that out to their sorrow. We should have learned this lesson long since, but apparently did not learn it thoroughly enough or have again forgotten it, for we had to come back for another dose. During peace time we attempted to safeguard ourselves against further involvement in foreign wars by enacting neutrality laws, but as soon as war broke over there, we sided with those and again waded full in.

There can be no peace on earth and good will among men until man accepts the Prince of Peace and King of Kings. As long as man rejects God as their King they will be given over to the domination and exploitation of tyrants and dictators, and war-profiteers. We are given too much to idolizing mere men, their worship; I will not give him honor to another, sayeth the Lord. He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword. Might can never be made to be right; two wrongs will never make one right. Therefore attempt to place the blame for the sin of man on man; we can only do so humanly speaking, for man is but an agent of God, subject to his will and power of God, and can do nothing without the permission of God. God chooses good men to do good deeds, and evil men to do evil deeds. The good and other evil deeds of men are but the execution of God's judgment upon a sinning and unrepenting world.

When public men fall in their undertaking, good or evil, they are repudiated by their people after the act; now, is that not like covering the wall after the child has fallen in? Would it not be wiser to weigh these men in the balance before the mischief is done, before the horrors and sufferings of war have been suffered? Wilson; "He kept us out of war". Roosevelt, promised to keep us out. But.

TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we bring
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation:
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping g'or,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garburs bright closted.

COME hither, ye faithful, triumphantly
Come see in the mangrour Savior and King;
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither to worship the Lord;

True Son of the Father, He comes from the
skies; To be born of a virgin He does not
despise; To Bethlehem hasten with joyful
accord; O come ye, come hither to wor-
ship the Lord;
Hark, hark to the angels all singing in
heaven, "To God in the highest all glory
be given;" To Bethlehem hasten with joy-
ful accord; O come ye, come hither to
worship the Lord;

To Thee, then O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
We glory and honor through heaven and earth,
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Lord;
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord;

While with ceaseless courses the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Pang sculds their race has run,
Wherefore to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,

They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait.
But how little none can know.

GRAT God, we sing that mighty Hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it, till it close.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit.

THE REMINDER

VOLUME VI-

WINTER 1941

NO. 1

A TOAST.

Here's a health to the Man who Dares—
To the fellow defiant, strong,
Who presses ahead when the rest have fled,
Unmoved by the fickle throng;
Who never retreats, but boldly flings
A challenge to dark despair,
And treads Success from her close duress—
The Man with the Nerve to Dare.

A hero bold is the Man who Dares—
No arrogant, wall-glad knight,
But just a man of to-day who can—
And does by his splendid might.
He asks no odds in the game of life,
Nor lists for the trumpet's blare,
But plays his part with a dauntless heart
The Man with the Nerve to Dare.

Though the fight be fierce, the Man who
Dares He'll shrink from the battle
Grin; Though none be gone, he still
Fights on Till at last it comes back to him
And after the fray we always find
That Victory perches where
He sternly stands on the storm-tossed
sands— The Man with the Nerve to Dare.

So here's a health to the Man who Dares;
And here's to his spirit brave;
From south to north let drums roll forth,
While his conquering colors wave;
From east to west let us salute
The Flag of the Victor there,
And shout accolade to the honored name
Of the Man with the Nerve to Dare.
James Barrett Kirk.

"Suppose that this here vessel."
Says the skipper with a groan,
"Should lose her bearings, run away
And bump upon a stone:
"Suppose she'd shiver and go down
When save ourselves we couldn't?"
"Oh, blow me eyes," the mate replies
"Suppose again she wouldn't?"
--Will Irwin.

When the Striker Strikes.
C. V. Jowkins in Rossland Miner.
When the agitator's agitation agitates
A settled town, And he strikes a stri-
cken striker to strike without excuse;
Then the miner leaves his drills to rust
From lack of use, And takes his little
pay off with a loading spoil's
bunch; When the miner comes mucking
The rock he used to ruck, And the sorter
sorter fuels himself all out of sorts and
links; When the nipper nips his tools
no more, and nips his liquid truck, And the
cannan carries care around like a
drought-limped duck; When the blower
smith leaves off striking and his helper
strikes instead, And the big steam strik-
ing hammer hits his own man's strikers leg;
When the ore has ceased its striking
where the ore-bins once were full, And the
ship hangs idly striking in the slack up
at its head— Then the Staff is strictly
in it, surely a la mode, A striking ill-
ustration of a striker's world code, con-

The Boss he strikes an attitude, the Sup-
strikes his abode, The Bookkeeper strikes a
balance, and the Clerks—they strike the
road.

"This country was founded on the prin-
ciples of "life— liberty— and the pursuit
of happiness." Perhaps it was founded on
those principles, but are they still en-
dured here to-day? Life— but what kind
of a life— poverty— drudgery— wage-slav-
ery, practically, if not legally. With
millions of our people living on the dole
relief— charity, denied the privilege to
earn an honest, decent living. Liberty—
the liberty of the more privileged and
aggressive to exploit their neighbors at
their heart's content. Happiness— liv-
ing in hovels and shacks— without the bas-
est necessities of life. * * *

We have never denied or doubted the
loyalty and patriotism of the British or
American Jews; why should they be oth-
erwise in countries that they own and con-
trol?
Just for the Ride— Well, as long as
it isn't for a ride, we should worry.

This old world seems to be full of Do-
vils. Cast one out and seven more step
in to take his place. Twenty odd years
ago the world cast off the Gears and Kai-
sers; now they have the Dictators. - -

Fear seems to be king today; everybody
seems to be dominated by it. The people
are made to fear foreign domination; the
leaders and dominating elements fear not
only foreign enemies, but their own peo-
ple. The capitalist elements of this coun-
try are jittery about the people of the
countries to the south of us, knowing full
well that these people are far more re-
sponsive to the influence of Europeanisms,
than to our London - Wallstreet type of
capitalism. They in turn fear this. - -

WOMEN WORKING.

By this we mean women doing men's work—
holding men's jobs. The practice came
into vogue during the World war, and has
continued since; we believe this to be
the cause of many of our troubles of to-
day. Unemployment of men, relief, crime,
over-production, etc. More homes, more
families would mean a better balance be-
tween production and consumption, a bet-
ter ratio between producer and consumer.

The war profiteers are not satisfied to
take men's war work and property,
they must also take our sons. That de-
lays care for the grief of fathers and
mothers, and others; many of those that
came back at all, were back worse than
dead, ruined in body and mind, but what
does it matter as long as the coffers of
the war profiteers are filled. - -

Offering up the best method of the
world on the field of battle must neces-
sarily tend to deteriorate the human race
leaving only the unfit to perpetuate the
race. Is the human race to be extermi-
nated by war and its consequences.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#106

THE RAMBLER

VOL. 2

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL

No. 1

JUN 28 1953

Reverting to Type

*A Prodigal Returns to the Case
and The Rambler is Reborn*

A FELLOW's yen for amateur journalism dies hard.

We thought our's was dead and, with it, The Rambler, when, back in 1936, we dropped out of amateur activities. We held brief obsequies, consigning old Ramblers and a modest collection of amateur papers to the attic, and recklessly disposed of the humble little estate in printing equipment the passing Rambler had bequeathed us. We sunk the proceeds from this inheritance in photographic equipment and had a swell time for a while trying to make pictures which never did turn out just as we had hoped.

And all the while we were irked by an unexplained restlessness. Our existence didn't seem quite complete. We were a long time diagnosing the trouble: a recurrence of that pleasant ailment with which one becomes permanently infected once he has breathed the fragrance of printer's ink.

We prescribed for ourselves the only logical treatment. We combed the countryside for printing equipment. In a nearby small town from the genial, elderly publisher of a weekly newspaper which he had 'rankly given the honest title "Brushton Facts and Fallacies," we bought a little 5 by 8 press so ancient we confidently expected to find Gutenberg's initials carved on its wooden feeding table. In another hamlet

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#107

SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Rambler

An Amateur Journal

COPY

WFT



May, 1942

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 2

X-PN 4827

#108

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

RECUSANT

JUL 25 11 45

For the American Amateur Press Ass'n.

SOFT

Volume One

April, 1942

Number One

APOLOGY

In my short experience in the AAPA I have witnessed the coming (and going) of several poor excuses for amateur papers. But after seeing the material going into the first issue of this journal, I realize that this is the poorest excuse for an amateur paper so I feel it necessary to give a reason for publishing this at all.

Why do two enterprising young ajays embark upon the stormy waters of editorship? To make a long, repulsive story hopelessly longer and still more repulsive, we must go back to late last summer. At that time my co-editor was happily enthroned on the editors' seats of several co-operative journals. Seeing this fine example of perfect harmony the dear editor of the official organ asked him to write an article in favor of co-operative publishing for the Sept. O.O. My colleague was glad to oblige, but after being persuaded by the arguments of one Burton Crane, he forsook co-operative publishing.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

#109



RECUSANT

For the American Amateur Press Association

Volume One

SEPTEMBER, 1942

Number Two

OPPORTUNITY BY ERROR

AN EDITORIAL

By John W. Quick and Kenneth E. Kulzick

In 1941 the Constitution and By-Laws of the AAPA were amended to allow for a slight increase in membership dues. The signatures of eminent AAPA'ns were affixed to the amendment. However, a startling omission was perpetrated by our stalwart leaders. While raising the monetary obligations of the life blood of the association, the active members, they carelessly disregarded an important and necessary measure.

If you will carefully scrutinize the relationship between Article Eight of the Constitution and Sections One and Three of Article Five in the By-Laws, you will immediately recognize where the error was made. Section One of Article Five states, "Every application for membership must be accompanied by seventy-five cents . . .". Then Section Three of the same article conflicts with the previous statement in saying, "Any person not active in any line of amateur journalism may become an associate member by paying fifty cents per year . . ." Just what does this mean? It means that whereas the active member, who is contributing to the progress of the association and the allure to new members, is footing more

X-PN 4827

#110

THE QUAHAUG

NUMBER 1 BROOKLYN, N.Y. OCTOBER, 1942

TO PUT IT INTO WORDS

This type is being set in the stick — as Crane warns should never be done — by Jack Callahan, Prop., and Sheldon Wesson, Temporary Assistant Vice President, at the newly-established Bedroom Printery.

The Prop. has just acquired a 6 x 9 Baltimore hand-press, 20 pounds of 8-point Century Expanded type, with italics and small caps, and a font of 18-point Della Robbia caps, in which the heading is set. A stick, leads, two galleys and an assortment of reglets and furniture complete the outfit.

A.P.C. NEWS, 10-4-42

A most disorderly A.P.C. meeting, misconducted by HOT-POTATO Wesson, had as its highlight the acceptance by the chairman (Wesson) of the president's [Wesson] resignation. Lacking active political interest, I've no remarks, constructive or otherwise, to pass on to you about this session. The gracious hospitality of host Peter Wallach was made still more enjoyable by the presence of such delightful personalities as Felicitas and Vincent Haggerty, Matilda Schabruker and William Haywood, Helen Vivarttas, Albert Lee, Paul Jackson, and a Mr. Bernstein who related a fascinating story

X-PN 4827

#111

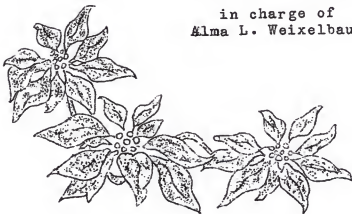
"Christmas"
Greetings"

From the Observatory of
R U S T Y ' S C O M E T
at

127 N. Yellow Springs St.

Springfield, Ohio

in charge of
Alma L. Weixelbaum



ROUND UP

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION
JUN 28 1945

#112



June 1942—No. 2

Ajay With A Purpose . . . *by the editor*

The American Amateur Press is not a perfect organization—we all realize that. But we must strive toward perfection, and we must do this wholeheartedly.

In the past, we have been trying, as Crane and others have advocated, to shape the recruits and prospective members to the activities of the association. This has not worked and will not work well. We must shape the association to fit the needs of its members.

I do not suggest an immediate reorganization of the association and its policies, but I believe that a well-planned program will mean a larger well-rounded membership and a much better organization.

Before we can accomplish anything along this line, we must first attempt to answer the old question: "What is the purpose of amateur journalism?" This question has had numerous and varied answers, but the real answer should be: "To aid in the training and practice of future journalists." Certainly, amateur journalism can also serve as a hobby for those who do not plan to become professional journalists, but the men and women of the Fourth Estate are still going to be guiding the American Press ten and twenty years from now, and it's our job to do all we can toward keeping the high standard of this Freedom of the Press alive. Toward this goal, the amateur press can play a big part in aiding boys and girls, young men and young women who wish to develop their journalistic ability. The United will not do it; the National will pay little attention to this duty—therefore, it's up to us! The

American is the youngest association, yet it has progressed remarkably in the field of ajay, and it can handle the job—if it will. The American Press has rallied during this Second World War, so why can't we?

Compare the perhaps eight hundred members (quite a generous guess) of the three amateur press associations with the number of high school press clubs and newspaper staffs, the editors of community semi-pro papers, collegiate publications, apprentice printers, and even newspaper carrier boys. Out of these thousands, hundreds are seriously interested in journalism. For example: take the case of the Florida Boy Editor's Exchange—a group of boys who publish community papers in Florida. Until I noticed Jimmie Sellers' picture in an issue of The Publishers' Auxiliary, no one in the AAPA had heard of the FBEE. Now, several of the members of this club are active AAPA members.

How can we recruit these future journalists? By making it worth their joining. Many professional press organizations issue bulletins for their members with circulation and advertising ideas and suggestions. A bureau could be created to aid school and small community publications, both mimeographed and printed, in make-up of advertisements. Another bureau, somewhat on the idea of a clipping bureau, could supply material for exchange columns, fillers, and features. A bureau of this type would be invaluable to members representing community or school publications.

Many other matters, both pro and con to what is suggested in the preceding paragraphs, must be considered before action can be taken. I suggest that active publishers (e.g., President Haywood, Michael Phelan, John Vaglianti, Gaby Gabaree, Ken Kulzick, Bob Maney, Burton Crane, and others.) get busy and do a little serious thinking about the subject. Then print it! Since this year is certain to be an important one in the life of amateur journalism, now is the time to act.

Information From Neel

A card has been received from Marvin Neel in reply to the editor's request for information concerning a number of former AAPA members. Marv reports that: Geo. Choquette may be addressed at P. O. Box 264, New London, Conn. William J. Clemence is deceased. Presumably at their old addresses are Karl X. Williams, James Reid, Harold Flint, and Mendel Chron. Nothing is known of the present addresses of W. W. Hamill, Parker Snapp, Phil Boyle, Erle Henry, Claude Farley, Doug Bolton, and Wilson Shepherd. Neel states that he has a 4 X 6 Goiding press, type and cases for sale. His address is Ceres, Va.

Political Pot

An early political season will demand an early issue of the Political Pot. Candidates for AAPA offices are asked to notify Editors Bradfield and Vaglianti of their campaign plans at the earliest possible date.

THE JOURNAL OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

RIDDLE AND ALBERT Together



April 7-8, 1943

Plans for visiting the Alberts were made and unmade several times by the Ajayer before it finally happened. A bus ride of twenty hours from Camp Peary to Blacksburg had to be made, but it was done and finally your Secretary and Treasurer got together.

We had a pow-wow from about 9:30 to 12:30, and started again next morning about 6:30. Mrs. Albert took part whenever the twins allowed her to do so. I'm afraid that I ate the Alberts out "of house and home" for this Virginia air made me hungry!

As all good things have to come to an end sometime, the visit was ended about eleven the next morning, when I boarded the bus for back to Camp. Plans to meet again were made and we hope to be together again soon.

THE LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#114

RECUSANT

JUL 8 1945

"Sharp as a Tack, With Our Names on the Back"

Volume Two.

July, 1943.

Number One.

THE ANSWER TO OUR NEED

The time has come for all serious-minded AAPAns to stop to consider cautiously the problems to be faced by the association in the next fiscal year, and the members best suited to pilot its affairs during turbulent war time.

With this in mind, the editors of RECUSANT have with meticulous care chosen a list of candidates who have the necessary qualifications for service in an official capacity at this time. We present our choices for your approval, and we trust that our backing will assure their election.

President: "Action, not words—hep, hep." After a promise like this, no one will doubt that **Helen A. Varttas** deserves election to the office to which she fell heir after the abdication of George Henry Kay. Her service since that date has been something short of sensational. The organizing of the American Ajay Hostesses is an idea which bespeaks interest in the happiness and morale of AAPAns in the armed forces.

1st vice president: As chief Hostess, **Vivian Chatfield** has demonstrated her executive ability. No poor yardbird shall shed big tears of loneliness all over his army bunk while Vivian is around.

2nd vice-president: Winner of first honorable men-

X-PN 4827

#115

MARCH, 1943

NO. 18

Reverie



ROBERT TELSCHOW,
Editor, Publisher and Printer,
57 May Street,
Hawthorne, New Jersey, U. S. A.

X-PW 1927

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#116

The Rebel

JUN 28 1945

COPY

For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel, ~~the~~ world over.
—Walt Whitman.

Vol. 2.

SEPTEMBER, 1943

No. 2.

Discord

The Carpenter
of Galilee
Gentle but strong—

"Blessed are the poor for
they shall inherit the earth"

*These New Deal Rabble Rousers,
these Social Reformers are
undermining our American Way of Life*

"We hold these truths to be self evident—
all men are created equal"

*Foreign importations of crackpot ideas
will destroy our system of Free Enterprise
and the right of men to grow rich through their ability*

"This nation can not exist
half slave and half free"

*People are poor because they are lazy
real Americans do not want freedom from fear and freedom from want.*

"The parliament of man
the federation of the world"

*America for Americans—we can't put a bottle of
milk on every Hottentot's doorstep.*

"This is the Century of the Common Man"

*Only untrammelled American Business Enterprise
with freedom to make profit has produced the
high standard of living in America today.*

"Pioneers—O Pioneers".

Jefferson, Lincoln, Whitman,
Phillips and Garrison, John Brown,
Debs and Haywood, Mother Jones,

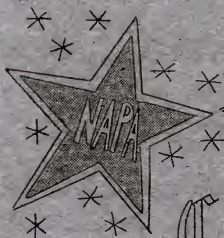
Gould and Astor, Mellon and Morgan,
Hearst and yes Diamond Jim Brady,
Rockefeller, Ford and Duke.

—Roger Rush.

X-PN 4827

#117

RUSTY'S



COMET

APPEARING IRREGULARLY
IN THE
FIRMAMENT OF
NAPA

THE REMINDER - WINTER 1943-1944 - HOLIDAY ED.

THERE are two types of A.J. critics that we are not particularly fond of, the High school type, and the high-hat or College bred type. Both seem to think that they know it all, and that nobody else knows anything.

It is not our purpose to defend the Axis leaders, and their policies. They are guilty of grave misdeeds, and deserve severe condemnation. But they are not the only pebbles on the beach; there are others that are perhaps equally guilty. They all harp on the same tune, every one for him self and the devil take the hindmost.

Selfishness and greed, intrigue and treachery seem to be the keynote of all human relationships.

The constant allusion to punishment, severe punishment of the defeated, bodes no good for the future peace of the world. Such an attitude can but strengthen and keep alive such vile emotions as hatred, revenge, and ill will. Defeat itself is a severe punishment; besides defeated leaders usually suffer severely at the hands of their own people.

The world has just witnessed another of the "Us Four and no More" type of conference.

We do not want to be a pessimist or cynic, throwing cold water on warm hopes or aspirations, but neither do we believe in burying our head in the sand like the ostrich, and pretending or believing that all is well, when as a matter of fact it is not.

As we see it the Allied leaders are proposing to eliminate the Axis powers and peoples as world powers. We believe in a balance of power, not a concentration of power in the hands of a few. Never in all history have we seen the strong accord complete justice to the weak; sooner or later it becomes a case of take it or leave it.

We do not believe in terminating a war on an unconditional surrender basis. We believe in a negotiatior or compromise peace. Had such a peace been achieved 25 years ago this war might not have come to pass now.

We know that it is only the common monaco of an overwhelming common enemy that has driven the Allies into a common camp. With this monaco removed how long will they be able to remain peaceful bedfellows?

We believe that the demand for an unconditional surrender can only intensify and prolong the war. The Allied leaders that dictated the terms of peace 25 years ago are the real guilty, while the present Allied leaders are attempting to unload the entire guilt on some one else.

TO us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is given,
And on His shoulder, over rests
All power in earth and heaven.

His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
The overlasting Lord,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power
Shall over all extend;
On judgment and on justice based,
His reign shall have no end.

- IT IS WRITTEN -

"IN the beginning God created heaven and earth." "And behold, it was all good. But is it still all good?"

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

"I am the Lord, thy God; thou shalt not have other Gods beside me." "I will not give mine honor to another."

"Thou shalt not use the name of the Lord in vain."

"Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy."

"Honor thy father and thy mother."

"Thou shalt not kill."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Thou shalt not speak false witness against thy neighbor."

"Thou shalt not covet that which is thy neighbor's."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Love thine enemies."

"So loved God the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for the world, that all who believe in Him shall not die, but have everlasting life."

"KEEP IT UP"

ONE stop want take you very far,

You've got to keep on walking;

One word went toll folks who you are,

You've got to keep on talking;

An inch want make you very tall,

You've got to keep on growing;

One little Ad want do it all,

You've got to keep them going;

A constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone;

By constant gnawing, Tower's masticates the bone;

The constant cooling lover carries off the blushing maid;

And the constant advertiser is the one,

who gets the trade.

Contributed.

GOD bless America. But how about America blessing God a little once in a while, perhaps that would help the first version along a little more too.

We have mentioned the subject of superior complexes before. We believe this is one of the main troubles of humanity.

Individually, as groups, classes, nations, peoples, and races. All have this intolerable affliction. Some more, some less, but none are free from it, and until they are, there is not much hope for humanity.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun

Hasted through the former year,

Many souls their race have run,

Nowmore to meet us here;

Fixed in an eternal state,

They have done with all below;

We a little longer wait,

But how little, none can know.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty Hand

By which supported still we stand;

The opening year Thy mercy shows;

Let mercy crown it, till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The Robin

Vol. 1

Summer 1944

No. 2

The Printer's Exchange

The Printer's Exchange is a proposed organization of AAPA members to facilitate the exchange or sale of type, cuts, and printing equipment and supplies; and obtaining wanted items cheaply.

At present there are two plans on how to manage it and publish a journal.

Under the first plan the manager publishes the journal. Paper for the journal is paid for by contributions from members. Non-contributors desiring to insert items in the journal would pay a small amount.

Under the second plan the journal would be published 1 sheet each by several members, who would mail them to the mailer for inclusion in the bundle after grouping. Items would be sent to the manager for distribution to the various publishers.

Write in telling which plan you favor and any suggestions you have.

— Frederick Card

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#120

SERIAL RECORD

The Robin

COPY

57

Vol. 1

Autumn 1944

No. 3

Onward, American

Our American Amateur Press Association is one of the three main nation-wide amateur press associations. The others have higher dues, charge for activity, and discourage new members. But on their credit side: they are bigger and more stable and have some better journals. They are old established associations which have quality and quantity in membership. They still possess much of this quantity, but they have settled in a rut and are neither progressing nor receding.

On the other hand, our association encourages new members, encourages activity, and is progressing. Our association is young and lacks the quality and quantity of the other two, nevertheless it is tending to get in a similar rut and some recent affairs have discouraged old

(Continued on page 4)

THE LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIALS RECORD
1945

THE ROBIN

Charter No. A-69

COPY

Vol. 1

Winter 1944-1945

No. 4

Springtime

Down by the river the willows are shaking
Soft little pussies right out of their beds;
All the gray catkins will soon be awaking,
Sitting on twigs and a-nodding their heads;
Sitting in rows and wearing their mittens,
Furry and purry and cuddly and dear;
Down by the river the willow tree's kittens
Tell us quite plainly that springtime is here.

—M W H

New York State A Jaysers

What about a New York chapter of A Jay?
If interested write Hallock Card, Otselic, N. Y.

TECHNICAL Notes—This issue is hand-set in Bookman, 6 to 14 pt. inclusive, title in 30 pt. of the same. It is flavored with Roman, Cheltenham Bold, Park Avenue, English Text. Ink is added on a 7x11 National and applied to 300 copies at the rate of 1200 per hour.

X-PN 4827

#122

THE
RED RIVER*
RAMBLER

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE

JULY
1944

No. 1.

Vol. 1.

**Red River of the North.*

X-PH 4027

#123

THE
**RED RIVER
RAMBLER**

AN AMATEUR
MAGAZINE



OCTOBER 1944
Number 2
Volume 1

X-PN 4827

#124

NO. 20

Reverie



JUNE, 1944

ROBERT TELSCHOW EDITOR-PRINTER-PUBLISHER
57 MAY STREET, HAWTHORNE, N. J.

X-PN 6827

#125

NO. 21

Reverie

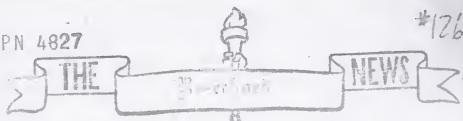


September, 1944

ROBERT TELSCHOW EDITOR-PRINTER-PUBLISHER
57 MAY STREET, HAWTHORNE, N. J.

X-PN 4827

#126



Vol. 1 No. 2

March 1944.

2 Cents

A Swiftart Master Craftsman Publication

TEN LITTLE WORKERS

Ten little workers, feeling fit and fine,
One took a smoke in the oil house---

Then there were nine.

Nine little workers, thought they would be late,
One cut through the railroad yards--

Then there were eight.

Eight little workers, looking up toward heaven,
One fell down the elevator shaft---

Then there were seven.

Seven little workers, putting in hard licks.
One mixed booze with gas---

Then there were six

Continued on Page 6.

X-PN 4827

April 1964

#127



A Swiftset Master Craftsman Publication

ITS NOT SO EASY

Some appear to think that running a newspaper is easy, but from experience we can say that it is not a picnic, because readers are hard to please.

IF we print jokes, people feel that we are silly.

IF we don't, they say we are boring.

IF we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write our own.

IF we don't we are stuck on our own staff.

IF we don't print contributions, we do not appreciate true genius.

IF we do, the paper is filled with junk.

IF we make a change in a fellows copy, we

Cont on Page 4.

X-PN 4827

Edition in Blue

#128



Vol. 1 No. 4.

MAY 1944.

2 cents

A Swiftset Master Craftsman Publication

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

What does this mean to you? Is it just another patriotic verse that you have to repeat once in a while, or does it mean to you that you belong to the best country in the world? Many thousands of people have repeated this verse for no other reason than, 'everybody else was saying it, I had to too.' Many other thousands of people repeat it too, only they repeat it in court rooms and they know what it means, these people came across the sea

Cont. on page 8.

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#129

RUSTY'S



COMET

APPEARING IRREGULARLY

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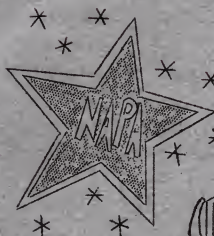
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#130

RUSTY'S



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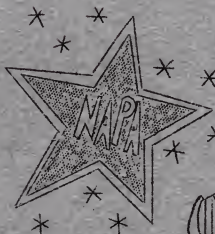
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N.A.P.A.

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#131

RUSTY'S



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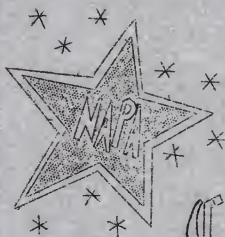
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N.A.P.A.

X-PN 4827

#132

RUSTY'S



COMET

APPEARING IRREGULARLY

IN THE

FIRMAMENT OF

N.A.P.A.

#133

THE REVIEWER

March, 1944

VOL. 1

No. 1

Edited and Published by GUY MILLER, The Ohio Masonic Home,
Springfield, Ohio. Member of the National Amateur Press Assn.
Articles contained herein were obtained from the Manuscript
Bureau of the N. A. P. A.

And so begins another attempt at editing and publishing.

This is my first effort in the publishing business, and since it is, I would like to hear your comments on such a publication as this. So let me hear from you.

This paper will contain articles (poems, stories, essays, editorials, etc.) written by N. A. P. A. members.

Many thanks to Alf Babcock, Rusty, and Ken Weiser for their help and encouragement. I hope Alf likes this little paper—he did enough worrying over it for me.

By the way, can anyone suggest a better name for this than the one I now have?

Ed.

Y. P. N. 1327

#134

THE REVIEWER

June, 1944

VOL. 1

No. 2

Edited and Published by GUY MILLER, The Ohio Masonic Home,
Springfield, Ohio. Member of the National Amateur Press Assn.
Articles contained herein were obtained from the Manuscript
Bureau of the N. A. P. A.

Since, upon the publication of "Reviewer" No. 1, I received no demands from any of its readers that I resign from the N.A.P.A., I thought it safe to follow through with "Reviewer" No. 2.

Quite a few letters were received both complimenting and criticizing the paper. Irvin Cady suggested that I entitle this introductory page. Maybe I will if I happen to find a title that suits my fancy. But for the present this shall be a nameless page.

I was quite uncertain about the name of this paper, because it is certainly not an original title nor a very attractive name, and its frequent use by others before me has worn it practically to shreds. But it was the only title which to my mind seemed to come closest in describing the contents of the paper. And as Mr. Parker puts it, the "Reviewer" doesn't necessarily have to do any reviewing, but it presents material to be reviewed by the reader. Several of you suggested that the title be more personal, that is, to work my name into it some way. This didn't seem quite right since most of the material presented in this paper is the product of some one else's endeavors. I just set it and print it.

So I ask your indulgence as I continue to use the already well frayed title which now unhappily introduces this paper.

The ROYAL OAK JOURNAL

Fellow amateur journalists--you are looking at the first issue of a new UAPA paper. To my knowledge, it is the only one being issued from my state, Michigan. I hope in the future, that it shall be only one of many. Though I do realize that we would have to go far to even compete with the accomplishments of many of you--for instance, the center of amateur journalism --Louisville.

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

I hold the opinion that the chief interest of amateur journalists is literary effort. I am in agreement with our president Miss Barnes, when she says "That is what journalism is--WRITING!". The pages of this journal, therefore, have been prepared accordingly.

NEW YEAR'S DAWN

Gladys Long

A New Year dawns again,
New hopes and old desires,
High aims to be coped with.
Ideals that inspire.

This New Year finds me
Unafraid, undaunted and
ready
Straining ever forward,
With cares to make me
steady.

This New Year's day
I say a little prayer.
Make me kinder, and more
gentle,
In my judgments be more
fair.

And I shall continue to devote a major portion of this journal to literary productions--my own and those who care to contribute. May I urge you fellow journalists to increase your writing efforts. There's a new year ahead, and if we but try, we may make it the best yet in the history of amateur journalism. Let's do so, then!

I can sincerely say that it was a pleasant task to prepare these few pages. May you take as much enjoyment out of them as I have put into them.

Lawrence Kiley EDITOR

X-PV4827

#136

-THE REMINDER-SUMMER 1944-J. C. THIMIJAN-ED.-

THE war has now lasted five years. It will not be long now before it will have lasted one year longer than world-war I., and the exact date of its end can not yet be predicted. The world seems to be much more concerned right now with the future than the immediate present. What will conditions be? Will there be a real and permanent peace, or will there be just another prolonged armistice? The Allied leaders are insisting on a complete and unconditional surrender, but will this insure peace and preclude another world armistice? After world-war I Germany submitted to surrender and practically complete disarmament, but this did not insure peace or prevent war for the future. This is dependent more on the terms inflicted, than on the conditions that bring about the end of the war or fighting.

The only basic principles for a real and enduring peace are justice, equality, and self-determination. There may be some room for disagreement as to what really constitutes justice, but as to the others the issues should be rather clear-cut.

War is often a revolt or protest against intolerable conditions imposed, either from within or without. Peace achieved by and enforced and maintained by more force is not real peace, it is rather an armistice, leaving the opponents as armed camps, ready to fly at each other again at the slightest provocation, and this generally comes to hand soon enough.

Real peace must be achieved by mutual consent, and not at the point of a gun.

WE are again in the midst of a political campaign of presidential dimentions. The leaders of the New Deal are again seeking to perpetuate the fallacious ideas of new idealism. We do not want a new deal, nor a return to the old deal, but a square deal, backed by a square moral, not as a matter of charity, or a debt but on a basis of a human bill of rights. A God given privilege, and on the original American idea that all people are created equal. We want to get rid of the idea of a special or super caste, class, group or individuals. - - - - -

In a recent article we referred to the invasion. We did not refer to the invasion of Europe by the Allies, for this item was written and published before this took place. We referred to the invasion of Europe by Hitler. - - -

Today various members of The League of Nations are still sitting on the side. Why? We believe because they do not approve of the purposes that certain large powers, with the aid of outsiders, in lieu of any other means of attaining their purposes, are attempting to achieve. The domination and exploitation of some portions of humanity by others. - - -

How would Great Britain like to be confined to its homeland, the British Isles, as are Japan and others? Can we blame these others for wanting their share of the world's resources? And until they get it there will be no peace on earth and good will among men. This brings us back to justice, equality and self-determination.

THE REMINDER - SUMMER 1944 - J. C. THIMI JAN - ED. -

AS MAN SOWETH - SOWETH SHALL HE REAP. - The world has sown in hatred and revenge, selfishness and greed - and it is now reaping the fruits of such a sowing. If we wish to reap the fruits of peace and good will, we must now sow the seeds that will produce those, love, justice, equality, etc.

When Herod heard of Jesus, the now-born King of the Jews, he sought to destroy him, since he considered him a menace to his throne, his kingship, and his power. As he failed to find him, to make sure of accomplishing his purpose, he destroyed all male children among the Jews, that were under two years of age. Despite his thoroughness he failed. Jesus escaped. We may propose or attempt to destroy the Germans as a people or a nation, in order to eliminate the German nobility, militarists and monarchists, because we may consider those a menace to the peace and welfare of the world, and yet fail to accomplish our purpose. We considered those elements subdued and made harmless at the end of the first world war, yet they managed to stage a come-back, disguised, to be sure; behind a stooge or goat in the person of Hitler, and his social democracy.

In medicine we do not destroy a poison, we neutralize it by using an antidote. To get rid of the undesirable fruits that we are now harvesting as the result of sowing bad seed, the best thing to do is to sow seeds that will produce the kind of fruits that we wish to harvest in the future.

We cannot hope to reap peace and good-will by sowing hatred and revenge now.

JESUS escaped, and so did the Kaiser. Both were harmless. If Herod had gotten Jesus that might have made a difference in the fate of humanity, but he did not get him. It was written in the stars that he should not get him. The lives of the Jewish children were sacrificed in vain. The sacrifices made in the attempt to get the Kaiser were also made in vain. The sacrifices made in the attempt to get Hitler may be in vain also. Even if getting Hitler means victory for the Allies and defeat for the Axis, that in itself does not justify the sacrifices made to accomplish this. It is the consequences or results that follow that decide whether the sacrifices made were justified.

No man is indispensable. There is not a person living that could not be replaced or dispensed with. The time will come in the life of every one that he must be replaced or dispensed with, and the world will not end, it will go on just the same.

THE storm that swept the Atlantic coast recently should make us realize our impotence, and go a long way to relieve us of our intolerable defiance, self-reliance, and our superior complexos. It should make us realize that there are still powers greater than our own.

THE numerous explosions in war plants, trainwrecks, and plane wrecks should make us realize what the wholesale indiscriminate bombings mean to the people over there.

If we expected to break the morale of the people, well, some more sacrifices.

TTTTTTT	HHH	HHH	EEEEEEE	RRRRRR	00000	SSSSS	EEEEEEE
T T T	H H	H	E E	R R	0 0	S	E E
T	HHHHHH		EEE	RRRRR	0 0	SSSSS	EEE
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T	H H		E E	R R	0 0	S S	E E
TTT	HHH	HHH	EEEEEEE	RRR RR	00000	SSSSS	EEEEEEE

PUBLISHED (WHEN TIME PERMITS) BY RANDOLPH B. WINSLOW

Apt, 6, 7 Winchester Place, Kenmore, Buffalo, N. Y.

REQUEST

Bury me high on a windswept hill

Where the stars are near at night

Lay me to rest where the world is still

And the swallows dip in flight.

Be sure that I lie beneath a tree

That its roots around me fold

So when the snowdrifts cover me

I will not feel their cold.

Leave me there in the deepening glow

To rest and mayhap to dream —

For when the night winds whisper low

The star of my soul will gleam.

— Margaret Nickersen Marten

GET IN THE GAME

It is a well known psychological fact that a person will do his task better if he has some definite object. Whether we write for the amateur magazines, or for the professional type with expectations of receiving pay, the fact that we are writing for possible publication is an incentive to do our best. The same holds good if we write reg-

8-11-27

#139

RED RIVER RAMBLER

AN AMATEUR
MAGAZINE



MAY Nineteen-Forty-five
Number 3
Volume 1

X-PN 4827

#140

The Reviewer

February, 1945

Vol. I - - No. 3

#41

THE REVIEWER

Vol. 2

September, 1945

No. 1

Edited and Published by GUY MILLER, Y.M.C.A.,
N. Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio.

Member of the National Amateur Press Association.

Articles contained herein were obtained from
the Manuscript Bureau of the N. A. P. A.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

A new volume for *The Reviewer* also marks another change for it, namely that this time *The Reviewer* is not being printed by its editor. We had to leave that to someone else. This is due to a change in jobs from a place where we could use the presses and type after hours for our own pleasures to a place where we can't.

So much has happened since our last issue—the Cleveland Convention, the end of the war, local meetings, and so many things—that we will never be able to cover them in this issue. We hope, though, before the New York Convention, to issue a *Reviewer* covering the Cleveland Convention, but right now this must be pushed into the background to make way for other duties—mainly recruiting work, which is piling up with a discouraging rapidity.

In this issue we are presenting an article, "To the Boys," by Bessie Roberts, which was broadcast over station WOWO by the author. It tells us about an early amateur paper, "The Boy's World." We felt that many of you, especially the older members, would be interested in reading it.

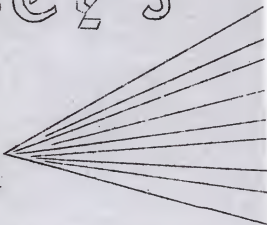
And so we'll stop our ramblings and let you read on through the pages of this issue of *The Reviewer*. We hope you enjoy it.

So long.

X-PN 4827

#142

RUSTY'S



COMET

APPEARING IRREGULARLY

IN THE

FIRMAMENT OF

N.A.P.A.

#143
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GFT

The
R U E T A M A

VOL. I

SPRING, 1945

NO .1

It's Spring Again

by

John Stover

Birds are on the wing again,
Kids will play and sing again,
Youth will have its fling again;
Brides commence to cling again
And tie the apron string again;
Maturity long for zing again,
And age its wisdom bring again;
And all tune in on Bing again,
Because, by gum, it's Spring again!

Write him a note every night,

Then he'll be fit for the fight!

B. D. B.

VVVVVV

X-PN 4827

#122

The **Quill**



JULY - ISSUE

6-17-4517 #125
Number One

Revenant

An Amateur
Publication

1945



THE Rotary

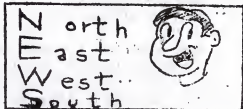
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SERIALS ACQUISITION
JUN 29 1945

#146

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Y

WE WILL PRINT ANYTHING THAT IS FIT
TO PRINT THAT WILL FIT ON OUR P. PRESS.

Vol. 1.- No. 2. - Columbus 5, Ohio



Important Readers

HY-YA! Readers; if you would like to see the no. 1 edition of the Rotary Buzz, once called "Printer's Ink", ask for one at the address of Richard Coram, 1155 Fair Avenue. You will receive a copy if you want to see no. 1 if I have enough. I don't have very much, but I will send one to anyone who asks for one (which I hope I will have enough.).

-Publisher

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS:

Daniel Webster

Daniel Webster was an untidy little boy, and one day the teacher in the district school threatened to thrash him if he ever came to school again with dirty hands. One glance in his direction the next morning... told her she would have to carry out her threat. She picked up her ferule and ordered him to hold out (See next column.)

POETRY

I yearn for the hills and valleys green
Where trees and flowers reign supreme,
Where the birds sing carols, and
the soothing breeze,
Oh, take me back to the land of
trees.

The things that I like,
Others may not see,
Which come as a vision of light
to me.

An orderly home,
A rose in a vase,
A table covered
With a cloth of lace.

his hand.

"Daniel," she said, looking at it with distaste, "if you can find me another hand in this school as dirty as that one, I'll let you off."

Whereupon Daniel showed her his other hand and escaped punishment.

#

Calvin Coolidge

One Sunday when the President returned from church, Mrs. Coolidge who had not accompanied him greeted him with:

(Don't first column. Over)

-- THE REMINDER - SPRING - 1945 - J. C. THIMIJAN - PUB -

PROPHECY of the Twentieth Century by
P. Cudmore, in 1899, and copied from
King Andersen's Book, War's End, Cont.

Trade and commerce will be Mammon's theme;
Disguised slavery sure 'll be the scheme.
And some Christians will join Mammon's clan,
And will make war on their fellow man.
Pro bone publico—"for the public good"—
Will be disregarded—not understood;
Woe to the vanquished, is the coming theme;
The Jew, pagan, Turk, Christian—all the same.
Conquering armies will yet run mad,
Like demons, furies—the scourge of God;
And Mammon's greed and devastation
Will end with the world's conflagration;
Th' American people will come to woe
When they abandon th' doctrine of Monroe.
When they take "spoils"—indemnification,
Juan Toro is sometimes quite civil
When full of French wine after dinner,
Juan Toro knows that the Yankee nation,
Of all the world, is a conglomeration;
But he claims them as his blood relation,
For the sake of trade and for taxation.
Juan Toro has humor, schemes and trick,
He knows that a lie well told oft 'll stick.
When drinking wine he has roars of laughter,
When he calls the Yankees Anglo-Saxon;
The Saxon plan of civilization
Is war, conquest, trade and taxation.
And it matters not what they may pretend,
Selfish people are never a true friend;
And though sometimes they may prove a friend,
Like Satan, they are treacherous in th' end.
Wealth, pride and fashion, like a vast flood,
Will drown all thoughts of the public good,
Justice and truth will be called sedition
By those whose god is lucre and ambition.
Though the world shall appear a carnal den,
There will always be just and moral men.
Millions 'll sink in the mire of dishonesty,
Still there will be justice, truth, morality.
There will be but little piety,
But fraud, doubt and infidelity.
Selfishness will affect all nations;
The rich will disown their poor relations;
Youths and maidens will be unblushing—bold,
And relations will be as strangers, cold.
Th' people's idol will be power and pelf,
And man will be a law unto himself.
In the age of luxury and greed,
Charity will fly from ev'ry creed;
In the age of learning and progression,
Will be fraud, cunning and deception;
Of freedom the people will proudly boast,
And of the wisdom of the laws and courts;
Small rogues will be punished, as they ought

To keep their word how little will they ear
Unless it brings them immediate gains.
There will be an age of selfishness, not lo
And filial respect will fly to the realms a
Then young men will use the meanest slang;
They'll ne'er say "father", but "the old ma
Lax will be the government of the youth,
The people then will face the naked truth.
In that selfish and degenerate day
Youth will have no respect for age;
There will be jealousy and much strife,
Between child, parent, husband and wife;
Columbia will embark in foreign wars,
In the name of commerce—foreign trade—
Plunder and land grabbing will be the rage;
And Americans will rue the day
That they bought land in the China sea;
And their title deed to maintain good
They will lose money and precious blood.
Woe; Woe; to the administration,
That piles up mountains of taxation;
With foreign wars and imperial sway,
The greatest republic will then decay;
Trusts and syndicates will come to grief;
Their time and term will be very brief.
That party surely will feel the red,
Who slaughter people in the name of God.
With sword, famine and conflagration
Teach Christian gospel and salvation.
Woe; Woe; hypocrites, surely you will fall,
Who teach religion with powder and ball.
The sons of Mammon will have a craze
To grab up land then will be the rage.
You can't do it, for it's all gammon
You can't serve both God and Mammon.
Colonization, whatever be the theme,
Trade and cheap labor surely is the game.
No matter what may be the contention,
To get cheap labor will be the intention.
The Yankee scheme of colonization,
Will meet the people's condemnation;
The Africans of every creed
Will be made slaves of Saxon greed.
Americans will have a selfish craze,
Philipino lands will be the rage.
On the people's necks will be a heavy yoke
When they abandon the popular vote.
The regular army, in all climes and ages,
Has been the tool of despots and dictators.
The regular army, in fatal hour,
Will overthrow freedom and the civil power.
The regular army with the power civil
Agrees as God does with the devil;
A hireling army, aristocracy—
The source of nobles and of monarchy.
The people of this mighty nation
Should now beware of usurpation;
And a usurpers' revolution
Will violate the constitution;

At the time of this writing the war in Europe is considered and has been declared over, except the consequences, and these are plentiful and serious. Japan is still holding out. In the past we have frequently discussed the causes of this war, and war in general. We have also — discussed peace, both real and non-real. We are now wondering what type of a peace we are going to have this time. This war is not yet over when another one is already looming on the horizon. Russia is reported to be training boys down to 16 years of age for military service. We are disbanding our military forces. Why does Russia have to step up her military preparations? Her leaders say that it is for defense in the future; but have not the leaders of militaristic powers always used this excuse to their people and the world in general? Then when the need for defense did not arise they could not resist the itch to use their huge armies and equipment for some other purpose that was perhaps planned by them long before.

When is the world in general going to realize that her Gods in the form of sinful human beings have feet of clay, — and that these will some day crumble, and their Gods crash to earth? It happens every day. It is written "Thou shalt — not have other Gods beside me." "I will not give mine honor to another." "Sayeth The Lord." "Thy God." It is because — men idolize the creatures instead of the creator that they are given over to the mercy and tyranny of other men. —

The trouble in southern Asia is no longer a domestic or national affair. It is a struggle between sovereign states and people; an attempt on the part of a larger, stronger state to dominate and exploit a smaller and weaker state and its people.

France wants to be one of the Big Five. Are these the methods to be employed in tranquilizing the world and building and maintaining the future peace of the world? Is this to be the foundation upon which this peace is to be built and maintained?

With fascism defeated by force, the new world is still divided into two camps, capitalism and socialism, or communism. — We know that Russia is definitely communist; that France has long been on the fence, and now seems to be definitely over on the red side. We know that Russia and France are bound together by a treaty of reciprocal origin, for mutual defence. We also know that the capitalist powers, especially Britain, did not look with favor on letting France in on an basis of equality for a seat on the councils of the Big Five.

So the struggle between the two rival camps is on, with fires already fiercely smoldering under the surface, although an effort is still made to prevent open hostilities, until fascism is completely defeated, or is communism attempting to force the issue fascism is still in the picture, and able to play a role as a balance power? *****

Russia may be justified and sincere in her attempts to provide for self-defence. The same may be true of Germany's course in the past. She was attacked and overrun by the French under Napoleon and suf-

Russia never was a militarist power. She was defeated by Germany in 1917, and since by Japan and Poland. She came very nearly being knocked out by Germany in this war. We still contend that militarism is a curse, but as long as it is tolerated, and indulged and persisted in by some powers, it cannot well be ignored and abandoned with safety by the rest of the world. *****

History shows that all big militarist powers came to grief sooner or later. None of the older powers of this type are existing today as such. If they still exist at all, it is as small insignificant states. But all, before passing on, did not do so without leaving a trail of blood, suffering, misery, domination, exploitation behind. —

France was good enough as long as she could fight, could serve as a bulwark between Germany and Great Britain; but when she failed to meet that challenge she was promptly kicked out of the back door of the house of great powers. —

Great Britain promptly sought after other, more reliable and powerful allies to help protect her existence, prestige and power, and to raked the chestnuts out of the fire for her. —

There are a number of fundamental political, economic, and social systems; such as democracy, socialism, communism, fascism, etc. We contend that we have private ownership and enterprise — without modern capitalism as generally known and accepted today. We would define modern capitalism as the concentration of wealth, property and power in the hands of a few, more privileged and aggressive than others. Fascism eliminates this type of capitalism, but sets up a type of state capitalism, not nominally, but in fact. It permits private ownership nominally, but places the individual and his property under state control and domination. —

Communism practically eliminates private ownership, and provides for collective ownership, which is equivalent to state ownership, and under the Russian system, supreme control of a dictator. —

Socialism, pure and unadulterated, is practically state capitalism; but generally other features are mixed in, a sort of half, similar to the American New Deal of today. These are the fundamental distinctions of these systems, but there are many variations and combinations of these in practice today. —

Democracy, or the designation democracy is used to cover a multitude of sins. Our definition of true democracy would be Government by and for the people, all the people; not by and for a few, more privileged and aggressive than the others.

We speak of and hear about universal suffrage, but have we got it, that is in fact, although nominally? We may have it. Is it not a fact that under our convention system candidates are pre-selected by a few friends of these candidates, and the voters have no choice but to place their stamp of approval on these selections, to make the matter satisfy the letter of the constitution, and to satisfy the voters that they have not been by-passed entirely. A candidate that is not wanted

1527

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THE REVIEWER

March, 1946

VOL. 2

No. 2

Edited and Published by GUY MILLER, YMCA N. Limestone St.,
Springfield, Ohio, Member of the National Amateur Press Assn.
Articles contained herein were obtained from the Manuscript
Bureau of the N. A. P. A.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

FIRST, I'll try to answer the questions which were asked
in *The Victorian* for January.

Question 1, A.—If a sufficient number of copies of a
paper for mailing to the entire membership (plus mailing
fee) is sent the mailing manager he should most certainly
send it to every member on his mailing list.

The mailing manager for 1944-45 distributed all papers
sent him to as many members as those papers would reach.
If he were sent 100 copies, then 100 members received them.
If a member sent him 355 copies and 80 copies were returned
to the member—indicating that 275 copies were distributed
—then there were only 275 members on the mailing list
that month. Why only 275, we don't at this time recall. But
we can assure you that the mailer would have no particular
enjoyment in depriving 50 to 80 members of a bundle or a
certain publication for no reason whatever.

Question 2, A.—In the case of two members living at
the same address, the bundle should be sent to each member,
if that is how they desire it.

827

#150

THE REVIEWER

July, 1946



Vol. 2

No. 3

Edited and Published by CUR MILLER, 310 W. Pleasant Street, Springfield,
Ohio. Member of the National Amateur Press Association.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SEEMS as if someone somewhere at sometime complained about the publisher who will produce a journal in December and very annoyingly date it as way last April sometime. This editor, it is feared, will ruffle that sensitive creature's tail feathers a wee bit more, for while this little paper has shown on its masthead as being born in July, it is being prepared in September and will be published when time and opportunity permits. And that may be next January for all we know.

Needless at this late date to do any reporting on the Convention. If there is a member of the Association who does not know the outcome by this time, he doesn't take much notice of the bundle and the various papers, so won't notice what I have to say.

And now that the convention is over, the amendment was defeated, Detroit is our next convention city, and everyone is happy (with the exception of possibly one or two of our more excitable), the members of the Central Ohio district turn their attention to their own local meeting to be held October 6, at Springfield. And Columbus, you'd better come this time!

As your editor writes this script while sitting on his porch in the late afternoon which has just been blessed by a cooling rain, he wonders just what other amateurs are at this time doing. Probably they, too, are writing, or printing, or planning their publications for their friends in our hobby. It's on days like

Rusty's Comet

Vol. IV

March, 1946

No. 3

The Louvre, Paris

1.

WINGED VICTORY

*You stand in your old place, wafted
above*

*Our little shore of mortal hopes and fears
By the great wings, and past your sing-
ing ears*

*The sea winds whisper of some darker
cove.*

*The brow we do not see is banded of
Calm fillets; as the long land disappears,
The winds fall round you, and as harbor
nears,*

*Your shrouded form is bared as if to love.
Into what harbors, baughty on the prow,
Did you once steer, o Victory, and then
Put forth untainted to blue deeps again?*

*Will you return to us as you do now,
The trip complete and cordings sold,
and when*

*Will winds that bare your body, bless
your brow?*

2.

THE SPHYNX

*Ah, yet within the bosom of the crypt
Leaps forth thy glance lovely and leonine,
Though stilled be all the swiftness that
was thine*

*When thy first lover with fierce claws
was ripped.*

*Thou liest whence thy votaries have
slipped*

*Away, to worship meek gods less divine;
Thy tail is moveless 'mid the incarnadine
Swart splendor of thy victims spoiled
and stripped.*

*I can believe that down these stairs before
A bat beats slowly, lighting on the door,
While I with lantern stumble, sore afraid.*

*Thee reached, o Sphynx, the clout shall
I discard,
And bathed by thee in balsam and in
nard,
Between thy paws, on thy furred breast
be laid.*

—Wm. Stone, M. B.

* * *

✧ Astronomical Observations

And now that perennial subject for discussion, DUES, is again usurping space in our journals and time in our meetings that could be put to so much better use if only this *bete noir* could be settled satisfactorily once for all.

Of course some of the more inactive members—sitting comfortably in their easy chairs while looking casually over the contents of the monthly bundle and only slightly bestirring themselves to send a check in response to the secretary's request—are just as inactive on this subject and are quite content to let the matter rest as it is.

But even with those who sincerely desire a solution which will be for the best interests of the Association, there is a wide divergence of opinion. In a letter, Grace Phillips expresses the opinion that as nothing came of the dollar raise, nothing is likely to come of the \$5.00 dues. She says: "Surely you don't think that raising the dues to \$5.00 would change things! Give us free mailing, and eliminate the hat-passing! If I remember correctly, that was the theme song when they jumped dues from \$1 to \$2—and all that raise meant was that we paid double for the same thing. Now, are we to pay FIVE times as much for the same thing? I betcha. Of course if it meant free mailing and no donations, the publishers would be way ahead of the game—but the one raise in dues was absorbed

Rusty's Comet

Vol. IV

May, 1946

No. 4

HEALING BALM

*When all your days are dreary
And the world seems harsh and cruel,
Just leave the world behind you
And seek a woodland pool.*

*And there in Nature's temples,
Shed all your cares and woes
And steep both soul and body
In the peace that from her flows.*

*When on your Mother's bosom,
You lay your weary head,
Her soft caressing waters
Provide a restful bed.*

*For floating on seas green crested,
Or on shaded limpid pool,
There's naught so buoys the spirit
As soothing water cool.*

*So hie to the woodlands,
When you would be alone,
Where trees and sky and waters
For all man's ills atone.*

* * *

Many of us have been impatient about not being able to get as much of some things as we think we need—or at least want. Listen to what one of our new members is happy about. A Van Werven of Holland writes that he got a pair of shoes three weeks ago—the first for six years. “Try to imagine” he says, “how my shoes were looking like after those six years, without hardly any repairing. My wife did not get a new pair yet. Clothing is the only thing we know nothing about. We got 25 textile points apiece. But a shirt (my last one is more a bundle of patches than a shirt) costs 26 points. An apron for my wife to save the dresses left, costs 30 points. You see there is not much to buy.

“And did you know that sleeping in a bed with sheets and pillow covers has become a luxury over here. We have used them for every purpose, underwear, children's clothing, &c. And many a one has a raincoat made out of two bedsheets. And we expect it will take at least two years before there'll be again enough of them to let every one have new ones. Sure, dear Rusty, it's not a Paradise over here. I know at your side of the big herring pond it's also not all O. K. (we say cake and egg) but be thankful you are an American and no Dutchwoman.” (And indeed, indeed, I am grateful! —Ed.)

Bob, as he signs his letters, said they had also gotten their first egg in years and were looking forward to having their second for Easter!

Regarding our Association, he writes “True, I had already much joy in what I received from N.A.P.A. I should like to issue a monthly myself, stating facts about my country, but I think it will cost too much trouble in obtaining all necessities and also it will cost a lot of money—more than I can afford.”

* * *

Though I would never dare to tilt with swords (or pens) with Sir Miguel, knowing I would be no match for the keenness of his weapon, I should like to remind him, apropos of his remark in his Quarterly that he and Bob Telschow were the pioneers in praise of Freitag, that some of George's first stories and articles appeared in the COMET. Not to be a “I told you so” or a “I knew him when” but because I am proud to realize that his work has always held an especial appeal for me—as one who knows better than the Freitags.

X-PV4527

#153

Rusty's Comet

Vol. V.

December, 1946

No. 1

"The Co-editor Speaks Up"

by George H. Freitag

When this appears the snow will be everywhere in my section of the country and my first novel, "The Lost Land," will be coming off the presses. Many Amateur journalists have taken me apart through the years that I have been affiliated with Amateur Journalism, and no doubt many more are planning to do the same thing in their own papers and in the papers of others. When my book appears I will receive another kind of criticism. This will emerge from the pens of paid, professional critics who have chanced to read my first book. What they are waiting to say will depend upon what I have written in the book. Years ago when I first began to write stories, I had no thought of writing a book. Books were for men and women more talented than myself. Any one who undertook to write a book had, to begin with, more to say than I said when I wrote mine, but after you publish twenty stories in commercial magazines, editors expect a novel to come out of you.

It is as if they fashioned a trap. Each writer who hasn't written a novel but who in the end writes one falls into a trap and each trap, set for each individual writer, is a different trap than the trap before it. In the old days, writing alone in my house, I could do pretty much as I pleased. I could write anything. Nobody cared what I did. In the evenings after work I helped my wife dry dishes; I ran errands. There was a little grocery store across the street from where we lived in those days, and I

ran to that. After dinner I went into a room. I closed the door. I wrote words just as I am doing words now. But in those days words were different. You could twist the words. You could paint one green; you could smear an H with white paint; it made no difference. Nobody saw it anyhow. In the room by myself, my wife in the kitchen, I was a real writer. I was unpublished. An unpublished writer is often, I think, the happiest of writers because he has no one to please except himself. He doesn't even have to please his missus or his child or the landlord.

But once the miracle of print is achieved, once something that has been written gets into a magazine, a terrifying epoch has commenced. Now the writer must live up to something that he didn't have to live up to before. He is no longer simply a writer; it would be a mistake to call him that. He is a liar. I have been lying a long time. I never know whether I am telling the truth or a falsehood, not even now. "That book," someone asks: "Is it fiction or nonfiction? Is it a lie or the truth? Am I supposed to believe what I read or should I chalk the whole effort up to a fabrication?"

And I answer. I always answer: "The book is a story and I can't tell where truth begins or ends in it. In a news reel showing thousands of bodies piled up in a ditch in Germany or a thousand children dead of a disease in China, you don't want to believe what you see. Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck riding in a train in the

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DON'T WORRY—

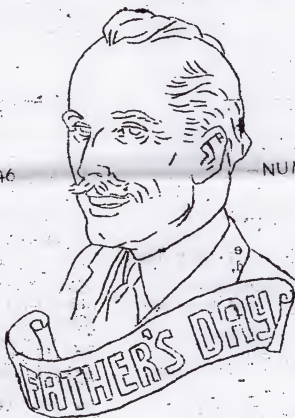
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COMES BUT QUARTERLY!

X-PN 4827

JUNE 1946

NUMBER 9



REBEL - LETTER N° 1

JUNE 1946

STARVATION - - It is now evident to the most uninformed that the most of the peoples of the world are starving. Outside the Americas hunger, disease and poverty are so widespread as to be almost universal. After precious months were lost in the refusal of Congress and the President to acknowledge the gravity of the situation, in the face of repeated demands and pleadings by many groups in this nation, at last something is being done. Let us all pray that it will not be too little and too late for too many. It will take more than doing without an extra slice of bread to redeem ourselves in the eyes of parents who see their children wasting and dying from lack of food. The average American diet is 3,500 calories per day. In India it is less than 960 and ten to twenty million people will starve to death this year unless relief comes within the next month. In Poland Herbert Hoover reported five million children who desperately need more food. In Germany the diet is down as low as 750 calories, and leaders of a Christian committee that made a thorough study of conditions reports that no child born in Germany this past winter has a chance to live out the year. It is estimated that in all of Europe the average diet is less than 1500 calories -- less than half of ours!

WHAT TO DO - - It is not enough that each of us co-operate with the new program of voluntary belt-tightening. It is not enough for us to give up a few hoarded cans of soup or milk in collection drives because we have our own souls to live with. Many are starving and there is much that we can do as individuals. Food packages are needed most of us can afford to take the time and money to ship a package to some family abroad. Names of worthy and desperate families are available from many agencies. Churches clubs and organizations that you belong to should be urged to "adopt" families, by sending them regular shipments of 11 pound food parcels. Among national organizations who will be glad to furnish you names and addresses and complete information are: The Friends Service Committee (Quakers), The International Solidarity Committee, Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Joint Distribution Committee, Politics Magazine and many many others. If you can not locate the address of any of those groups drop a postcard to us for full details. There is no time to be lost -- the need is now.

Sincerely

Roger Rush

REBEL-LETTER is published by Roger Rush, 3311 Kingsland Ave. Oakland 1 California, member of the American, National and United Amateur Press Associations. It is a continuation of THE REBEL which can not be published at present due to the problems of trying to locate a printer who can handle the tabloid size regularly and at a reasonable price, or one in line with our pocket-book, when the urgency of starving people comes ahead of indulging in our hobby to its fullest.



GUIDNUNC

Published by



Miss SUE MOITORET
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and NEAL PEIRCE
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August



September

YES!
I KNOW!!

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE
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REBEL-LETTER N°2

JANUARY 1947

FORECAST -- 1947 will bring continued inflation. This will not be the fault of either Labor or Business. The world destroyed wealth totalling more than a trillion dollars in the years of the war. The debt load thus created can only be paid by inflation and devaluation of currency. Under our present social order Business operated for profit and will continue to do so. The failure of the O.P.A. was due to the fact that business refused to produce unless all possible profit was allowed. We can not have a profit system unless we allow profits! As costs increase prices will increase and many basic raw material costs have not yet been reflected in market prices. Accumulated savings over the war years have not as yet been spent. Bond holdings, insurance policies, and bank deposits all indicate a rising market for everything except luxury goods, which will begin to drop rapidly as more and more of the family income is required to buy food and clothing! A rent increase will just about eliminate the margin of safety for many families! Labor will not want strikes this year. First neither the unions nor their members can afford them; second, fear of repressive legislation by a conservative congress will hold them back. Only if Business attempts to weaken the unions by refusing the closed shop and refuses to make any adjustments in wages due to living costs will the unions strike. If this becomes the pattern, the strike struggles will become prolonged and very bitter! We will drift toward war in 1947, but there will be no war in 1947 of major importance. No nation in the world, not even the United States, is prepared or able to wage another war now. France, and England are through for at least a generation as warrior nations. Germany and all of Central Europe is in chaos and will be for many years. Russia suffered so much destruction to her industrial machine that she will not be ready for a major war for years. Our economy will not stand another war now. We will begin to learn how to live in the same world with Russia in 1947. Millions will continue to exist on the brink of starvation, homeless, displaced and miserably and only private organizations will try to do something about it, overwhelmed by the immensity of the task. There will be no serious depression in 1947, and unless there is a new wave of strikes this spring there will not even be a recession. The new congress will talk tough about labor but will have its eye on the Presidential campaign held in 1948 and will not likely go very far, unless crippling strikes take place.

FOOT NOTE -- The forecast written above does not mean that I have become either a seer or prophet nor that I feel that I know "all about it". It is written as one man's observation. If you think it worth the effort file it until the end of the year and then find out how wrong I was. I know some of my readers will be most happy to learn that I was a bad guesser.

AMATEURIA -- For the past year I have been receiving four bundles of papers. I would rate them as follows: American, certainly the most in number of papers and enthusiasm, certainly indicating the most active membership of all. National, the finest papers, but I am not among the elite and do not receive the best ones, which are circulated privately. To me a snobbish practice prevalent only in the National. The United bundles have been small and usually duplicate the American and National bundles but the level is very good. The British United bundles have been quite sick and would be almost empty except for the products of one Portland mine. Printing and paper costs will have a tendency to increase the number of mimeo papers and reduce frequency of issue, except for those fortunate enough to have their own press--the lucky devils!

REBEL-LETTER is published by Roger Bush, 3311 Kingsland Ave. Oakland 2, California, member of the American, National, and United Amateur Press Associations and of the Jack London Amateur Press Club. It is a continuation of THE REBEL, first published in 1930, which will be resumed as soon as satisfactory printing arrangements can be made.

X-PN 4827

#158

RUSTY'S COMET



MARCH 1948

THE RED RIVER
RAMBLER



JULY 1948

NUMBER 5

THE REFLECTOR

MAY, 1948.

Thank God for Friends!

Thank God for friends! For people who
Can brighten with their cheery smile -
A day which might not seem worth-while
To wander, heavy-laden through.

Thank God for friends who gladly share
The ills and cares along the way
The little trials day by day
That else would seem too much to bear

Thank God for friends! But most of all
We thank Him for that Friend Divine
Who, when all other friends decline
Will always answer when we call.

Gertrude Wartchow

Put out by:

Miss Gertrude E. Wartchow
2257 So. 64th Street
West Allis 14, Wis.

and

Miss Esther A. Schumann
2738 No. 24th Street
Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin

FROM THE QUESTIONMARK TO THE
N T H S REVIEW

Last December I was elected the Editor of the NTHS REVIEW, a bi-monthly publication of North Tonawanda High School. It was the first time the paper had been published since 1941, and I am proud to say that for the first time in the history of the paper, 1000 copies are being distributed to the students. (Previously only 600 had been sold at the most). The REVIEW is a mimeo paper at 5¢, containing about 30 pages and having different silk screened covers. We have typing, mimeographing, assembling, distributing, art and business staffs including about 150 members. Working on a paper of this sort is really interesting. I have an excellent chance to see each operation as it takes place.

- JOKES -

A gentleman was sitting in the reading room of a public library, browsing through the birth and death statistics. He became so fascinated in them that he turned to the man next to him and said, "Did you know that every time I breathe, a man dies?"

"Very interesting", replied the stranger. "Why don't you try Colgate Dental Cream?"

Buck's QUESTIONMARK

--March, April 1948

Written, edited, and published in the interests of amateur journalism from time to time by:

BUCK HAESELER
164 East Pelton St.
N. Tonawanda, N.Y.

National Amateur Press Association

EDITORS
CORNER

Thanks to Eva Jane Clevenger for her kind words about me in the NAFIAN *** Neal Peirce did a wonderful job of writing in his last HUGGEMUGGER *** Excellent reading was discovered in the PK SCRIBBLER and the AMATEUR SCHIBE *** The cover on RUSTY'S COMET made it the most outstanding mag in the bundle *** The poetry in the CEMENTARY RABBIT was unusually good. *** The old standbys, SWORD, and LITERARY NEWSSETTE were up to the usual standards.

As long as I am talking about other papers, it seems to me that there could be a lot more of them. I know that not many people have presses or mimeographs of their own, but if a real effort was made to get the use of one, perhaps our suppressed-desire journalists could contribute to the monthly bundles.

Reactions on my last issue were varied and interesting; some wanted to know if that Atom Bomb story was "really true", others thought it was utterly fantastic. It was. Remember that limerick contest I wrote up in that issue? I received one entry--and that wasn't even written up in limerick form. The reasons for this: 1) People are lazy, and 2) Nowadays a prize of \$2 for writing a poem means nothing. You don't say something is a contest unless you get a new car or \$10,000!

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RIME HOUSE

EUGENE PERCY GROVER
503 EAST JUNEAU AVENUE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN
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M' LADY IN SLACKS

In days of old when nights were cold
And girls wore dresses flowing
Each comely dame looked just the same
A coming on a going.

A bustle pad was, then, the fad
To make m'lady rounding
And tightly laced for a slimmer waist
She bulged with ' IT ' astounding.

But now a days in different ways
Girls dress for male inspection.
-YETHE NO BUSLE
To form a coy deception

Instead they dress, not more but less,
Than Grand Ma did before them.
They sing no praise to corset stays
Though Grand Ma always wore them.

In trousers tight they'r quite a sight
As they march on parade
They swing and sway, hip, hip, hooray
Each one a pearl inlaid.

The view at first is like a burst
Of maple leaves in Autumn
But as they pass each comely lass
Swings out a rhythmic bottom.

Once girls to me were a mystery
Just a something to be afraid of
But now a days in their slacky ways
You know what girls are made of.

ODE TO A POTTED PETUNIA

Poor little, potted, petunia, pouting in the sun
In every flower garden you are the ugly one.
-YETHE
If I ever raise a family and one of them looks like you
I guess that I will be tempted to go out and get
you
potted too.



GREETINGS; BUNDLE CHUMS;

GROVER SAYS; (QUOTE)

One moment of silence, please,
for the member who deplores the
fact we mention beer in the same
breath we speak of our convention.

"The pot of gold at the
rain-bow's end is beautiful to
contemplate but it is the money in
your pocket-book that is expendible."
(UNQUOTE)

And now, on with the rining business.
GHOSTS OF THE FRONTIER.

(MAUD V. DICKINSON, CONTEMPORARY
POETS OF WISCONSIN)

Wisconsin' wrapped in circled growth each year
And blessed a hundred times, your statehood soul
Now oaklike overtops the changed frontier
And, passing judgement, takes the critic roll.
Have growing pains played counterfeit with life:
Construction's power displayed your native wealth?
Shall fate and ran continue still this strife
And nature lose through humans' plotted stealth?

One hundred years of statecraft lie behind.
But yesterday, or so it seems, there trod
Feet silent, softly roccasined, to find
The rany trails that lead to nature's God.
O, give us back some forests free and wild,
The forests that I knew when yet a child.

SLEEP ON, SOLDIER.

The booming surf breaks savagely against New Guinea's shore
And like a guardian angel overhead
An albatross wheels gracefully above the breaker's roar,
God's Sentinel on patrol o'er hallowed dead.

Long since the din of barking guns and shrieking shells are hushed,
Where death marched side by side with valiant men.
The jungle hides the battle scars where enemy hopes were crushed
And only crosses tell where war had been.

High on the island's wind-swept hill where only stars may see
They stand in rows, those markers for the dead.
Symbols of youth's shattered dreams and ran's brutal savagery,
Though victor, they but mark defeat instead.

Why this senseless sacrifice to 'Mars' for aggrandizement and greed
By men who say they hate the thought of war?
Their talk of peace is but a cloak for they're a lying breed.
They profess Christ but worship war does re.

The booming surf breaks angrily against New Guinea's shore
And wildly chants, "BETHAYED", to those who sleep,
For the world again is rassing men in readiness for war
There is a fine, new crop of souls for God to keep.

E. P. GROVER.



E. FERCY GROVER

SEPTEMBER

1948

AUTUMN.

Fiery sunnch setting the roadside ablaze.

A white, ghostly army of clouds silently moving against the sky's deep blue.

Maple leaves throbbing blood-red in the first blast of the north wind's trumpet.

Fruit trees sighing contentedly as a weary woman in the miracle of life. Birds wild in flight, shifting, turning in the wind, a new formation for the journey southward.

AUTUMN.

Singing the psalm of life that began with the first low murmur of the ice-bound brook breaking its fetters in the south wind of spring. Rising in volume as tiny violets push up inquisitive, purple petals through last winter's drab rattle of decaying leaves, adding their delicate beauty in a new born world of growing things.

Climbing to a wild chant of promise as the summer sun and warm rains suckle the bursting wheat seed in the never ending cycle of life. Reaching its highest crescendo in a paean of hope triumphant and promises fulfilled as its cornucopia of plenty spreads its bounty to a waiting world.

AUTUMN.

It is the partridge drumming on a hollow maple log in the deep forest. It is the buck-deer clashing in locked horn combat to determine leadership of the herd.

(Continued on next page)

NOVEMBER

1948

RINE
HOUSE

THANKSGIVING.

We thank Thee, God, for health, our home,
 For kinfolk, friends, lest we walk alone,
 For a spark to kindle ambition's fire
 And make us worthy of our hire.

We thank Thee too, for each golden dawn,
 With its light of hope to carry on,
 For a purse to share, though light it be,
 As Jesus shared his at Galilee.

We are grateful, God, for every fine thing,
 For love in our heart and a song to sing,
 For tolerance too, religious freedom to pray,
 To sing Thy joyous psalms on this Thanksgiving Day.

Percy Grover

RINE HOUSE edited and published by
 Percy Grover MILWAUKEE AFATEUK PRESS CLUB

503 E. Juneau Avenue
 Milwaukee (2) Wis.

X-P-N 4827

RAYS

APRIL, 1949

No. 4.

Music by

Ray A. Albert.

Lyrics by

Earle Cornwall.

NURSERY RHYMES EDITION

Bell Song

□ □ □

Old man Jones loved his little wife,
His pretty little Nell, the pride of his life;

He put her in the well,

The dark, dark well,

And all the way to town and back

Laughing in his beard,

"She's safe in the well

For a spell!"

X-P-N 4827

"THE REBEL"

4/67

R. S. B.

E. D. R. Jr.

Second Fight

March 1949

Travels With A.Y.H.

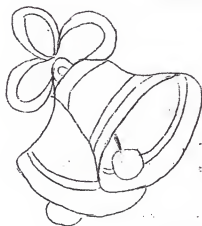
By Ned Reeves

Have you ever wanted to get out into the open, and really see this beautiful country of ours? Cheap? Here is one fine way which I have experienced and have greatly enjoyed.

I am a member of an organization called "The American Youth Hostels, Inc." A hostel is a simple overnight accommodation for those who travel "under their own steam" - Hiking, biking, skiing, canoeing, or horse-back riding. The charge is \$.40 per night for youths and \$.50 per night for adults. There are separate bunkrooms and washrooms for

THE REFLECTOR

JANUARY, 1949.



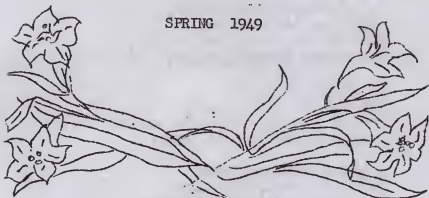
A
Happy
New Year!

Just health enough to banish care,
Just wealth enough to have and share,
Just friends enough sincere and true
This is our New Year's wish for you.

Etta Schumann
Gertrude Wartling

THE REFLECTOR

SPRING 1949



The Cross

Your cross was once a
symbol of disgrace. To
us who know You hung
there in our place it
has through centuries
become a sign of triumph, through it we o'er death
and sin shall have the victory. And if at times we
Lord must bear our little crosses, let us not des-
pair but take them proudly, knowing still, all they
who bow beneath Thy good and gracious will keeping
their priceless faith;
their crosses will lay
down. They soon shall
find that God has made
the cross into a crown.
"In this sign conquer"
May it be an emblem of
our faith dear Lord in
Thee; not coldly worn
to set Christ's own
apart but something vi-
tal living in the heart
By ev'ry deed and tho't
expressed; and to His
glory, by our lives-
confessed. E. Schumann.

THE REFLECTOR

SUMMER 1949

"MORE THAN MANY SPARROWS."
(Matthew 10: 29-31)

Noisy little twitterers
'Neath my bedroom window cheeping
In the quiet morning hours;
Though you interrupt my sleeping
Yet I'm glad to have you there,
For you bring to mind
God's great Providential care
Over all mankind.

Such a humble little bird,
Having nought in which to glory,
Yet our loving Master chose
You to illustrate His story;
So the lowliest of all
Never need to fear; His power
Keeps His creatures, great and small
Through each passing hour.

Gertrude E. Wartchow

X-PN 4827

REVIEW OF AMATEUR SPORTS AND HOBBIES

#171

DECEMBER - 1949

MILWAUKEE (12), WISCONSIN

VOL. 1 - NO. 1

THOMAS J. (TOM) BROWN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

MEMBER OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

INTRODUCTION

I AM A RETIRED STANDARD OIL COMPANY (IND.) ANNUITANT, RETIRED FEB. 28, 1933, AFTER COMPLETING SERVICE OF 44 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS. BEING AND HAVING BEEN FOR MANY YEARS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN ACTIVITIES AND HEALTH AND WITH NO LITERARY EXPERIENCE, I HESITATE TAKING THE LIBERTY OF DEDICATING THIS PERIODICAL TO MY FAVORITE HOBBIES.

WALKING



NATIONALLY
KNOWN
A.A.U.
HEEL
AND
TOE
WALKER

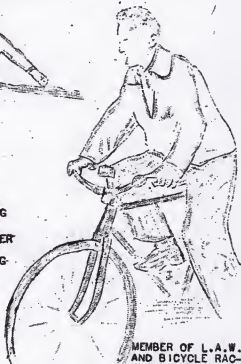
FIGURE SKATING



FOUR SCORE OR
80 YEARS YOUNG
1869 - 1949

HONORARY MEMBER
MILWAUKEE
FIGURE SKATING
CLUB

BIKING



MEMBER OF L.A.W.
AND BICYCLE RAC-
ING STARS OF THE

19TH CENTURY AND HOLDER OF
BROWN DEER, SILVER SPRING OLYMPIC
TRAC, 12.5 MILE PER LAP COURSE, SIX
LAPS OR 75 MILES IN 5 HOURS - 59 MINUTES.
(YOUNGSTERS OVER 80)

4827

COMMENDATIONS

JUN 8 1949

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THE REVIEWER

May, 1949

VOL. 3

No. 1

Edited and Published by GUY MILLER, P. O. Box 417, 1508 Clifton Ave., Springfield, Ohio. Member of the National Amateur Press Assn., United Amateur Press Assn.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

We all have our worries, and doubts and fears of what the morrow will bring. Rumors and threats strive to keep our lives in a state of confusion and indecision. It sometimes seems as if all our pitiful struggles are for naught — to be blown up by an atom bomb, or crushed under the heel of some tyrant or doctrine.

But then comes spring — silently, calmly, soothingly. It's spring — and, like magic, the world appears suddenly transformed into a beautiful promise. For this moment, at least, we are filled with new hope, new courage. This brief moment strengthens us, and encourages us to strike out once more toward our goals.

No matter what may happen in our clumsy, personal worlds, God shall continue to send spring to the earth, that we may see and enjoy the flowers, and hear the songs of the birds, and so understand that with such a beautiful beginning there must one day be, also, a beautiful ending.

Your Editor appreciates the thoughtfulness of those who have remembered him with their journals, although in many cases they have not been receiving personal acknowledgment from him. This is an inexcusable slight, he realizes, and as soon as his personal affairs are in order, he shall amend the situation. In the meantime, please be reminded that all publications received are carefully filed and kept for binding at a future date.

So long.

Rusty's Comet

DECEMBER, 1949

CO-EDITING

It has been more than a year since my last *Comet*. 1949 was a full year, and yet it has gone so fast I seem to have accomplished very little I had planned.

Frankly, a *Comet* was not one of these plans. Since no reference to it appeared in any journal and it was evident that no one missed it, there was nothing to rekindle the desire to publish.

But when George wrote suggesting we co-edit another *Comet*, it was too tempting an invitation to refuse; especially as it was to be another Christmas edition and I could think of no nicer kind of Christmas greeting to send my friends in N.A.P.A.

Well, it will still have to carry my Holiday good wishes, though somewhat delayed. George was incapacitated by a bad arm and this will go out (I hope) on the January 30 mailing instead of the 3rd. Since it will be mainly the work of George Freitag, it should make a good Christmas card.

RUSTY



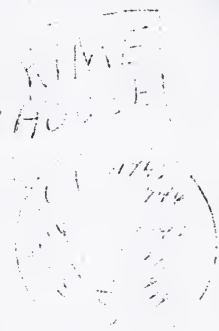
I am once more, for Rusty, a co-editor. A lot of folk have disliked my work because it does not concern itself too much with amateur affairs. I have printed in a variety of papers, but I don't know very much about amateur affairs. Whenever I write anything of a certain nature it becomes the nearest thing to an exposure of my own inner-self. And then when I read what the exposure is: for it is never in writing what it later becomes in print, I am terrified, altogether too suddenly, by the sort of person I am, and I think to my-

self: "Oh my, what will the people who are my associates, people like Rusty, for instance, think of me!"

When I wrote my novel, two persons in the Association wrote reviews about it. Bill Groveman who is in Italy wrote one; and my dear friend Vondy did it too. There was one thing about all this that frightened me, however. I thought my book was going to be a great success, one of those overnight things, and it wasn't. What frightened me was that I was afraid it would be a success overnight, and I did not have the stamina for success because I have been a failure all my life. Well, the book was not a success; everybody might as well know this: it wasn't. It tried to be one; and everybody said it would be but it died on the way that friendship dies or, I suppose, in the way laughter dies upon the lips. I used to pick my book up in my two hands and hold it close to my face. On nights when my family went away, soon after the book appeared, I never went with them because I wanted to get closer to my book but the closest you can ever get to a book is when you write it and I was close then. The saddest part of all is getting it ready for mailing. You fix it and fondle it and make a good deal of fuss over what the words are, and then you carry it around for several days like a lump in the throat upon the departure of someone you've dearly loved, and finally it is time for it to really leave.

I am always sorry, when I write, when I sit down to do it for the amateur press, that there are people who like me and people who do not. It would be nice if everybody was one way; then you would know precisely where you stood and how far to walk without getting killed

#174



HAPPY
NEW
YEAR

JANUARY 1949

January, month number one on your calendar, is with us again and all the regulars of the Chapter are looking forward toward new horizons for the coming year, that is, all but your writer who still flounders in 1948 "Buttons And Bows" of "Lavender And Green Dilly Dilly". In 1948

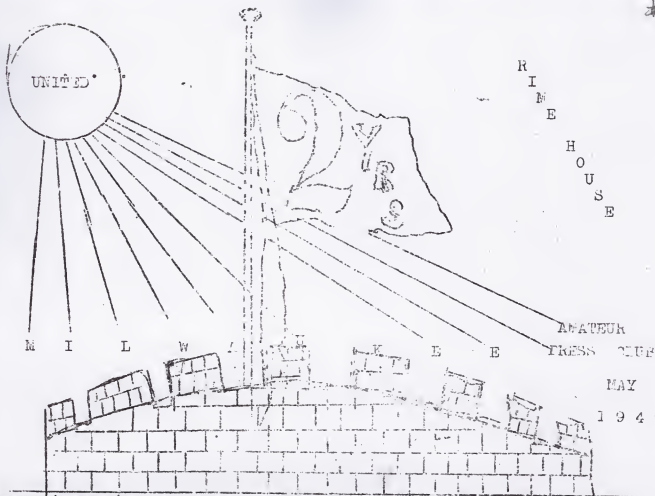
The first, Tuesday of the Month, meetings held at the Public Library, were well attended but it was the mid-month gatherings at member's homes which wrote glorious history for Milwaukee Amateurs. The meetings were that good. Not only did mine host buffet the buffons, table the talent and floor the gluttonous ones but, in some rendezvous parlors, light tinted wall paper was provided so that dreamy poets could rime doodle to their heart's content. Among those listed for public citation who have earned the 'gracious host' medal for services above and beyond the call of duty are Elizabeth Miller, Margaret Lohr, Margaret Larson, Ethel Boheme, Lorraine Hazlett, Blanche Duerr and Wand Waters. May their citations win a salute of happy freindship from every member in our organization. Of such is the Milwaukee Chapter end of such is the Garden of Eden.

Settling back in a mellow, reminiscing mood we idly ponder a phenomenon that began one year ago and is still in effect, i.e., our expanding girth. Never fully explained in medical journals it should prove interesting to diatiticians and national leaders on food consumption. Here is the tale.-

Eddie Daas, our Dapper 'Don Juan' of Directed Discourse liked nothing better than the restings at homes of the members and the eating thereto. Quiet at first, he would slowly unfold like a blooming iris at the call to food. With great gusto and aplumb he would absorb all food within easy reach and, after an hour of table exercise he would grow locoquous and banty bon mots in gay repartee. He was at his best riding a full tankard of 'Docs in a blanket' and his capacity was awe inspiring. But the sad part about his taking on cargo was, the more he ate the larger grew my girth. Dr. I.Q.? Is there a doctor in the balcony?

Yes, the year has been most happy and we thank our favorite Goddess, Thalia, whos bright star led us into the fold of erateur journalism. We are indeed grateful.

Eddie Daas and Co., you are suburb. (and sometimes very critical) We just learned Eddie Daas suffered a broken arm. Get well, Eddie. we miss you and need your kindly guidance.

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MY SONG

Sing because a song is in my heart-
 A song of love for all the men.
 It was not meant that he should live apart
 Because he was a white or yellow man!

In many tongues His story has been told,
 "Ye of My race are of common mold"
 Then why should we disrupt the Plan,
 And choose the few to our fellow man!

TONGUEBLOGY

There's nought that's sharper than
 a woman's tongue,
 For constant usage keeps it razor-keen.
 And wagging like a vibrant pendulum
 It blasts each kindly thought with
 arrowed spleen.

What tho' the sun be bright, the morning day,
 And rousing thoughts bestir ambition
 A storm cloud comes to drive the sun away -
 A caustic phrase to dim the beacon light.

Percy Grover

MAY

Moving majestically along the pathway of months-soiling banially
 A-t nature's picture unfolding new life every where, Toads too, for
 Youthful soldier dead corroborated by Decoration Day.

A joyous month of hope, of promise and of corroboration.

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RNRNR	II	M M	M M	EEE	NNNNH		0 0	UUUU	UUUU	SSSSS	EEEE
R R	II	M	M	E	H	H	0 0	U	U	S	E
R R	II	M	M	EEEE	H	H	00000	UUUUU		SSSSS	EEEE

1949 DECEMBER.....1949 Eugene P. Grover, Editor, Moricon, Wis.

Margo Miller,abelle any Mission would be glad to toll, gives us two bright thoughts for December. Here they be.....

And Pere. Grover, theascal, in one of his moods -guess that is what they call them-does his best ? to spoil them.....

WHERE'S MOM?

The modern Mom is slender,
Young and charming, too.
You can't tell mom from daughter
When presenting the trim, rear view.

Even when they're side by side,
"Ah, sisters," people say;
I wish that I could find a mom
With the old-fashioned look today

ODE TO A LARGE FAMILY

I wouldn't trade my family
For a fortune all in gold.
The joys of many children
Is happiness untold.

But some times I wish I could,
(With nerves all torn to bits)
Have a padded cell, just mine,
In which to have my fits.

Margo Miller lives at 9429 Darnell
Ave., Bellflower, California. She
edits INSPIRATION for the U.A.P.A.
Won't you drop her a line and say
you enjoyed her offerings in RIME
HOUSE? The gal looks forward to a
word from you all and will be most
happy to hear from you.

RIME HOUSE wishes all you lovely
people

"The very merriest of

CHRISTMAS

you ever had."

HERE'S MOM

Modern 'Mom' is sleek and trim,
Of that there's no denying.
When walking by her daughter's
side
Chic Mom has male hearts sighing.

But when they pass us on the
street
With hips that sway in rhythm,
The Mom may have that grand
'New Look',
Its an old-fashioned look we
give 'em.

OWED TO A GOVERNMENT

How would I trade my family
For the bank-roll of a Midas.
The joys of having many kids
Kindles a fire inside us.

And when March 15th. rolls around
With a host of tax instructions;
Each tot is worth its weight
in gold--
My precious tax deductions.

Wouldst know who builds RIME HOUSE?
Then list!...Pere. Grover, Moricon,
Wis. does the writing and compiling
while George A. Boehme, sincere
advocate of Pabst Blue Ribbon
(33 Blonds in 1) the Best Beer
in Town, cuts the stencils and
mimeographs my complications, usually
an hour or so before he has
planned to mail out the United
Bundle. First resolution on my
New Year's list is the one that
promises him copy at least a full
week earlier. Hmm! Ah, me!

RAYS . . . First Quarter Fifty . . .

New for me

This is my first attempt at setting and printing a five by seven. The amount of type necessary for this issue floors me at the beginning. A little figuring shows that it will take about 48 inches of type for four pages. Going further: it will take about 330 thirteen pica lines. (Those wishing to figure finer may do so!) This will be three times more type than I ever set for an issue for any of my papers. I'll let you know how the setting goes along as we go along. I'm planning on starting with this page and working (!) toward the back in numerical order. Some of this copy was written in December; some as I go along; and quite a little has not seen the light of day. But if nothing prevents I hope to at least get out one issue of a five by seven. People have "encouraged" me to print in this size. To mention a few: Alfred P. (Pres.) Babcock, Marvin H. Neel, Russell Caxton Paxton, Emerson Duerr, and J. Rolfe Castleman. They say, especially Babcock, that the five by seven is a pleasing size; is popular now; I should do one. Well, you are reading it. In looking over several papers for ideas, I find a wide variance as to format. In this issue I am using a 13 pica line, leaded two points, with one pica between columns, a selection which may make the page look slightly crowded. Later I may change to

other formats. Optimistically I am dating this as a quarterly. A monthly, even as small as former RAYS, is too much a task for a person who lives as complicated an existence as I do. Bi-monthly might be a better plan, but for the time being, and if I ever get out this issue, I have hopes of the revived RAYS becoming a quarterly.

About M.H.N.

Jan. 25. A letter has just arrived from my old friend, Marvin Neel. It is similar to many others in the past, a recounting of events and thoughts of this remarkable person who prints at his Backwoods Press at Ceres in S.W. Virginia. We have been friends for twenty years or more. Usually we get together at least once a year. He writes that the Paxtons were up the 15th. The Alberts and Paxtons used to visit the Neels together, plus Martin Keffer, but with the growth of our families: 4 Paxton children; 3 little Alberts; plus we 4 oldsters; eleven is too many to go avisting, even among friends. . . . Many splendid pieces of printing have come from the Backwoods Press, and for his latest, let us quote Ralph Babcock in the Dec. "National Amateur:" "Most pretentious publication of the year is Marvin Neel's 'A Day To Plow' which gathers a score of Earl Henry's previously published verses into a 32 page hardbound volume with decorations in color."

100-1007 #178

WAYS

RANDOM THOUGHTS OF THE MARRIED POET

Contentment comes more seldom than before,
And silence is a food almost unknown:
A morsel, had it come less oft before,
I venture I had never been full grown.
It is a dish of calm tranquility
And seasoned with the hush of peaceful night,
Served when the bells are tolling long
Mid-space between the morn and evening light.
I fast alone, for all the world's at rest,
And only I can hear the thrush's song;
His sweet and plaintive notes flow from his breast,
While I am chained to words few letters long.
But glad I am for these few minutes' peace;
Which to old hours are small yet doubly sweet.
But not by these few seconds be beguiled;
It seems I mark the voice of sleeping child
Grown noisy and the rush of little feet.

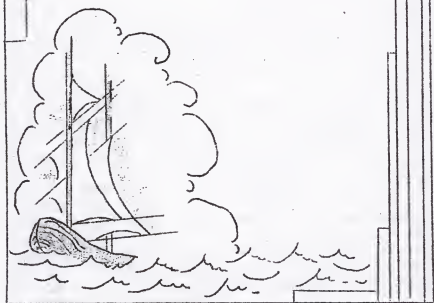
—Robert H. Woodward.

Third Quarter Fifty

3-PM 1827

#179

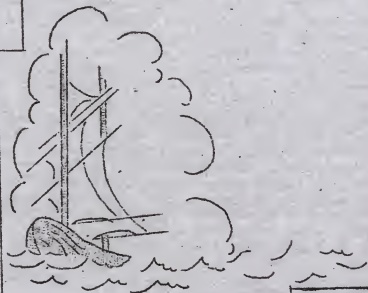
REDONDO REFLECTIONS



X-PN 4827

#180

Redondo Reflections



X-PN 4827

#151

REVIEW OF AMATEUR SPORTS SPORT STORIES AND HOBBIES

JAN. 1950

MILWAUKEE (12), WISCONSIN

VOL. 2 - NO. 1

THOMAS J. (TOM) BROWN
EDITOR

MEMBER OF
UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

GORDON J. BROWN
PUBLISHER AND
DISTRIBUTOR

INTRODUCTION

I AM A RETIRED STANDARD OIL COMPANY (IND.) ANNUITANT, RETIRED FEB. 28, 1933, AFTER COMPLETING SERVICE OF 44 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS. BEING AND HAVING BEEN FOR MANY YEARS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN ACTIVITIES AND HEALTH AND WITH NO LITERARY EXPERIENCE, I HESITATE TAKING THE LIBERTY OF DEDICATING THIS PERIODICAL TO MY FAVORITE HOBBIES.

WALKING



NATIONALLY
KNOWN
A.A.U.
HEEL
AND
TOE
WALKER

AND 25 KILOMETER
(15.5 MILES)
CHAMPION.
YOUNGSTERS
OVER
80.

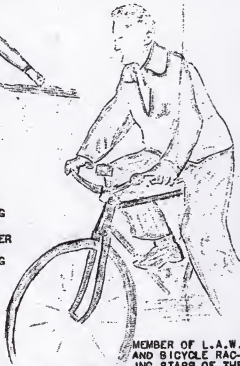
(MEMBER OF MILWAUKEE POLAR BEAR CLUB)

FIGURE SKATING



FOUR SCORE OR
80 YEARS YOUNG
1869 - 1949
HONORARY MEMBER
MILWAUKEE
FIGURE SKATING
CLUB

BIKING



MEMBER OF L.A.W.
AND BICYCLE RAC-
ING STARS OF THE

19TH CENTURY AND HOLDER OF
BROWN DEER, SILVER SPRING OLYMPIC
TRACK, 12.5 MILE PER LAP COURSE, SIX
LAPS OR 75 MILES IN 5 HOURS 59 MINUTES.
(YOUNGSTERS OVER 80)

NOV 1927

#152

REVIEW OF ACTIVITIES NEWS STORIES AND HOBBIES

FEBRUARY - 1950 MILWAUKEE (12), WISCONSIN VOL. 3 - No. 1
THOMAS J. (TOM) BROWN MEMBER OF THE UNITED GORDON J. BROWN
EDITOR AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHER

• INTRODUCTION •

I AM A RETIRED STANDARD OIL COMPANY (IND.) ANNUITANT, RETIRED FEB. 29, 1943, AFTER COMPLETING SERVICE OF 44 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS, BEING AND HAVING BEEN FOR MANY YEARS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN ACTIVITIES AND HEALTH AND WITH NO LITERARY EXPERIENCE, I HESITATE TAKING THE LIBERTY OF DEDICATING THIS PERIODICAL TO MY FAVORITE HOBBIES.

FIGURE SKATER



T O M
FOUR SCORE OR
80 YEARS YOUNG
1869 - 1949
HONORARY MEMBER
MILWAUKEE
FIGURE SKATING
CLUB

WALKER



T O M
NATIONALLY
KNOWN AND 25 KILO-
A.A.U. HATER,
HEEL (5.5 MILES)
AND CHAMPION.
TCE YOUNGSTERS
WALKER OVER 80

BIKER



T O M
MEMBER OF L.A.W.
AND BICYCLE AND
100 MILES OF THE
19TH CENTURY
AND HOLDER OF
BROWN DEER, SILVER SPRING OLYMPIC
TRACK, 12.5 MILE PER LAP COURSE, SIX
LAPS OR 75 MILES IN 5 HOURS, 55 MINUTES.
(YOUNGSTERS OVER 80)

(80 YEARS YOUNG)

MAY 7, 1950 80 KILOMETER, 49.6 MILES BIRTHDAY WALK MILWAUKEE TO HARTLAND AND RETURN MAY 7, 1949

LEAVE - 4:00 A.M. - HOME 2045 N. SECOND ST. - 7:37 P.M. - ARRIVE
4:20 A.M. - 12TH ST. & CAN. H. 1:00 - 7:10 P.M. - LV.
6:05 A.M. - CURRIE PARK H. 1:00 - 8:30 P.M. - LV.
8:10 A.M. - RICHWAY 104 & H. 1:00 - 2:30 P.M. - LV.
9:15 A.M. - PEWEE K.P. & H. 1:00 - 1:00 P.M. - LV.
ARRIVE - 10:40 A.M. - HARTLAND P.O. & H. 1:00 - 11:50 A.M. - LV.
- 10:40 A.M. - MAILING POST CARDS, ETC. 10 - 11:50 A.M.
- 11:10 P.M. - TAKING PICTURES 10 - 1:20 P.M.

#183

REVIEW OF AMATEUR ACTIVITIES

NEWS STORIES AND HOBBIES

MARCH - 1950

MILWAUKEE (12), WISCONSIN

VOL. 4 - NO. 1A

[ONE CENT PER ISSUE]

THOMAS J. (TOM) BROWN
1869 - EDITOR - ? -MEMBER OF THE UNITED
AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATIONGORDON J. BROWN
PUBLISHER

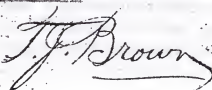
THE ART OF LIVING LONG, BEYOND THREE-
SCORE FIVE OR 65 YEARS OF AGE, THE AGE AT
WHICH MOST MEN RETIRE WITH ACHES AND DIS-
POSITIONS, PAINS, ETC. - WHICH ARE STUPID
BLUNDERS, BROUGHT ON BY OUR OWN OR BY OUR
PARENTS' INDECRETIONS AND MOSTLY OUR OWN.

I AM A DISCIPLE OF LUIGI CORNARO AND
OVER 80 YEARS YOUNG, WILL IMPART TO YOU
HOW I HAVE GAINED AND MAINTAINED SPIRITUAL,
MENTAL AND PHYSICAL HEALTH AFTER HAVING
PRACTICED HIS TEACHINGS SINCE THE YEAR
1909, OR FORTMORE THAN FORTY YEARS.

AGAINST DISEASES KNOWN,
THE STRONGEST FENCE
IS THE DEFENSIVE
VIRTUE,
* ABSTINENCE *

- BENJAMIN FRANKLIN -

HEALTH AN ASSET. GET IT & KEEP IT - WALK YOURSELF TO HEALTH
WALK 1 OR 3 OR 5 OR 7 MILES OR MORE BEFORE BREAKFAST OR
TO WORK WALKING CLUB. NO-DUES MEMBERSHIP AVAILABLE FROM
T.J. (TOM) BROWN - LOCUST 2-9468 - MILWAUKEE (12), WIS.



X-1 327

#189

REVIEW OF AMATEUR SPORTS

SPORT STORIES AND HOBBIES

MAY 1950
1st ISSUE

MILWAUKEE (12), WISCONSIN

VOL. 6 - NO. 1

THOMAS J. (TOM) BROWN
EDITORMEMBER OF
UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATIONGORDON J. BROWN
PUBLISHER AND
DISTRIBUTOR

INTRODUCTION

I AM A RETIRED STANDARD OIL COMPANY (IND.) ANNUITANT, RETIRED FEB. 29, 1933, AFTER COMPLETING SERVICE OF 44 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS. BEING AND HAVING BEEN FOR MANY YEARS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN ACTIVITIES AND HEALTH AND WITH NO LITERARY EXPERIENCE, I HESITATE TAKING THE LIBERTY OF DEDICATING THIS PERIODICAL TO MY FAVORITE HOBBIES.

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FIGURE SKATING



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AND 25 KILOMETER
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YOUNGSTERS
OVER 80

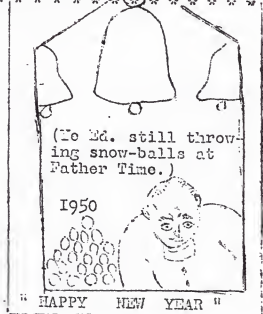
19TH CENTURY AND HOLDER OF
BROWN DEER, SILVER SPRING OLYMPIC
TRACK, 12.5 MILE PER LAP COURSE, SIX
LAPS OR 75 MILES IN 5 HOURS 59 MINUTES.
(YOUNGSTERS OVER 80)

(MEMBER OF THE MILWAUKEE POLAR BEAR CLUB)

RIME HOUSE

E. PERCY GROVER, Editor

HORICON, WISCONSIN



Belle Mooney, whose broad sense of humor is only exceeded by the rhythmic tempo of her gifted pen, has made a startling disclosure. Her fire-shod Pegasus is none other than a Missouri mule (twice removed), She writes.... "Good Grief, Perc., you're in the wrong church, the wrong pew, the wrong country--in fact--you couldn't be wronger. My Pegasus may be shed with fire but he doesn't come from Hades. Do you think that is the only place where the 'hot-foot' is acquired??? Naw--Naw--Naw! We grow 'em that way in Missouri.

And believe me, my own Missouri mule has all the characteristics of the breed. How often, how too, too, (bad word) often when I am all inspired for a thrilling flight into the far blue yonder, Peg thinks otherwise most emphatically, like this:--(The picture is her very own.)

Tut! Tut! Belle. Your picture tells the sad tale someone in A.C. is growing a bitch-er-ah, stoutish!

Perc. retaliates with...
BROKEN LUTE

Oh sad the day, La Belle Mooney
To find your verse so wild and free,
Inspired, alas, by the pie-bald thread
Of Pegasus' tail, Missouri bred.

If a Missouri mule can be
The spirit of good poetry,
Then I, perhaps, should weld a chain
To hechavs of the famed 'Mule Train!'

Ah, me!

Belle concludes with a lot of
SUSPICION

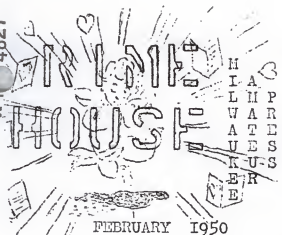
The fractious steed on whom I'd
soar
In winged flight of song and verse,
Is braying, balking, kicking--more,
To urge my pen from bad to worse.

Our state is blessed with wealth and fame,
Far more than is the common rule.
And no distinction honors claim
More than the big Missouri mule.

I fear my Pegasus--that you
Are one the tractor can replace
From plow, expecting I'll imbue
Missouri mule with sapphic face.



X-4827



FEBRUARY 1950

WHY!

Says Cupid, "What a funny world this is!
It's I who inspires all those kisses!
I pierce girlish hearts
With Valentine darts
But the Preacher makes all my hits Mrs."

RIIE HOUSE wishes to extend VALENTINE
GREETINGS to Bundle Land.
Every one of you are SWEETHEARTS.

"We are here only by God's will and remain until He wills otherwise, so why not make that stay pleasant?"

VOL. 3 U.A.P.A. ED. 2 E. PERCY GROVER -- HORICON, WIS.

POEM FOR NOW

How long has it been since anyone heard
You are beautiful?

I have been casting songs for Spring
And testing the wings of a word,
Never remembering

You while the finding of trees

And clouds and meadow schemes

And patterns of orchestrated bees

Has led me out beyond your dreams.

And now that the flight of-song

Is stilled by a day of rain

And the ghosts of beauty go along alone

The heights I cannot gain,

How can I dare to hope

To keep you near to me

And find you dutiful

To me, the unremembering one?

And yet you are here,

Close as an orison,

More than beautiful.

RAY H. ZORN

Ray has put a lot of sunshine in the
drab month of February with his beautiful
thoughts. Here is another delightful
song by the same author.

GRANDPA'S CHESSMEN

These are Grandpa's chessmen

Carved in yellow wood,

Left in this cigar box

For many long years.

"Bury them with Grandpa",

(Grandma says we should):

But Grandpa hardly ever

Used them all these years!

God's a mighty player,

Gramp' was none too good--

But, sure, the Lord can teach him

Through the shining years.

February is a quiet

month in Horicon. The willow
trees along Rock River bow
mettalltic to the North wind.

Brittle as a shrew's smile
they burst thunderously in

the frigid air. Merry skaters

glide smoothly on the 'Old

Rock's glassy surface, just

like busy gnomes in a silver

mine. Old-man Moon looks

down with evident displeasure

at the bladed antics.

Mr. Moon thinks it time for

deep meditation--a pause in

life's cycle to take inventory, and

who are we to gainsay the aged Solon?

He has seen a million winters

come and go--so he must speak with

authority.

Inventory, huh! A'check on
present day activities that
seem so important now, but by
tomorrow, just a nebula thread
on memory's page! Today will
be yesterday tomorrow--so on
with the dance. (and rining)

In an early issue of RIIE

HOUSE we stated, "If you have the

SPARK, Eddie Daas will build a

BOITIRE." After gazing down the

line of successful authors on the

Milwaukee Club roster--Wanda Waters,

Glady's Chin Fisher, Gertrude Wart-

chow, Lucille Braatz, Margaret Lohr,

and others. is it any wonder that

Eddie is taking a bow? He built a

roaring flame of energy inspiration

and 'know how' for the Club and by

his guidance they struck PAY DIRT.

There's gold in them there bail

points!



TIME
HOUSE

SALUTES

--C A L U M E T--

The Chicago daily newspaper that has turned over an entire column called LIGHTER VEIN, to U.A.P.A. members and other amateur writers.

JUNIUS C. HILLIGEN, a U.A.P.A. member, is conductor of that column and asks United 'Bundlelliers' for contributions of eight lines in poetry or one hundred word prose.

VOLUME 3 . . . H.A.P. C. . . . M A R C H . . . U.A. P. A. . . . EDITION 3 . . .

DEDICATION

By Margaret R. Lohr.....2628 N.Kumboldt Ave.Milwaukee 12, Wis.

I bring my heart in white and perfumed hands,
And place it gently (lest it fall or break)
Upon the altar of my love that stands
In aureoled sanctuary and I take
No tribute--only silver, fragile dreams
To fill the interlude of waiting for
The benediction and the light that streams
Like golden incense, with you at my door.
I am resigned--content to know my task
Is but to love you, with unselfish heart.
And loving you--is it too much to ask
That somewhere in your being--held apart
You, too, have lit a candle, white and small
That brightens, sometimes, when you hear me call?

APPREHENSION

By Percy

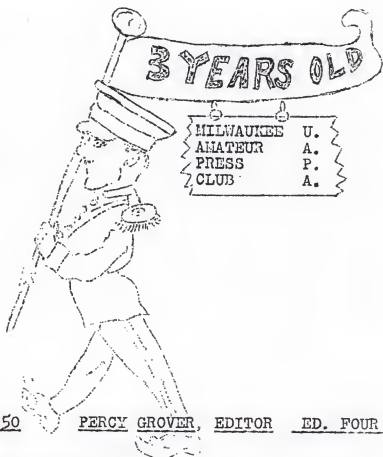
I see that open door, and just within,
Like slow unfolding petals to the sun,
The blossoming of love; A heart is won
By Ero's wheel, and I'm the one to win.
But I am sore afraid!

I hear you call, your voice a twinkling chime
Re-echoing the angels' heavenly choir;
A symphony that sets the stars on fire,
That star-dust trail mine own heart feign would climb.
Yet I am still afraid!

I touch your hand and other wondrous charms.
You are no Goddess, brittle, bright and cold.
You're just a little girl of mortal mold!
Who surrenders to my waiting arms.
No more am I afraid.

RIME HOUSE

#188

VOL. THREEAPRIL 1950PERCY GROVER, EDITORED. FOUR

THE COMMON SOUL OF MAN

---ROBERT H. WOODWARD---

Long after darkness fell, after night's noon,
I sat alone, ears keenly tuned to all
The voices of the night. I heard one call
Which started with my name: and then it soon
Enlarged upon that word until I heard
That whom it wished was Man: and with that it passed
In turn to my name heard again at last.
My name was but a word within a word.

When morning came, and with the day the light,
When shadows of the mystic night returned
To hidden caverns of the mind, I learned
To understand the voice which came at night.

The voice I know within talks yet to you:
A common soul of man pervades us through.

Good indeed, that man should have a soul--
An arbiter that's planted deep within,
To check the path and justify each goal;
And penalties too, for every wayward sin.
Society without a soul is lost,
And man, a babbling animal, the cost.

---Percy---

#189

JULY 1950

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 5



RINE HOUSE



PERCY E. GROVER, Editor

7202-W. MT. VERNON AVE.,
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

***** ONCE I WATCHED

DOG'S LIFE *****

Once I watched a new house as it grew
That first was but a dream two lovers knew.
Then suddenly it took both size and shape,
White rafters gleamed upon the green landscape.
In wonderment I watched it grow complete
And listened to the sound of welcome feet.

Flying legs
Wagging tail
Flopping ears
Shining eyes.

Happy Welcome
Devoted love
Every day
My puppy-dog.

Soon there were curtains blowing in the wind,
And tiny shrubs, as yet undisciplined,
Along the walk--and sound of joyous laughter
Echoed and curled in rings about each rafter.
It was a house no longer--home was there.
I wonder if God heard my thank-you prayer!

Chasing cats
Chewing bones
Dragging trash
Eating food.

This beautiful song comes from Pearl F. Goff
of 28 Main St., E. Rochester, N. H. If this
is a sample of her work: 'Bring on the main
course.'

Lying down
Sleepy eyed
Doesn't move
My puppy-dog.

The Moon by Amena Peacock

The moon shines bright
Through the lacy trees,
She's Queen for the night
Of the heavenlies.

3300 Austin Ave.,
Waco, Texas

-Mary Frame

MY PET FLY

She soars majestically
In the sky,
While the little clouds
Go tumbling by.

He zooms like a rocket shot into space
Endowed with atomic powers.
He delights in walking all over my face
In the early morning hours.

Her silver light bathes
The sleeping world
As she rides the air
Like a flag unfurled.

It is hard to keep track of the blamed
little pest
As he flits from one thing to another.
He has not a fear and gives me no rest
As my feelings of vengeance I smother.

Assembling the contents
of RINE HOUSE for July is
the delightful chore of
Perc. Grover
7202 W. Mt. Vernon Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

He circles around me with never a care;
He seems to defy me to swat him.
But I patiently wait till he's all unaware
Then at last, Ah! at last I have got him.
-Macie Bartlett
533 N. 18th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

August 1950
Volume Three
Edition Five



Sing a song to suspects
Hanging 'neath a tree
Dainty scanty panties
Demure and flowery.
Floury too, were Grandma's
When she was young and -
Each garment bore the merry.
letters
"The Best by Pillsbury."

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Perhaps Wm. W. Ellis, author of Key Notes to Courage, and fellow member of our happy 'United' was never so friendly and warm as when he shared a happy memory of youth with us. Here is...

I watched a glorious moon ascend as purple dimmed the blue
 Above the shadowed silhouette of rooftops, and anew
 With reminiscent pleasure sensed the sweet ethereal bliss
 That was bestowed upon me by the rapture of your kiss.

Oft since I've reveled in the sweet companionship then shared
 'Neath heaven's velvet canopy, while starry brilliants stared;
 You were the lush embodiment of all my heart desired,
 One fond caress sufficient quite to wake my soul - inspired.

It solved the problem of a quest in which I long had sought
To find the echo of my love: you, satisfaction brought.¹
One kiss alone sufficed to prove success had been achieved:
The answer to life's questionings - and I, enrapt, believed.

The tides of time have flowed for years since we embraced that night,
But still the scene enamours me with gratified delight;
For every hopeful dream my heart had craved to find in life
I found personified in you, replete, my darling wife.

So, oft at dusk I climb the stairs into my ivory tower
To live again, alone with you, that captivating hour
When first your lips surrendered, deep affection to confess;
And in meditation live again the thrill of that caress.

We too, have memories--delightful memories when the hot blood of youth coursed through our veins in exciting expectation for our new found adult world. Every step, a new adventure; each kiss, a rapturous episode. Joyously we looked forward to each new dawn; What would that day bring? Those were momentous happenings; some bright and happy, some poignant and tearful; but always, feverish excitement of life. Thank You, God, for those memories. Through You we are richly endowed.

"KEEP PLUGGING!
GOOD BAIT'S BOUND
TO HIT SOMETIME."

RIPPLES

ADRIAN C. ALLEN, Editor
4360 Royal Palm Avenue
MIAMI BEACH, Florida

#191

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOL. I NO. I

MARCH 1950

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing a few facts about the editor of this paper. It seems to get readers on more of a intimate and friendly basis when they have heard or learned of his successes, aims, or even of some of the failures which have come and gone.

My first poem was written in a crowded study hall, just a little over two years ago, while I still attended High School. The knock of Opportunity beckoned, and remembering the famous old saying, I hastened to answer. So I wrote ten or twenty of what I called "humorous" poems, but got little or nothing out of them.

Getting a bit more down to earth, I then produced three Nature poems, and promptly sent them off to some high class magazines. Very "prompt" rejection followed. The only course remaining was to acquire something that would help in placing my poetry, and that I found in SECRETS OF SELLING VERSE. A month after I bought this book, I received acceptance of 3 publications, with others promised in the future. Over so slowly, I built up my range of friends. Then the CHAPARRAL WRITERS asked me to join their membership, and I did so gladly.

Right now, I am also a member of the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, and believe me I'm enjoying a lot of benefits from it. Reading the Bundle every month shows other editors to whom I can submit poems for possible publication. When they reject them, I know that something is wrong and try to revise them before sending out again. All in all, writing is a pleasure from which I derive a great deal of joy and comfort.

Now that you've heard my "life story", (and I hope I haven't bored you with it), how about letting me hear from you? Write and tell of the experiences in your own particular field. If you have any poems you would care to submit, you are welcome to do so. They must be of fairly good material, however. I sincerely believe that the editor is doing the writer an injustice if he accepts work from him not well written. I'm not too good a judge on that, though, having thus far only my own poems to throw into the "waste basket of bad work."

Well, there's not much else to say in this, my first issue of RIPPLES. I would appreciate any help you can give on improving the paper. No one is perfect, and we can always make things better than they are. My deepest thanks to George Boehme for helping and encouraging its start. Don't forget to read the monthly Bundle he sends you. There are items of fine interest contained in it. I'm sure that many of us "youngsters" can learn valuable lessons from the "old timers' suggestions. Wish me luck on my humble undertaking, and write of your interests.

I'll be looking forward to hearing from you.

4827
X

"KEEP PLUGGING !
GOOD BAIT'S
BOUND TO HIT
SOMETIME."

RIPPLES

ADRIAN C. ALLEN
(Editor)
4360 Royal Palm Ave.,
Miami Beach, Florida

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOL. I NO. 2

APRIL 1950

James J. Metcalfe visited Miami a few months ago, and I was one of two persons chosen to interview him for the MIAMI DAILY NEWS. In the discussion that followed, I learned quite a lot about the author and his column, PORTRAITS, which appears in 150 newspapers throughout the country. I am passing on some of the highlights to the readers of RIPPLES in the hope that they may benefit or at least be helped by it.

Metcalfe started writing poetry when he was 14 years old. First he tried the "deep stuff", but couldn't understand most of it when he finished. Love poems were in order to almost every girl he met. After high school and college, he joined the FBI, and aided in the capture of John Dillinger and Baby Face Nelson. During this time, he dropped writing entirely.

He then worked as a reporter for the Chicago Times, and it was here that his column first started. It had been done for fun, but the rising popularity caused him to devote full time to his pleasant job. Now his poetry appears all over the country and is close to everyone's heart, for the messages are the clear, easy-to-read type. Metcalfe pointed out to us that what the public wanted was this simple poetry, not the "deep stuff."

Asked about his habits, he replied that he usually wrote from midnight on. He sleeps late in the morning, doesn't go in too much for sports, and seldom attends movies. His mail averages in the neighborhood of 10,000 letters a year.

So you can see that James J. Metcalfe leads a very interesting life with his poetry. But just like everyone else, he had to work for the good fortune that has come his way. This story may give us courage and perseverance in continuing to work harder with our own particular field of writing. America is a land of opportunity and advancement--we should make the most of it when we have such a good chance.

The man who wrote, MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC, was a refugee. He came over to this country, made up his tune, and tried to publish it. New York song companies saw a lot of him in the months that followed, as he tried to get his melody over, but all refused to take it. Still he did not give up, he decided to have a record made, which would enable the publishers to hear it in their leisure time and prompt the acceptance. The record company that made his recording liked it so well that they placed it on the market at their own expense. I hear he lately signed a contract to sing for another recording studio, and is really making a success in that field.

Most of us can use encouragement, and maybe this might help you in getting a new "hold" on yourself. If you keep to what you're trying to make a hit on, something good is bound to come from it somehow. "Keep plugging! Good bait's bound to hit sometime."

Adrian.

'KEEP PLUGGING!'
'GOOD BAIT'S
BOUND TO HIT
SOMETIME."

RIPPLES

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#193

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOL. I NO. 3

MAY 1950

The history teacher I was under in my early high schools days always interested me. He was a short, stubby man, with blue eyes that seemed to sparkle constantly. His temper, however, was inclined at times to be on the quick side, and he was very aristocratic. He added little jokes while teaching, that helped to make the class more enjoyable, and not such a drudge.

In his sly manner, we came out of the history class that year with a vast amount of knowledge, and wishing we had flunked instead of passing, in order to be sitting with him again; marveling over his tales and jokes. One of the things he taught me and I am now giving it to you is the way in which to remember all the Presidents in order. It is easily done by three short sentences:

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES

Will
a
jolly
man
make
a
jolly
visitor?

Washington
Adams
Jefferson
Madison
Monroe
Adams
Jackson
Van Buren

How
truly
poor
that
French
paper
boy
looks,
just
getting
his
goods
arranged
completely.



Harrison
Tyler
Polk
Taylor
Fillmore
Pierce
Buchanan
Lincoln
Johnson
Grant
Hayes
Garfield
Arthur
Cleveland

How
cleverly
Mary
rose
to
welcome
her
cousin
Henry
Richard
Train.

Harrison
Cleveland
McKinley
Roosevelt
Taft
Wilson
Harding
Coolidge
Hoover
Roosevelt
Truman

#194

JUNE 1950

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

"KEEP PLUGGING!
GOOD BAIT'S
BOUND TO HIT
SOMETIME."

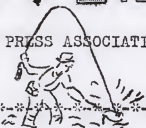
RIPPLES

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"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOL. 1 NO. 5

AUGUST 1950



Please excuse RIPPLES not appearing in the July issue of the Bundle. Its editor was attending college, and did not have time to prepare for the publication. As a result of changing events my paper may not be in the Bundle every month. I will attempt, however, to release it as often as can be arranged. Literary contributions are still warmly welcomed from U.A.P.A. members.

Thanks to Jettie Felps for her choice of RIPPLES being "one of the most "thought-provoking papers"- as reward for which she sent her booklet, "Our Land and Homes." Good luck in your ambition to have all your books published, Jettie. And let's see more of your good poetry, too.

My POET'S PIC for this month is:

SOLILOQUY

The house is cold tonight, my love;
The wind is cold and shrill,
My heart is frozen like the flowers
That grow upon the hill.
Your pipe is ready for a match--
There's music on the rack;
Your dog is waiting at the door,
If some night you come back.
Within your warm and cozy room
A thousand miles away
Does memory draw a golden ring
Around our yesterday?

By Frances L. Carver

REFLECTIONS; Box 145; Hartwick, New York--a good magazine to have your poems in. Contributor copy given with poem acceptance. Mary H. Hamilton is the editor. Try it.

I wish I had the time to personally thank all those who have written letters and submitted poems to RIPPLES. But so many things are keeping me busy that I barely have time enough to get the paper itself out. Some day I may have a chance to answer everyone in the right way. Until then, a great big THANK YOU for your co-operation and cheerfulness in accepting this new paper in your homes.

Bob: "Here's a snapshot of a girl I met on the beach the other day."
Don: "Snapshot, me eye--that's an exposure."

Adrian.

4827
KEEP PLUGGING!
GOOD BAIT'S
BOUND TO HIT
SOMETIME"

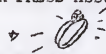
RIPPLES

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"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOL. I NO. 8

November 1950



I am now back in college, and working to make good grades. It will be harder to get the paper out, but I hope to make every issue. Please overlook it if I don't, and hunt for RIPPLES next time.

Need some poems for the paper. How about sending some to me and I'll see if I can use them. Jokes are also invited, and even a short story or two.

You are now invited to read a poem written by Wm. W. Ellis. It is not chosen as the POET'S PIC--Jettie Felps has that honor this month. I have used it because it is a longer type piece of work, and shows good, deep thinking. But read for yourself and find out also what I mean.
Adrian

DIABOLISM

I feel sorry for the devil, whom poor mortals everywhere Insist should be responsible for what they do; and dare Assume themselves not answerable for conduct they profess Is caused by his satanic urge--of such insane duress They are too feeble to withstand. Six thousand years ago, Primeval forebears argues thus in Paradise to show Themselves not guilty culprits; but as victimized by wiles A serpentine ventriloquist had used to lure them. Smiles, Politely stifled, hidden from their downcast gaze, I'm sure Were lurking on the lips of God, as guilty and demure, Eve cast her blame on Lucifer and sought to libel Him For having made the reptile. To this date, man's every whim Of evil apprehended finds accountability Passed to the "Prince of darkness" with acute subtility. Chaldeans called him "Nergal"; and Egyptians named him "Set"; To Persians he was "Ahriman"; while Semites even yet Reproach him as "Azazel" (great apostate from the throne of Yahweh)--"Asmodeus"; king of demons they disown. "Asura" to the Hindus; known as "Typhon" to the Greeks; And "Sheitan" to the Arabs, or as "Eblis" if one seeks. "Diabolus" to Latins; or as "Loki" (Teutonized); And "Satan" to the Englishman, or "Old Nick" satirized. The demon's name is legion; but regardless, he is blamed For all infernal attributes of mankind still untamed. A termagant maliciously will drive her man to drink, Then swear it was the devil who possessed him. At the brink Of suicide are many driven there by gossips, who Sedately charge "Hell's impish fiend" for devilment they do. 'Tis avarice, not Satan, that impels a man to rob; And self-conceit, not Lucifer, producing every snob. Seduction is not "Devilish", but human: from within Enticing one to yield or lust, or spitefulness, or sin. Man's "Adversary" is his will: and not an infantile Concept of "fallen angels", diabolical, whose guile He may accuse to clear himself with childish sympathy. (Self is the only "Temptor". His, the liability.)

#197

"KEEP PLUGGING!
GOOD BAIT'S
BOUND TO HIT
SOMETHING."

RIPPLES

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"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOL. 1 NO. 9

DECEMBER 1950

THE GOLDEN CROSS

By Connie Mary Gravis.

Everything was perfect, but then why shouldn't it be? We had been waiting many months for a break, and finally opportunity knocked. Our plans were complete to the last detail, and the time had come for their fulfillment. As I went over everything in my mind for the hundredth time it seemed, I was more sure than ever we would succeed. It was so important to me--to all of us--that we should succeed.

As the last few hours ticked by, I became anxious. My stomach suddenly was jumpy, as though I was being warned to prepare myself for an unforeseen development. I knew that at times Fate held no regard for even "the best laid plans of mice and men," and for a moment I was almost afraid.

My attention was drawn to the mirror propped up on a broken-down dresser, and I glanced into it; looking casually first at my reflection, then meeting my gaze as if those eyes could reveal some hidden secret to me. Instead, I saw things I had no desire to see, and was haunted by the memory of the past number of years in which I had been so bitterly unhappy and so lonely. The cause of my unhappiness was the secret I longed so to know and could not; yet I wasn't then aware of this. I had blamed, rather, those things that were apparent to the eye, and not at all those which the heart alone can know and remedy. My general appearance was not wholly unpleasant to behold; yet there was an ugly scar, the result of an accident which branded my face, and I was ever and again humiliated by it. In my heart I hated that scar and those innocent people who I thought were laughing at me. I lived alone and gave the public as little chance to come in contact with me as possible.

There were others who lived secluded, much as I did, and with whom I had recently become associated. Jobs are scarce for those who have little desire for them, and together my friends and I managed a scheme whereby we might obtain a rather large sum of money by theft. This money was not carefully guarded, and yet at certain intervals it was remotely possible for an attempt to be made for it. Our plans, so painstakingly formulated, had taken into consideration all possible obstacles we might encounter.

At the appointed hour, I was to be signaled by a designated number and patterns of knocks on my door, after which my companion and I would proceed to a general meeting place for everyone. From there we would put our plans into action. Looking once more at the clock, I found that the appointed time was at hand, and just at that precise moment there were knocks on the door. As they were repeated I counted to make sure. One..two..three..four...unmistakably this was the signal, and I made ready to leave. In but a second, I blew out the candle and opened the door. However, to my dismay, my companion was nowhere to be seen; I began to wonder why I had heard the knocks so plainly and yet there was no one in sight. I thought it best to go inside again. But as I turned, something in the grass caught my attention. A mysterious object, I could not distinguish its shape or appearance, reflected the light from the street lamp and glittered quite merrily. My curiosity was aroused (as

RAYS

First Quarter, Nineteen Fifty-One

My New Den

There comes in the life of a married family man a time when he needs a den—a spot where the world does not intrude, where the phone does not ring, or the door bell cannot be heard; a place he can call his own. I have one.

I'll admit it does not compare favorable architecturally with sketches in the de-luxe housing magazines, but for my use it has many good points, said good points probably will be mentioned later in this educational, instructive article.

I believe I have read somewhere that a wife should see that her spouse has some place to meditate. My wife, Annie Mae, had nothing to do with my selection of the spot for my den. The selection was a matter of using present facilities to an advantage.

The birth of my den came about in this logical manner; Grandma Mary J. S. Castleman, known locally as Mrs. John R. Castleman, asked me for copy for Breezy Blasts, no, no, "Blacksburg Blasts" and gave me a 10:30 AM, January 17, 1951 deadline, said time being the time of a "consulting" appointment. Very naturally I put off the delicious pleasure of the writing until

REVIEW OF AMATEUR SPORTS SPORT STORIES AND HOBBIES

JANUARY 1931

MILWAUKEE (12), WISCONSIN

VOL. 14 - NO. 1

THOMAS J. (TOE) BROWN
EDITOR

MEMBER OF
UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

GORDON J. BROWN
PUBLISHER AND
DISTRIBUTOR

INTRODUCTION

I AM A RETIREE STANDARD OIL COMPANY (IND.) ANNUITANT, RETIRED FEB. 28, 1933, AFTER COMPLETING SERVICE OF 44 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS. BEING AND HAVING BEEN FOR MANY YEARS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN ACTIVITIES AND HEALTH, I TAKE THE LIBERTY OF DEDICATING THIS PERIODICAL TO MY FAVORITE HOBBIES.

WALKING



NATIONALLY
KNOWN
A.A.U.
HEEL
AND
TOE
WALKER

FIGURE SKATING



FOUR-SCORE + OR
81 YEARS YOUNG

HONORARY MEMBER
MILWAUKEE
FIGURE SKATING
CLUB

BIKING



MEMBER OF L.A.W.
AND BICYCLE RAC-
ING STARS OF THE

19TH CENTURY AND HOLDER OF
BROWN DEER, SILVER SPRING OLYMPIC
TRACK, 12.5 MILE PER LAP COURSE, SIX
LAPS OR 75 MILES IN 5 HOURS 59 MINUTES.
(YOUNGSTERS OVER 81)

(MEMBER OF THE MILWAUKEE POLAR BEAR CLUB)

AND 25 KILOMETER
(15.5 MILES)
CHAMPION.
YOUNGSTERS
OVER 81

HILDA K. KARRE & DONNA H. TURNER, EDITORS GRAND MARSH, R.R.1, WIS.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING-



VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

"WITH COLLEMS FROM ALL".

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION JANUARY 1951

HELLO FELLOW MEMBERS! ...

What a wonderful initiation into the nicest club imaginable! What food, entertainment and congeniality! These comments in themselves should adequately describe the interesting Christmas banquet which I had the honor of attending, at the Surf in Milwaukee, as a new member. But they're not!

I must say a few words more about the "going out of their way to make you feel welcome" tactics of Label Gould, Kathryn Mann, Zeta lipscomb, Irma Reitci, and- Oh - gosh, can I help it if you folks made the party so interesting I was in a continuous whirl and can't remember-- just a FEW names?

Anyway, 'What's in A name?', I was made welcome by all.

Hope I did the welcome justice with the speech I was called upon to give, I know that I just COULDN'T have told you all how I really felt about belonging to so wonderful a group.

I might wind up by a repetition of our entertaining player, Paul E. Pross Jr., who stated, 'I've been around a lot, seen many (groups), but I must say--- THIS ONE IS TOPS!

And, Oh Yes! Guess what I did to complicate matters? I dood it: Yup! Changed my name over the Holidays, so as long as I'm starting publication this month, might as well start off on the right track with KARRE(pronounced car).

So here we go- having plunged into this "Literary" world at the Surf, we hope the SWIM to a GOAL brings a RAFT of reading material, with each "SALE", an added incentive.

I speak in behalf of my daughter Donna, who will publish jointly with me.

Donna wishes to state she regrets not having been able to attend the banquet but hopes to be more active in the future.

Sincerely

HILDA K. KARRE
DONNA H. TURNER

AWAKENING

We stood by the lake in the cool evening air

Our faces aglow, starlight in your hair,

We thrilled as we realized, dreams do come true,

It seemed just like heaven to be there with you.

HILDA K. KARRE

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

VOLUME 1 - NUMBER 10
OCTOBER
1951

HILDA K. KARNE

"WITH COMMENTS FROM ALL"

DONNA M. TURNER, EDITOR

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - 15220 WEST SIXTH AVE.,
R.R. #3, GOLDEN, COLO.

Living with pictures

Haven't you ever felt a momentary impulse to turn the foremost rock in that beach scene? To see how many ants you would find hurrying and scurrying at the sudden burst of light?

Or maybe the inviting curve in the path of that woodland scene can bring back memories of some cherished time when you walked along an identical path- perhaps with someone special.

If you have a water replica maybe it recalls to mind a quiet favorite fishing spot that you, and only you, know the whereabouts of.

Pictures are magic. They weave a spell if you study the particular reasons WHY they fascinated you originally. They must be well chosen of course to suit the room and purpose, but a careful thorough search instead of haphazard buying will almost always reward one with an interesting as well as appropriate version.

Notice how a well chosen, correctly placed picture adds charm and interest to a room. Each, of course, with its own type. A living room, the social gathering place of most homes; most of the time has scenic pictures or a portrait.

Halls can appropriately contain several silhouette pictures. Some are family replicas or reproductions of such famous personalities as Washington or Lincoln and such.

The bedroom more than any other room, it seems, reflects the persons type or personality, I think. Immediately the femininity or masculinity of it strikes you - unless it is a well planned guest room.

Boy's rooms boast airplanes; a ship, dog pictures, a favorite cowboy hero photo with various boy scout mementos strewn about.

Girl's rooms are apt to contain four poster beds with all the feminine fripperies thereupon and drapes to match of course. In this crinoline style you can be quite sure that a crossstitch sampler or a graceful maiden with a greyhound on leash, or perhaps just the good old standby of a lovely grouping of flowers will be the keynote to the pictures found in that domain. That small celloid cupie doll is a State Fair souvenir- the one that's tucked around the corners of that tandem bike scene- so just ignore it.

Parents choices are quite conservative for their boudoir I'd say. A flower picture or two, possibly a cuddly child picture or a childhood escapade one that reminds them of their offspring with the usual personal photos of family will compromise their choice.

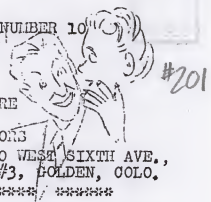
It's best always to keep the guest room conservative and the most frequently rearranged room of them all.

Whatever the choice, when buying pictures, let it be a good one. A little searching will repay you with its effect.

And after placing them in the chosen place, do study them, once in awhile gaze at them with half-closed eyes and dream---imagine. You'd be surprised how much a part of YOU a picture can become as well as a part of your home.

Don't ever just BUY a picture and then hang it and forget about it. ---LIVE WITH IT. As it lives with you.

-----DONNA M. TURNER.



#201

"KEEP PLUGGING!
GOOD BAIT'S
BOUND TO HIT
SOMETIME."

RIPPLES

ADRIAN C. ALLEN, EDITOR
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MIAMI BEACH,
FLORIDA

#202

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 10

JANUARY 1951

RIPPLES extends New Year's Greetings to the UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION! May this year be a hundredfold better than the last. One way to help enjoy it more could be accomplished by added zest in writing. Each member in our organization should do something different than what he has been accustomed to. If you have written poetry for the last year, try essays or short stories this time. Even greeting card verse is a good thing to attempt. Above all, if you haven't done anything, at LEAST get out a poem.

Exactly why do I suggest changing to a new field in writing? Well, perhaps if you haven't made out too good in your old one, you might in other forms. You just could be an excellent essayist or short story writer. Maybe songwriting is your real field. At any rate, try something that is entirely new. Of course, don't forget about the old tale ends!

In this issue, RIPPLES prints another long poem--this one by Edward Geary. It is not chosen as the month's POET'S PICK, but is very well written:-

BESIDE THE LONG TIDAL RIVER

Only a trickle at the Border, The Long Tidal River, southward bound,
Gathers volume until it reaches the Sound.

It is given an Anglicized Indian name--

Connecticut and Beside The Long Tidal River both mean the same.

The Long Tidal River forms the central core of Yankocism.

The picturesque land of American Provincialism:

Watering and powering such towns as Hartford and Holyoke,

And wearing quite well--Conservatism's Yoke.

The Valley of The Long Tidal River is ages old.

Dinosaur tracks are found on its floor--deep and bold.

Beauty triumphs at Bellovs Falls and at Old Lyme,

Revealing again to modern eyes, the imprint of time.

The region on every hand is Yankoo-stern,

And its Puritanical Principles, invaders must learn.

Newcomers are tolerated, though every hand must be a busy one,

Turning the happy, making the writer paper and gun.

There in the valley is wealth without ostentation;

There in the valley is the haven of a nation.

So long as The Long Tidal River endures, America shall not perish--

There will be traditions of freedom for all to cherish.



Two lights are seen on the horizon- one the fast fading
marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun
of human brotherhood.

RE-DISCOVERY

New doors are ever opening with their chances for improvement. This summer's glimpses of tall pine and spruce trees intermingling with wild roses, myrtle and 99 varieties of mountain wild flowers centered about the Mendo river, high in the New Mexico Mountains gave me inspiration enough to spend the fall and winter months painting from sketches made this summer, and studying the many things in which I am lacking.

I live and study this winter with one thing in mind. The memory of the little mountain stream, so like the rivers and lakes of my old home, lingers as the one bright spot in a long hot summer, and I live to go back next year. No air conditioner on earth could give the exhilarating crisp coolness, as this one little stream in the mountains.

You who love the great outdoors know something of the thrill, and also the haunting wishfulness of seeing so many unknown wild flowers and knowing you would never get them to live, if they were transplanted to a dry, desert country like Midland.

MOUNTAIN RETREAT

The stalwart spruce and pine have intermingled
 With myrtle, oak, and flowers all about,
 Wild roses shake their pink and fragrant petals,
 In such a place there is no room for doubt.

So high above the plains the cooling waters
 From wintry snows come rushing down the stream,
 To sing once more their peaceful song of leisure,
 The crooning song where restless souls may dream.

The dark blue dome seems close as one's own ceiling
 The floating clouds so near that one might touch,
 High in this cooling breeze, I too, must linger
 Within its magic that I love so much.

H. L.

If you have never visited White Sands National Monument, in New Mexico by all means see it if ever near enough. You suddenly find yourself in one of the most astonishing regions on earth. It is a dazzling fairyland 30 miles long and 9 miles wide. A billowy sea of pure white sand, that isn't sand at all but pure white alabaster, the only wonderland of its kind on earth.

MEMORY OF WHITE SANDS

Dear Bridal Garments, in your glistening folds
 What memories do you carry in your heart?
 What silent song are you forever holding?
 So close to you that you are loathe to part?

Here in these hidden silent lofty arms
 Enfolded in this strange and towering place
 The mountains with their stern and silent tongues
 Carry no message that the heart may trace.

"IMPRESSIONS OF WHITE SANDS"

Bridal garments of the mountains
 rest in reverent folds today,
 Like long forgotten memories
 folded gently far away!

Glistening with a pearly whiteness
 only bridal garments know,
 They lie in priestly fashion
 with an offervescant glow!

Relatively Speaking

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GOLDEN, COLORADO
*** - ** - **

"WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM ALL"
A P R I L 1952
*** - ***

A UNITED
AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION
** - ** - - **

ADVENTURES OF AN UMBRELLA

It was just an ordinary umbrella, possibly more on the conservative side. You know the kind, straight handled, black, really moderately priced, and on the rack at Tracy's Department Store.

The weather turning disagreeably rainy, marooned Mr. Winthrop of Fifth Avenue unexpectedly at the door of the store where he stood yards from the display rack containing the umbrella. On seeing the display, he promptly but impatiently picked out the befitting conservative type and departed immediately therewith.

Torrents of rain at seven P. M. couldn't be used as an excuse for not attending the dinner party, particularly when one had the short distance to negotiate between car and doorway and owned a new umbrella. Therefore, armed with his trusty new purchase, Mr. Winthrop left and arrived at the party without mishap. Hours later the dripping hallstand failed to yield the umbrella, so a grumbling Mr. Winthrop left stating something about the inadequacy of some people and settling for a gay plaid umbrella, the only one left.

A black, conservative umbrella rested at a rakish angle in a corner of another guests' home the following day. The still rainy weather hadn't dampened the childrens' spirits, and they came racing in for lunch from school. Carelessly, one fell headlong over the toppled umbrella breaking a number of wires. The mother sent it along with the children to be left at the repair shop, as she fully intended to return it to her host of the night before. Funny how irresponsible children can become. They stopped to gaze into bakery and candy store
(OVER)

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

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JUNE 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"WITH COMMENTS FROM ALL"

HELP! EMERGENCY!

I simply dread wash-days at our house. Not that there's too much of it, nor do I actually dislike the task. I have a modern washer. And as for soap, I have an array of water softeners, detergents and soaps - enough in all probability to do laundry for one fleet ship. Denver is noted for 360 days of sunshine, an ideal condition for washing, yet, I dread this day.

Really I must confess at this point, it is cleaning my little boy's pockets. It's spring alright, for with the marbles, tops, and a stray jack or two, there is lots of kite string.

We live in rich country here and every shiny rock or shoe-dis-turbed odd pebble is a stray from the mother lode. Whatever hasn't already found its way into his cub scout collection project, I salvage, mentally marking the pocket lining to be repaired.

Last week Sunday a neighboring pond was visited and, because his bycycle couldn't carry home all the tadpoles and frogs, you can guess what I found in Monday's pockets. Did you ever contact a cool, wriggling object that - as fast as you could pull the clenched confined hand out of the pocket - would depart in small, exploring leaps? Then try and recapture the green imp to oust it!

One Sunday while on our way to our frequent "chicknics" (so called because fried chicken is a standing order on picnics) we stopped for gas. Miles later at the "ideal spot" I found to my chagrin that the attendant had not replaced my locking gas cap and we were minus this important dust protector.

Being Sunday, most stations were closed and we were miles from practically nowhere. Worse yet, we had a large stretch of hot, dusty gravel road to negotiate.

Wouldn't you just know! While I stood there stewing, a quiet engrossed boy took inventory of his pockets nearby, interrupting my tirade at the stupidity of the careless one by offering me - a gas cap! Recovering from the first shock, I tried it in place and got another shock when it fitted! Exuberant over his helpfulness, this nine-year-old refugee from a second hand store(?), offered me another object, calmly stating, "Here's a radiator cap too, if you need it."

My daughters are wonderful children and I love 'em all - God bless 'em - but day after day I am discovering, my only boy is really a (sur)prize package!

(OVER)

HILDA K. KARRE

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

HILDA K. KARRE, EDITOR
Route 3 - Box 100E
GOLDEN, COLORADO

#206

JULY
1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"WITH COMMENTS FROM ALL"



BACKSTOOPREVIEW

To me, as I sat on my back steps musing, the mysterious music of Sunday eve., June 22, started out representing a caravan of cars; winding their steady steep way up the road to Lookout Mountain in the distance. Their tail lights winked with the music as GIANT fireflies amongst intermittent "fires" of downcoming lights.

Then as the last car reached its pinnacle of the climb, my imagination turned traitorously rampant- as it would be. For, Lo and behold! It wasn't evening at all- but the darkness before dawn. Dawn which was rising slowly from its bed of, now russet colored, clouds.

Now, just seconds after the goal of ascension was reached - hardly breath taking time- the momentary suspension in the air was rent with a myriad of happenings.

Flowers seemed to burst into being, as depicted in no other way than a Walt Disney production of the same. They seemed to open, spilling large drops of dewy nectar outward over their spreading petals until they dripped from their lush depths. Flower after flower - hue upon hue- until each sole member of the caravan trek was taking a second respite.

But, this was not all! Before one could recover sufficiently to sit up and take further notice of the spectacular panoramas below, the rising sun sprang into the final act.

The curtains of night, now fully flung aside, revealed a boudoir of tremendous depth and beauty. An orange-gold maiden in the last

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MIAMI MUSINGS

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1945 S. W. 17th Street
Miami 45, Florida
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Zora Sullivan
922 N. E. 91st Terrace
Miami 38, Florida

POETRY FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

MIAMI, FLORIDA

VOL. 1

May, 1957

No. 4



BY ZORA SULLIVAN



Thanks! Thanks all of you, for the huge sheaf of poems received this past month. So many of them are SO good! I can't tell you see. Of course we can't print them all, but I assure you shall keep the overage to "Synk" future Miami Musings.

And thanks to you nice people for all the orchids tossed our way. Orchids are the most coveted of flowers, have a way of lasting for a long, long time when properly cherished, and we expect to keep these, not for days, but for years.

I for one am grateful to "The Patriot" for explaining the Eisenhower Doctrine in words I can understand. Orella Halsread brings it out of confusion by taking the jib aw pieces from the news and arranging them into a clear picture.

"The Corduroy Patch" is really growing up, isn't it? Nice! Congratulations, Eddie.

The poem "Big Brother", by Maude Curtis, is timely, true and slightly terrific. I need more "thought prompters" such as this. And wasn't the poetry pattern intriguing? Very catchy, very readable. Does it have a name . . . the pattern I mean?

And weren't you glad to see the names and thumbnail biogs of some younger people, teens and twenties, in the new blood? Any organization does, and the fresh, new slants and youthful ideas perk us up considerably. So come on kids. Let us in on what the youth of today is thinking and writing. You can't begin too soon. Hope to meet you in the bundle . . . every one of you . . . and SOON.

Gold Nugget Dept Castles carved in cloud * where spiced winds blow * sunsets panoramic curtain time * floundering in tides of upset * sacred fires of friendship * ice bonds have lettered every rill * we mount in thought and leave a world behind * the touch of tawny snags * death is midwife at rebirth.

The CO-ED



Zora Sullivan



MOTHER O'MINE
By Florence E. Fry

Mother O'Mine, so far away,
Mother O'Mine, who taught me to pray,
Do you know, in your heavenly home so bright
How my heart longs for you tonight?

I think of the time - when a little lad -
Just a boy, who was sometimes very bad,
Yet your hand was tenderly laid on my head,
The harsh words were always left unsaid.

You meted not punishment, as some mothers do,
You understood, and loved me, true;
Because of the lessons you taught me then,
I, today, love and trust my fellow-men.

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#208

' P E G S '

"All words are pegs to hang ideas on."
--Henry Ward Beecher

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

November 1960

Publisher: Alice Julian, 4203 N. Winchester Avenue, Chicago 13, Ill.

WE LIVE AND LEARN

If we are interested in children and their education - taking this as a general matter, as well as personal - there will always be questions in our minds as to school curricula, methods of teaching, etc. It is good to thresh out ideas and seek "the best". But school is not the only place of acquiring knowledge. We are ever learning something, from the cradle to the grave. It is not wise to always seek the best for ourselves in the literature we read, the voices we hearken to, the thoughts we think, and insofar as we can help it, the roads of experience we travel.

Extending the idea of learning to the world around us, how can the world itself become better "educated"? To build tall, beautiful spires of knowledge, cultural and scientific, we must start with solid foundations. Any sort of progressive education must fit the strata of society on which it is being built. And who would expect to build from the top down? Perhaps that, in a way, is what the Communists attempt to do by certain methods of brainwashing. But men's hearts are closer to the good earth upon which God has put them, and their roots go deep, too deep to "unlearn" all the truths that centuries have already established.

The American way of life upholds the inalienable rights of free men, and we teach by example; i.e., a democracy such as ours, by demonstration, can be worth emulating. Further, we are planting seeds of knowledge, to the best of our ability, as we help less fortunate countries in overcoming illiteracy and its resultant disadvantages.

There is a common expression, "we live and learn". True words, indeed. And we must credit "learning" for putting in men's hands the most deadly weapons the world has ever known!

Mother Earth, be watchful of the nuclear curricula. The nations held to your breast, are they not all your children?

- Alice Julian

A "Rusty Theme" Correction

by Rusty (herself)

Have just finished reading Earle Cornwall's "A Rusty Theme" and if he got as many chuckles out of my "essay" as I got from his "Theme," think both were well worth while.

The most ironic feature of the Theme is its complete mis-interpretation of my concepts. In the first place, what gave me my biggest laugh was terming my "effusion" "ill-disguised, glorified New Deal propaganda." Because I shall have to confess that I am perhaps the most rabid possible ANTI- new dealer. (I refuse to dignify it with capital letters.)

Like many others, Earle confuses democracy with a certain political party. You might as well say that all believers in Plato's Republic were Republicans in the present-day meaning of the word as a strictly party term. Though, to be honest, I must admit that personally I think this latter is much nearer the mark than to consider a so-called Democrat an exponent of real democracy.

As I wrote Mr. Macauley recently, the democracy I mean (and I am NOT "talking about a certain political party") is not the kind Shaw describes as "substituting election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few." Demos, the people, may still rule even when they delegate certain ones to represent them in a Republic.

The crux of the matter is in the administration of the government and there I agree with Pope who says: "For forms of government let fools contest; Whate'er is best administered is best." Here, as with a deed, it is the fact that teaches, not the name we give it.

Life's cycle turns again and behold! These are wonderful days of visible proof-- God is a living God and his words "Be fruitful and multiply", amply in evidence in all growing things---- Only man would disrupt that master plan, a despicable salute to One who gave us life everlasting.....Tramping

"Be fruitful and multiply", under the spiked heels of marching men-- Glowing fields of ripened grain-- a drill grounds for the school of mass butchery... his pure air, poisoned by belching smoke of discharging guns in battle practice, prayers of thankfulness for the autumn horn of plenty turned to prayers for release of war dogs. For...

"Though youth must die and women weep,
There's gold in wars and men are cheap,
So MARCH you fools, to eternal sleep!
Be on the march again".

IN CYNTHIA'S ORCHARD

With intimate fertile witchery,
Grass and dew and crescent light
Pattern the orchard's hall for me,
Partake in facile treachery.

There is a youngness in the night,
Cidersweet and beckoning,
Grass and dew and midnight winds
Pluck at the globes of thought
that cling.

Unshackle the years from my
reckoning;
Let me hear memory's violins
Bowed by the moonlight's artistry,
Oh trees, release the voice I know.

Only one hour let me be
audient. Then, dawn, come up,
and show
Swiftly your merciless perfidy;
Grass and dew, and awakening!

Ray H. Zorn
Troy Grove, Ill.

Another beautiful thought by the
same author will be heading your
way in October via Rime House. Will
you be listenin', huh?

It has been said, "When a wise man
lets angry passion sway his judge-
ment, he ceases to be a wise man."

You're welcome!

E. Percy Grover

"TWILIGHT"

This is the hour of rest:
The verge of night,
The placing down of day's
Solicitude:
When all the world has put
Its cares to flight
And bathed itself in
Blissful solitude.

This is the hour of peace:
When dreams arise,
And poets close their eyes
In restful thought:
When all the sound is but
The wood's soft sighs,
And all is peace and rest:
All else is naught.

This is the hour of dreams:
And lo: the night
Has come again with its soft
Whispered word
That speaks to each of us
In fateful fright
Of things that we have never
known

Nor heard.

Night weaves the web of hu-
man destiny:
Its voice alone will speak
Of things to be.

Robert H. Woodward
Box 1462-- South Bend, Ind.

A poetic gem in a golden set-
ting....says Grover.

PRIME HOUSE

APRIL

MILWAUKEE AMATEUR PRESS CLUB-UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

RETREAT.

MARGARET R. LOHR

Upon our balcony of night...
Dark blue and carpeted with light
Of silver stars in fluid space,
We can forget the commonplace,
Unmindful of our haunted flight.

Soft music fills our lofty sphere,
Wafting us upward to the clear
Untrammelled regions, to the place
Upon our balcony.

By starlight we can dream our dreams
And garland them with white moonbeams
Lost in sequestered quietude,
Until dawn breaks the interlude.
Tearing apart night's fragile seams
Upon our balcony.

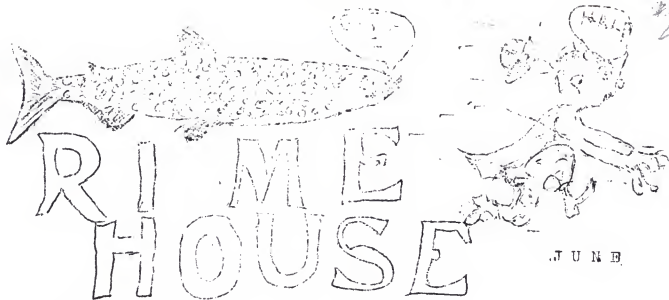
THIS THEN, IS DEATH.

PERCY GROVER

This then, is death, but should it terrify?
I have no fear, for I'm prepared to die.
Four score and ten, my years, I've lived my fill,
And now, content, await the Master's will.
I care not how the way or question why?

I feel an icy wind, the *Reaper's* sigh
And hear a voice; Is that *old* Charon's cry?
How clear I hear my name *and* feel the chill.
This then, is death.

But soon my passing soul will verify
Man's faith to live again beyond the sky.
I see those 'Mansion' clear, God's domicile,
And tho' my empty body now lies still.-
A hollow shell; It does not signify
This then, is death



A RUSTIC SERENADE

It is twilight in Horicon Wis.

A mourning dove heralds approaching night with its plaintive call. The last crimson banner in the West fades to a crossbar web of misty light.

Soft, rustling grasses tell of tiny wood creatures hurrying to the sanctuary of abodes in tree stumps or minute tunnels under waving grass tufts.

All is silent, as the expectant hush before the rising curtain in a theatre.

Suddenly, like the instruments of an orchestra taking up the musical score, the night bursts forth in nature's symphony.

A lonely bull-frog, disappointed in love perhaps, cracks its evident displeasure at all new notes with a colorful "Gurroon" at regular intervals, much like a deep toned cello.

Cheerful crickets add a tinkling castanet accompaniment to set the rhythm.

A hungry screech owl, spying a venturesome field mouse, wails eerily not unlike a violin's siren.

Then faintly, as if reluctant to enter the musical pot pourri, a parlor organ from a distant fair house takes up the melody with the immortal Schubert's beautiful "Serenade".

Followed by distance the melody sounds as if the great Master himself, has counted his paradisiac in paradise to personally direct the selection.

The haunting notes seem to linger on, long in the deepening twilight and then slowly fade into the misty land of dreams—a masterpiece deeply etched in nature's scrap-book.

A friendly moon, peeped down on the peaceful scene and finding all is well, slowly floats out of sight behind a distant hill, bringing to a close the serenade and leaving behind soft shadows—cool, quiet and comforting.

This is the "HORICON" edition of Rime House.

It is dedicated to a friendly little city in central Wisconsin, so beautiful at this time of year it takes one pause in veneration.

It lies astride the lazy, meandering Rock River and both sides of the stream, along the shore line, wild plum trees have burst into blossom.



A SUMMER STORM.

B. F. G.

A bright sun blazes down on limp trees in the noon-day quiet.
 Racing, white clouds hurtle across the sky with the speed of light.

Slate-gray ones follow in mass formation to spread fan-wise across the heavens like a giant shutter to hide the sun.
 A low murmur breaks the hush as the first breath of wind rustles the trees and grasses, then, growing in volume to a screaming inferno of sound, whips trees and bushes with staggering blasts
 A blinding streamer of jagged light bursts through the cloud mass like an avenging sword of the Rain God and Thor's hammer reverberates thunderously.

A few sticky drops of rain fall as if on scout duty then a solid wall of water churns down in the shrieking wind.
 It cascades off roof tops and eaves like spent bullets of a gatling gun and flattens trees under it's solid weight.
 Tiny rills suddenly burst forth in foaming whirling rivers to overbanks and inundate the surrounding areas.

Then, as if a huge hand muffles the 'monster', all is quiet again.
 A new sun appears as the gray clouds vanish over the horizon.
 Scintillating diamonds glitter with colors of the spectrum from the leaves and grasses as the sun-rays kiss the lagged raindrops.
 Birds burst forth in noisy chatter and discordant song as they hop about crazily after insects made homeless by the passing storm.
 The world again is bright and leaves and grasses seem to take on a deeper shade of green.
 The storm has passed.

WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT?

IRMA REITCI

WHO gave you the right to come into my dreams? -
 Take me by the hand-lead me to Love's fairyland?
 Make me young and say again, forgetting all deceit of men!
 Who gave you the right to steal my heart?
 To whisper, "I love you"? (Even if it's only in my dreams)

Who? Who? I ask in desperation, but I know it's only an (evasion)

For my wayward, foolish heart answers loud and clear
 You! You! You!

We don't know, Irma, but we would bet a plum knot-hole against a yard of bubble gum, it must have been a 'Red Head'!

RHINE HOUSE

OCTOBER

E. PARKER GROVER
HORICON, WISCONSIN

MEMBER OF
MILWAUKEE
AMATEUR
PRESS
CLUB

affiliated
with the

UNITED
AMATEUR
PRESS
ASSOCIATION

BUTTER

POEM "OCTOBER" on the right by
RAY ZORN

Butter the sun
and polish the moon, October
while your brief of summer
ravels its spun
silver in the air. Old dis-
rober of the year,
shiny-faced mummer
in the last act on a hot stage
have your moment
while the place is yours.
Stay bivouacked
with me, October:
your bestowment
of buttered sun conjures
a mellowness that I've
been seeking since the braying
April laughed her last.
I am alive again,
and plan for your waylaying--
why, October,
must you run so fast?

We are bowing to the inevitable. The little town of Horicon, Wis., has not lost its rural beauty but there are practical things crying for long awaited attention that just can't be procured in small communities. And so on George Boehme's capable shoulders another burden is added. I wonder if the bundle readers are cognizant of the fact George does the printing for many of the papers that brighten our reading life. Certainly, the phrase, "Let George do it", strikes home with a vengeance.

We had a post card from one of the readers commenting on the neat appearance of the last issue of RHINE HOUSE. That, my friends, is a nice arm load of roses to be laid on our friend George's doorstep. He alone is responsible for the change.

Until mimeographing paper and stencils are available, and, until George breaks down with the laden cargo of myriad duties not accountable to Mail Manager's routine work, RHINE HOUSE will come to you cleanly shaven, toes tinted and breathing scents of jasmine blossoms.

Thanks George Boehme for making this, and future editions of "RHINE HOUSE" possible. quietly, unobtrusively you have helped build the

glory that is our Milwaukee Club. Your brilliant writing and unretiring energy has kept that gremlin, Inertia, out of the Club. We, of the United, owe you much.

Greetings, President Dolin and your gallant court. Your humble subjects await your pleasure--and orders. May it please your majesty, our aims for our beloved organization are mutual. But we crave a boon. May we respectfully request that you appoint some capable member to offer frank appraisal and honest criticism of the bundle papers each month? We, who still stumble at the foot of the ladder would like to know our writing faults, and if possible, correct them. Vive UNITED. The king is dead: Long live the king.

Greetings, Marge Miller, Belle of Bellflower, California. Your splendid paper is lively, colorful and very entertaining. A true 'reflector' of its capable 'boss'.

Belle Mooney, P.O. Box 2174, Kansas City, Mo. deserves a flock of post card acknowledgements for the studied offerings we present on the next page. Write her pals.



YE EDITOR -
E. P. GROVER
HORIZON, WIS.

NOVEMBER ISSUE
RIME HOUSE

Tell me not in soulful sonnets
Autumn leaves are beauteous, rare,
As they flitter, flutter, squizzle
On the crisp October air.
Leaves are real, leaves are stubborn
And the gutter 's not their goal!
Watch them clutter lawns and sidewalks,
Proves they haven't got a soul.
Then our Mrs. does remind us,
"Be alive, for goodness sake!
Want to have the neighbors talking?
Perc, get busy with the rake!"
So, we toil till muscle weary,
Raking leaves so ground is bare,
And rejoice, all leaves behind us.
Finished? Hell! New leaves are there
"L'Envoi"
Life is short and time is fleeting
Like the money that we earn.
Though our purse is lightly laden
We have plenty leaves to burn.

A ROSE
By Larry Norcross 1933 So. 70th. St.
West Allis 14, Wis.

I saw a dainty rose bud without
a single thorn.
It was placed in our home early
one morn.
Given special attention, nurtured
with care,
It was the heavenly Father who
placed it there.

Slowly its petals unfolded, fairer
it grew,
Admired by the household and all
who knew.
Its beauty never faded as down
Through the years
It gave joy to others through
Sunshine and tears.

At last the Heavenly Father took
This flower one day
And with loving admiration added it
To his bouquet.

Thanks a lot, Larry. Come again.

In case you are interested.....
E. Percy Grover, "Old Man of the
hook," is tossin this issue of
RIME HOUSE your way. Hope you like
it. Send in your comments.

Your poetic and literary contribu-
tions for RIME HOUSE are solicited.

Our natal day is fast approach-
ing- Coming on flying wings as if
all the imps in Satanland want to
be in on the kill. And after a quick
squint in the mirror we found out
why all the kids in town have start-
ed calling us "Old Man of the hook."
Go ahead lads, speed up the works-
Dash down Life's Highway lickity
split and proving the new car will
do 100, daring 'Old Gabriel' to blow
his tooter prematurely. Which re-
minds us we used to cut a few fancy
didos in the early 1900's. We guess
life's cycle hasn't changed much as
far as erring humans go! We too,
rushed off at top speed and we had
to wait until we were fifty to find
out we didn't know what we were
pushing for... which means we have
shown up and we are not "apologiz-
in'"-- just bemoanin' the fact.
....business of a sigh....

Here comes...

..... BIVOUAC BEASTS.....
"At last you're caught!" we heard
a soldier cry; "I've got you
neath my thumb and you must die."
There was a sickening crunch,
It wasn't nice, another louse
had made 'The sacrifice.'

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS

ODDS AND ENDS

ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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The Co-Operative Publishers of this issue are:

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Paul S. Weiner, 1411 Mendavia Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida
Aloise Tracy, 447 Chestnut Street, Bridgeport, Illinois

You too, may become a co-operative publisher of this paper. The cost is \$2.00 per page or a dollar for half a page.

CONVENTION CHATTER

One of the highlights of all our past conventions has been the interesting and fun-filled entertainment program that always falls on Friday night. The Friday of July 25, 1958 will be no exception, but like everything else connected with this year's big event it will be a "different" program.

We are thrilled to announce that all members attending the 1958 U. A. P. A. convention will be the guests of the ALICE GERSTENBERG THEATRE WORKSHOP in the Chicago Room of the Hamilton Hotel (Convention Headquarters), where they will give their final performance of the 1957-58 season. Now nearing the conclusion of their third season, this group of professionals and semi-professionals is one of Chicago's most exciting theatre groups and certainly the most publicized due to the unusual and interesting new plays they present. This is another free event for members, and the U. A. P. A. delegates will have a special section reserved especially for them.

Now to the plays to be given. First of all, there will be the first performance of an exciting new drama entitled "Three People" by A. R. Gurney, Jr., that will feature Miss Terri Lynn and Phillip V. Battaglia. Since this is quite a tense and gripping drama--to tell you any of the plot would ruin your enjoyment of it--the group will also feature a pair of farce-comedies entitled "A Pair of Lunatics" by W. R. Walke and "The Illuminati In Drama Libre" by Alice Gerstenberg with Lori Hottat, Paul E. Pross, Jr. and Otto E. Anderson.

And in addition to this event, there will be a visit from the LONE PERFORMER who will present, by popular request, the famed monologue "The Button" by Robert Newman. This is the only event any of our members requested for the Convention. As Nora D. Spath said: "I will personally pay money to see Paul do 'The Button' at the Convention!" (Thanks, Nora, but this one is on us!)

And from Milwaukee, we are proud to announce the personal appearance of Elizabeth Reiter and Irma Schmidt who will provide the musical side of our big Friday night event.

Like all things, this Convention will be full of surprises, and to find out what they are--well--you must attend in person. The things we have planned can never be presented at any future Convention, so plan now to come to this Convention. Paul E. Pross, Jr.

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QUEST

by

R. PORTER



As the sun rose, the pilgrim started his journey down the path. Soon he came to a small figure seated on a small cloud contemplating himself in a mirror.

"Hail," said the pilgrim, "I am a pilgrim journeying along the path. Could you tell me whether the path is long or short, hard or easy, and what lies at its end?"

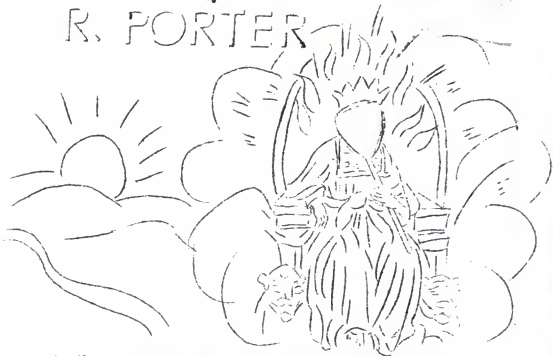
"For some," said the figure, "it is hard; for some it is easy. Some find it long and some find it short. As for what is at the end of it, I could not say, for it is one of the rules that I can never go there."

"And who are you?" asked the pilgrim.

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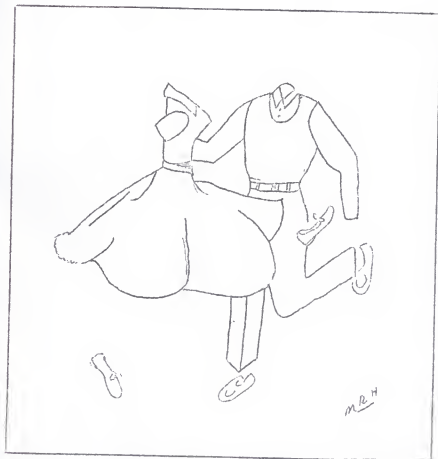
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May 1959



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MERRY
CHRISTMAS

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

A UNITED
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HILDA K. KARRE, EDITOR
15220 WEST SIXTH AVE.,
R.R. 3, GOLDEN, COLO.
*** -- ***

FEBRUARY
1952

"WITH COMMENTS FROM ALL" VOLUME 2 - NUMBER 2

***** - EFFECTIVE - *****

Six housewives living in the same apartment building fell into a dispute of such magnitude that their wrangling resulted in their being hauled into court. When the case was called, they all made a rush for the judges' bench at the same time.

The judge sat stunned as charges and counter-charges filled the air. Finally, he heaved a sigh, rapped for order, and announced: "Now, I'll hear the oldest first." THAT closed the case.

I'M NO EXPERT ON POLITICS BUT -----

At the discussion tables of the U.N. many charges and counter-charges fill the air and, "supposedly feasible" suggestions as to the methods to be used by the U.N. to bring an end to the morass of the present involvement and its issues in Korea, are offered.

Wouldn't it be something if Uncle Sam would rap for order and say in part; "Let the country that has matched our combat troops, our monies, our materials, and our "all out" methods expended in this cause, speak first and present their feasible plan?

I'M sure the results would be parallel to the above-or should be!

OLD FABLE

A dog crossing a rivulet with a piece of meat in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the stream and believed it to be another dog. Naturally, this dog also carried a piece of meat, which the real dog could not forbear catching at to add to his store. The result was that he obtained naught by his greedy design, for, snatching at the reflection only caused him to drop the piece of meat he held firmly in his own jaws; at which it quickly sank to the bottom and was irrecoverably lost.

AS I SEE IT -----

We see the moral of this fable, "Covet all, lose all", exemplified when we daily observe men venture their property in wild and shadowy speculations. Instead of giving matters careful thought and consideration before acting or deciding, whether it be the stock market in view, or a soap box contest, a horse race, or our daily living budgets we plunge on, feeling we are wise and all knowing. We place our trust longings, and faiths where the odds are usually insurmountably above our poor perspective measures. How much better for us if we could give good calm consideration on all angles and points of competition when we try to "win all" and try to trust too much to ol' Lady Luck. Consequently, we feel thwarted, doomed, and finally cheated or duped when we repeatedly, inevitably, lose all in our hastiness.

Considering our hectic daily lives, wherein we try to be good loyal Americans and christians, lets try to more sure of our own possibilities before we plunge. The contradictory moral, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained", can be realized only if after due consideration we feel we

(CON'T)

Relatively Speaking

WITH COMMENTS FROM ALL

**** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ****

SWIVEL LOCKING

There is a Sunday school story about two youths. One found a half-collar one day, and thereafter he walked only with his eyes on the ground. He found many things - once a wallet for which the owner gave him five dollars. But he looked at the ground so much he never saw anything else, so he never amounted to anything.

The other youth kept his eyes up. He enjoyed the sky, the sunshine, the trees, the birds. He found no money, but he looked the town banker straight in the eye, was hired, and became cashier. He looked the bankers' lovely daughter in the eye, too, and they were married and had seven children. He became the town's most leading citizen.

Both phases of the above story "have something" I'd say. Personally, I'd like to strike the DAILY MEDIUM if at all possible, for there is much to be gained both ways.

Take the incentive one can almost "feel" when watching the tiniest of ants perform in their frenzied workings. True, they are small, but gigantic tasks have been tackled, and performed by just plain cooperation without eternal bickering. A trait we are sorely in need of in this world today.

And from this study at the roots of trees (still looking downward) when one finally looks up those roots, they see the trunk that follows them. Then the widespread flourish of the amallike branches laden with blossoms. Blossoms which will bear the fruit of the labor of those roots which provided nourishment. It takes just a fractional flick of eye to gaze further upward to the blue of the sky and the vastness of the universe, to realize that food for thought and appreciation is more apt to be graciously given to the "TOTAL OBSERVER". HIS scope includes ALL the glories of living.

MOTHER'S DAY

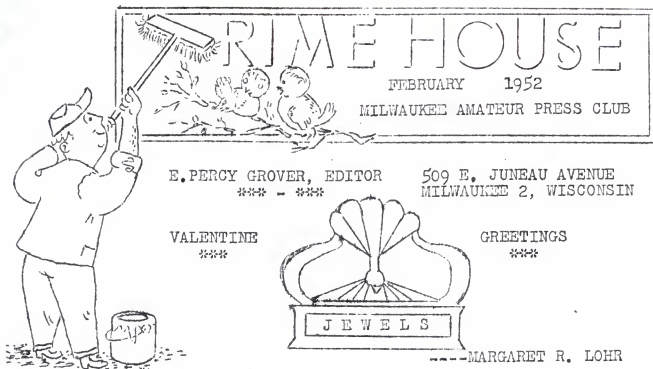
Of course, I love to greet the flowers
That clamor for attention
In May, amidst the sunny hours
Abloom with Spring's ascension

But May means more than that to me
Since someone started giving
Homage--due, you'll all agree--
To mothers, dead or living.

HILDA K. KARRE

R

#225



The jewels I called "Love" lie scattered where
I thrust them in a ravaged, cold despair;
They mock me with their scintillating eyes
And shimmer in the moonlight's strange disguise.
My culling fingers lift them, searchingly,
Disdaining glitter and transparency.

Far in a corner, almost out of view,
Gleams one that is significant of you...
While all the others sparkle gaudily,
They offer no temptation - I can see
The soft and satin glow of yours alone...
Tender as dew-drops, roseate in tone.

I bring my love, freed of all shard and thorn,
Requiting yours - unfettered and reborn.

***** - ***** - *****

FLAMING LOVE

Match Companies, so the papers say,
Make a million matches every day:
And Cupid, with unerring mark,
Makes another million after dark.
Regardless how they build each match,
Every one must start from scratch.

--- * ---

Mary, they say, had a lamb,
But it happened according to plan.
Now what would you do
If you were a owo
And the Lamb's sly old man was a Ram?

*** - ***

Y-PN 4827

R

#226



CROSBY CRONINGS "Flying 3rd March Kite" 1953, 1954, 1955.

It's Kite-flying time in UAPA,
Winds of March blow our
Bundle-Kites, far, far, away!

MY KITE AND I

I lift my kite to the winds and sky,
Eagerly watching to see it fly;
Tho I hold it firm by the slender string,
The wind snatches it with a flirt and a fling!
Then it soars aloft like a flying bird,
And I shout for joy, tho I can't be heard,

I release my Life to the World's skyway,
To travel the winds by night and day;
I control its flight with all my skill
By the slender string of wisdom and will.
The Winds of the World may be rude

and wild,
But God over-rules for His trusting
child.

The Patterns of Thot and Behaviour
true,
May be Kites of Goodwill sent out
by you.

Life's winds blow this way and blow
that -

We have no rules to "lay down Pat."
N. H. C.

"Boys flying kites,
Haul in their swift-
winged birds.
You can't do that,
When you are flying
words."

"Wind is air in motion."
It is also a symbol of the
spirit of God working in
human hearts.

"The wind blows where it wills
and we hear the sound of it,
but you do not know where it
cometh or whither it goeth; so
is every one who is born of
the spirit." Jn 3:8.

So I think my little poem comes
in here:

God is in the air,--Present
everywhere;

Enters every tiny crack,
Enters where the door's thrown back.
Fills the room of Life with vigor,
Yes, our God is like the Air.
Round about us everywhere. N.H.C.

MAKER OF THIS KITE:

Mina Hard Crosby

1874 North Raymond Avenue

Pasadena 3

California



REVELATOR

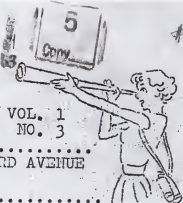
APRIL
1953

VOL. 1
NO. 3

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

JENNIE CLAIRE ULAN, EDITOR

3321 HAVERFORD AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA 4, PENNSYLVANIA



A hearty welcome to the new members! Happy Springtime and Easter Greetings to all the Officers, Members and Friends of the U.A.P.A. Publication of the U.A.P.A. "REVELATOR" is being resumed with this issue. Subsequent issues will appear quarterly, or as often as possible. The inclusion of both poetry and prose will be continued. Thank you all for the lovely Birthday Greetings!

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A POET

Not long hair or streaming ceattails,
But experience of years,
Grit to carry all your burdens,
Pity for another's tears,
Shun the villainy of hatred,
Carry poise and dignity;
Learn to take folks as you find them,
Not the way they ought to be.
Always make your poems snappy,
Aim to have a thought that's new;
Try to please the most exacting,
Have a sense of humor, too,
Use what common sense God gave you,
Learn to drink the bitter cup;
If rejection slips upset you,
You might just as well give up.
-Adrian L. Johnston.

RIVER BIRCHES

Down along the Maurice River,
Trombling in the sun,
Stands a row of river birches--
Lacy patterns spun.
Caught by winds, the branches bow
And nod from side to side,
Trailing green and graceful fingers
In the swirling tide.

Sunbeams tint their bark with silver;
And a spider weaves
A web of iridescent mist
In among the leaves.
Of the great and shining gifts
From the Heavenly Giver,
None can quite surpass the charm
Of birches on the river.
...Frances Lois Vaughn.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS

Should someone come to you
in sorrow,
Someone helpless and alone,
Asking you for bread and shelter,
Would you offer him a stone?
Have you ever helped a stranger
With his burdens and his cares?
Then you may have entertained,
perhaps,
An angel unwares.
If your enemy hunger, feed him,
If he thirst, give him drink.
Do not mind the sneers of others,
Give no heed to what they think.

Do not give your alms before men
In a way that they may see.
Go in secret and the Father,
Will reward you openly.

In as much as you have done it
Unto the least of one of these,
You have done it to the Master,
Every kindness done, He sees.
-Adrian L. Johnston.

METAMORPHOSIS

God wit Cosmos is in tune,
Turn within and heed commune;
Gone the sorrow, pain and grief,
Love the healer brought relief.
...Jennie Claire Ulan

Truth is our emancipator,
God, our only Revelator.

X-PN4827

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955



REFLECTIONS & Refractions

#229

NUMBER FIVE

WINTER 1954

Journal Jottings

By SONYA DAVIDS

Aug. 3, 1954

FROM WHAT I CAN GATHER, either the wives of amateur journalists become enthusiasts themselves, or they discourage their husbands from active participation. As I am in favor of the interest Harold shows in his hobby, I guess I'd better show some interest too. Some day I, too, may learn how to set type.

Actually, I feel as if I know many AJs already. Their papers make interesting reading --- sort of like peeking thru the keyhole into someone else's life. The children keep me so busy I don't get a chance to read all the papers. However Harold selects those he thinks would interest me most and they stay on top of my desk until I get a chance to read them. Actually it was while reading Florence Grady's "On The Distaff Side" that I decided I too must get into the act. Helen Wesson, Rowena Moitoret, and others have also shown me that AJ is not strictly for the men.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

12 October 1954

X-PN 4827

Fellow Members:

R

On August 4th a member made the following charges to the Executive Board:

I. That Leslie A. Shaw on June 20th did write: "I was surprised to see my name listed as a candidate for First Vice-President. When queried about it by Mr. Daas I wrote a list of what I considered were necessary qualifications for the job, none of which I felt possessed. I heard no more about it until I saw my name as a candidate." Since the Constitution requires that an acceptance be received from a candidate, and since Mr. Shaw writes he knew nothing about his candidacy, I petition the Executive Board to declare the election of said Leslie A. Shaw null and void and declare the office of First Vice-President vacant. I further petition said Executive Board to set the date for a new election for this post at the earliest possible date.

After careful consideration the Executive Board, Mr. Shaw not voting, has unanimously dismissed the charges. While it is true that he belittled his qualifications, Mr. Shaw concluded his letter to the Secretary that if in spite of these things, he was considered fit for the office, he would accept. ALL candidates nominated were listed in THE MAN SAYS. Even though he had NOT accepted the nomination, this would not nullify his election to the office since he received the votes of a decidedly large majority of the voters. Furthermore, if there would be a vacancy in the office of First Vice-President, the Second Vice-President would succeed to that office according to the Constitution.

On August 12th the same member made the following charges to the Executive Board: "I do hereby petition the Executive Board to declare null and void the election of officers i.e. president; first vice president; second vice president; official editor; and also the vote on the amendment which appeared on the ballot of said organization and set a new date for an election at the earliest possible moment for the following reasons."

I. Article III, Section 3 of the Constitution was violated. Said article states that the ballots shall be mailed via the bundle "not later than June 10th." The bundle containing the ballots were not mailed until June 13th.

II Section 5, Article 3 was violated in that at least four members were allowed to withdraw their ballots and vote again after having voted once. This is not provided for in said Article of said Constitution. It states "Any member who has voted in the manner described may withdraw his ballot and cast his vote from the convention floor."

After careful consideration the Executive Board has unanimously dismissed the charges. Besides his erroneous spelling of Constitution this member puts words in it that do not appear therein. There is nothing in it that "states that the ballots shall be mailed via the bundle". The ballots are mailed in the Bundle to save extra postage, labelling and envelopes. The ballots reached all the members in time for voting since one ballot, mailed to him via third class, came all the way from Scotland and reached the convention while it was in

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PUBLISHED BY
P. T. MARTYN
5431 Bertner Avenue

MEMBER UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
Saint Louis UNITED AMATEURS
Saint Louis 12, Missouri.

VOLUME I NO. 1 #231
NOVEMBER - 1955

Glad To Be Aboard Folks!

RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

BY THE TASSELTOWN RHYMER.....
P. T. MARTYN

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1957

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Poetry will out, you can't keep it back;
The flight of Pegasus knows but a sure track.
If the heart feels the spirit, 'tis meant but to sing
So like it or not, be resigned to the thing.
The hand of death only can bring it to stop.
And, I, 's'en venture, beyond it may crop.
It's half, rules the critic, is better unang,
And to play he proceeds with his pen and his tongue.

5-DEC-2
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To pause in his censure and weigh what we've said,
His course should tone down to show pity instead.
To the realms of Pegasus methinks went one day
The muses to gather those green crowns of bay,
And to the four winds threw their wreaths in the air,
Awide to be scattered, no mind as to where.
Some went so far that a wither was shown,
While others fell fresh as the garlands are grown.

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Thus bards were created if I think aright,
And a few standing near took the gift without blight.
On brows in the distance the yellow crowns fell
To shine not so good 'O'er the poetic spell.
Among unfortunate myself I include;
While asking not pity, I know my song crude.
And so ever since has inheritance brought
The good and the bad to our music and thought.

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Consider the impulse, ye critic, and meet
The bitter not harshly while testing the sweet.
And again I arise if you don't agree here,
To stress one more point which I fain would make clear,
To sing to the people we've noticed but few
Share altogether your scholastic view.
If of this you're uncertain you still shouldn't doubt
The truth as here stated—that poetry will out.

***** A SUSPICION *****

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Tom Skeddlewink is sore today;
He asked the cause of trouble.
He said he'd lost a stack of hay,
Which vanished like a bubble.

This was the first that Tom had heard
Of such a loss sustained,
And then with sympathetic word
A view his friend explained.

He also says a neighbor friend,
Who claims detective skill,
Made known to Tom his aid he'd lend
If he would just keep still.

"Now, Tom," said he, "to me it's easy—
A fact none will rescind,
The stack of hay in question here
Was blown away by wind".

Which may be true, but Tom asks more
This viewpoint to convey—
The trail of hay to friends' barn door
HAD NOT BEEN BLOWN AWAY.

WRITE A LETTER TO FRIENDS
THOSE FAR AWAY
IT'S ALWAYS NICE HEARING
FROM A FRIENDLY U.A.P.A.

DON'T THE
SEND KIDDIES TO CHURCH!!
TAKE THEM!
E.C.S.

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THE COORDOVY
 5-DEC-2
 PATRICIA "KELLY" PROW
 EDDIE SCHAEFFER!
 PATCH

A MEMORIAL REVIEW
 OF
 KELLY PROW

MY WINDOW

THE RIVER

Maddy, mighty Mississippi
 Who are we to cross your wave?
 Impious and implying imprints,
 Tread your bosom, brown and grave.

Maddy, mighty Mississippi,
 Free flowing breast of half a nation
 Have we shackled, shorn and shamed,
 Made you slave, man's recreation?

Maddy, mighty Mississippi,
 We so staid, so unimpressed,
 Sob and shake and shudder,
 When you raise your foamy crest.

Maddy, mighty Mississippi,
 Then you show who is the master,
 Boiling and rolling all carving...
 Till you rise, race even faster.

Maddy, mighty Mississippi,
 Roll on southward, far from here,
 Deal your death and destruction...
 We have learned respect and fear.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ALL IN NOVEMBER

FROM PAT PROW AND YOURS TRULY....
 May all the true measures of friend-
 ship

Be blended by our thoughts and by our
 deeds.

Co-operative Publishers: Pat Prow
 Lois McFall
 Ed Schaeffer

Work of Saint Louis Members will be shown from time to time until the wheels begin
 to roll...and members begin to show their initiative by "papers".

My thanks to all members everywhere who have written and wished Saint Louis UNITED
 MEMBERS good luck and goodly achievements.....

Did you like the work of F.T. Martyn...shown elsewhere in the Bundle? If so, please
 write to him...and to Pat Prow...and to Lois McFall who is our GUEST on the back
 sheet of the PATCH. Thanks Skipper....thanks Nona...see you all soon.

It is a small basement window
 But I can see things from it.

Others do not see such.
 They only see a tree trunk, and
 A leafy branch, backed by a powder-blue
 sky,

I see more than that.

I see a range of snow-capped mountains.
 The mountains are purple, and misty
 But the snow shines brightly in the sun.
 And I see a rolling prairie....
 Dotted with Sage, Tumbleweed, and Cactus.

I see a green hill-side speckled with white.
 The white specks are sheep, grazing.

I see a large golden moon rising,
 Above a low hill, into a dark blue sky
 That is studded with diamond-like stars...
 And belted with an ivory Milky Way.

I see a lonely coyote facing the moon
 And crying his prayers, for the moon is
 his god....

And he must worship, as we all must do.

I see a drowning sun come over the mountains
 In the East, exclaiming to all, the new day
 And commanding all to come out...
 To come out....
 And view the wonders of God.

This issue is dedicated to KELLY PROW
 who would have been a much finer poet
 had the good lord not accepted his
 hand to guide him along the way.

THINGS
 COULD BE
 VERSE

LIVE
 AND
 LET LIVE!

DON'T SEND
 YOUR KIDS
 TO CHURCH!
 TAKE THEM!

Red, White & Blue Edition of "Crossby Croonings" July 1955

"America the Beautiful!"
 "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"
 "America unites knees,"
 "God save us from ourselves."
 "God bless America"



John Hancock - "He gave us a rugged Constitution."
 These Signers of the Declaration of Independence
 "Lives of great men all remind us. We may make our lives sublime. And depart, leave behind us Footsteps on the sands of Time."

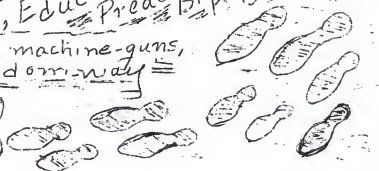
Not more of Freedom than of Security - the suffered for it.
 Patriots, accept the Challenge, Think & Vote & Pray!

Uncle Sam's Big Men and Women.

Jane Adams, Frances Willard, Lewis and Clark
 All our Poets, Statesmen, Educators, Preachers, Philanthropists, Big and Little Businessmen.

Votes are mightier than machine-guns, If we'd save the Freedom way

The good businessman, or Official, must first be a good man"



MARCH 1956
VOLUME 1. NO.3.
P. T. MARTIN
EDITOR PUBLISHER
MEMBER U.A.P.A.
6431 BARTHER AVE.
SAINT LOUIS, 12, MO.

RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

X-PN4827

R #235

GRANDPA'S SPELLING BOOK

5-MAR 27
COPY 1956

Little Tommy was aware that his behavior didn't shine,
That so medals had he won for being in the good boy line.
Much of worry this caused him, and a highlight to annoy
Was the tales his grandpa told of when he was, like him, a boy.
To impress his grandson here he described the perfect lad,
And made the claim he was just that and held most boys today were bad.
One day temptation Tommy met while he sauntered through the hall,
To which he thought his grandpa's role as that good boy would take a fall.
The attic door stood open wide, beyond which lay forbidden ground,
But he fancied those stairs led to things which he had never found.
One step he took, a second, third, 'twas then too late, he couldn't stop
Until with cautioned climb he'd reached with eyes agaze, the stairway's top.
And what was here? Such wondrous things, left from the days so long gone by,
Things he'd never dreamed were there he took in with delighted eye.
Old tables, chairs, a spinning wheel, a hanging lamp of quaint design,
A highchair in which that good boy might once have been enthroned to dine;
Old trunks and chests, a trundle bed, a time worn clock with broken face,
And many more things of the like were here assigned a resting place.
Our culprit stood awhile in awe, and then he spied a dusty shelf,
And on it lay a little book which seemed to try to hide itself.
With wary hand he picked it up, of course not sensing a surprise,
But this he got, a thrill also, at what appeared before his eyes.
His grandpa's name was printed there which told as plain as it could tell
That 'twas the book he'd used at school when his old critic learned to spell.
His conscience bade him put it back, but 'twas in deference he stooped,
While he held with tightened grasp that object from a boy so good.
To inspect it he began, and then he nearly let it fall
When a sentence jarred his faith, written with a boyish scrawl,
'Let's play hookey and go fishin' ' was suggested to someone,
Maybe some boy whose grandpa did the fibbing act his own had done.
Then in keeping with the line of what was told him of the past,
The book just seemed to wink and say, "You win, the game is up at last".
He laid the wink to a schoolboy sketch, an ugly face of pictured woe,
'This is the teacher' were the words which he made out there below.
Now, Tommy had done work like this when classes often made him yawn,
But never had his sketches shown such insults as he saw here drawn.
'If my name you want to see', was another line he read,
'Look on page two-hundred-three,' and to comply his fingers sped.
He'd surmised a trick in store, but in this case he welcomed it,
The one who'd planned it he'd show up, so with no regrets he "bit".
And when he'd reached the destined page he realized the fancied plot,
'You are a fool for looking', was the one reward he got.
From all just learned he felt that he was just that person anyway
For believing certain things his grandpa liked so much to say.
Perhaps some other attics dark such stores of secrets too may hold,
And are just waiting to reveal the truth which sometime will be told,
Some other Tommys of today may set to bring to modern light
Such evidence that goes to show that grandpas are not always right.
It may be this one's pose was wise, but wiser still 'twould hereby look
If he had climbed those attic stairs and burned that telltale spelling book.

A RUNNER UP.

The golden rule is one of might,
No other stands as high;
The wisdom it speaks for the right
No one should dare deny.
If all respected its decree,
To follow as they should,
The bad on every side we'd see
To fade before the good.
But there's another rule I hold
As not so far behind;
It shares much of the golden's gold
To aid all human kind.
It's meant to act against the grudge
And those who'd abet it,
And many others will so judge
My good word, "Forget it".

CAMOUFLAGE.

Whit Bottleson is back today,
Direct from Briar Creek.
He wears a haircut on his head,
A shave upon his cheek.
He surely looks the younger part,
And furthermore, they say
With looks so good he uses them
In quite a stronger way.
'Tis said he tells his creditors
Each time they come to call,
That 'twas his dad who borrowed their
cash,
And not himself at all.

To those who have subscriptions due -
We'd take a cord of wood or two.

APRIL 1956.
Volume 1. No. 4.
P. T. Martyn.
Author, Publisher.
Member U. A. P. A.
5431 Bartner Ave.
St. Louis 12, Mo.

X-PN4827

RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

#236

MISSING MISSES

5 - APR 30
Copy 1956

My mind goes to a seashore scene which I know far away,
Where many happy days I whiled, which I like to recall.
Two little sisters stand high there, I watched them at their play
To such extent that I betook a pleasure to enthral.
To merely hear their spade and pail as they clinked in the sand,
Was no small factor unto me as went my joyful state,
And many other seashore sports not to be seen on land,
Were there performed by both of them in ways to fascinate.
Since then I have been several times upon that happy ground,
And to converse as we did then has been my chief desire;
But no trace of my little friends, for such they were, I found.
Each time I felt as though I saw the ashes of a fire.
I wonder where they may be now and what they both may do;
If still on earth I know that they are high up in their teens,
And childhood interests have made way for others which accrue,
It is but in memory now that I'll enjoy those scenes.
I sent a note to the address they gave me as their home,
But soon it was returned to me marked "Moved left no address".
I know they're not the gypsy sort who like so much to roam,
And that we all said we would write is a point I might stress.
But if I should behold them now, although 'twould please my sight,
I know they have outgrown all points so charming then to me.
A sordid view would have come down from one I call delight.
Oh, Alice and Beatrice, dears, today where can you be!

I'll just imagine that my words somehow fall on your ear,
While I recall some of those scenes, so strong in my thoughts yet.
I like to tell of them and know the same you'd like to hear,
And also know you'd treat as I those times I can't forget.
Remember that big boulder that was at the water's side?
You played it was a camel, often climbed up to its top,
And how you'd run behind it, from each other so to hide?
Then, too, while you climbed those six feet I feared that you would drop.

When perched on it you'd urge with heels and give that "gidup" yell
While you'd sit on that big hump, a natural camel's seat.
The old stone camel still is there, but all does not seem well;
Two little riders, you know who, the picture would complete.
Do you recall that little girl, about your age and size,
Who used to join our company, which we called "The Big Four"?
She was still there on all my trips, refreshing to my eyes,
And she, like me, was strong to know why you came there no more.
The old lighthouse, a mile off shore, is still the same out there,
To guide the ships from rocks below, it played a noble part.
You know we went to visit it, the tender's trip to share;
And a good time was had by all from the time of our start.
Well, maybe I'll be meeting you in heaven or some place.
I know you both will be above, but I am not so sure.
If I'd compare my life with yours, I'd own a doubtful case.
Oh, Alice and Beatrice, dears, where are you, I implore!

* * *

A WORD ON SKYWRITING

Those ads they write up in the sky provide a thrill, I don't deny.
The danger, height and skill of it are elements that rightly fit
Into a show that pleases much as human nature takes to such.
Yet, gladly do I see them fade in time about as soon as made.
I fear some fellow might invent a way to make them permanent,
Or at least by some process should stretch the life they now possess.
Trouble then we'd see arise with laws to fight to clear the skies.
The radio has told enough to warn us of this sort of stuff.
Trade boosters would the sky soon set to look like soup; the alphabet
In noodles far from spoon and hand would be as thick as is the canned.
Cloudy days would seem as night; sunny days would shine less bright.
Showers would be so impeded rain-making guns might here be needed.
May those signs no stronger grow, but stand a little while, then blow.

* * *

MAY 1956.

VOLUME 1. NO. 4.

P. T. Martyn

Author, Publisher.

Member U. A. P. A.

5431 Bartmer Ave.

St. Louis 12, Mo.

RHYMES FROM THE TASSEL TOWN TIMES

BEAUTIFUL WORD

Many are the words of beauty I enjoy when I can hear them,
And others think the same as I do, even lists of them have made;
But if one they're not including, to this one I'd fain endure them,
As the best word they could utter, in competition here would fade.
It even has lulled me to slumber while I fretted wide awake;
I just repeat it for a minute and next day am told I snore:
I recommend it as a tonic, a top one for you to take.
But now the word that has so charmed me, it's that compound, "cellar door".

Clear as a bell its sounding goes, I wonder if so recognized;
In these high times of workaday 'twould fall as sunshine after rain,
As no less than a boon 'twould be in singing out the word so prized,
A sort of soothing I'd vouchsafe which just to speak would so maintain.
The hardest menial job, I'd find, as well as that of mental sort,
To be most easy to perform, the same as a small household chore.
And from his troubled waters, too, methinks my boss would share this port,
And even raise my pay because I sang and whistled "cellar door."

How this low thing of house construction, which leads people underground,
Could be so beautiful in sounding I could never comprehend,
Unless its named for things there hidden, which too often so are found.
If so, the name might be for mixing, meant with such stuff so to blend.
It is the bottled goods I'm meaning, which we should all know, of course,
The sort that some will ere keep hidden, which we good folks all ignore.
I own its beauty is degraded if its name comes from this source.
But I'll forget this thought entirely as I'll ring in "cellar door."

If to this grand old word, I hearken when it comes my time to die,
'Twould be as by an angel spoken, so to welcome me above;
And that to use it as a passport, good Saint Pete would let me by,
And just because this word of beauty could mean nothing else but love.
However, there's one thing I'm asking, which regards what must occur;
It's when the great divide I'm crossing, so to hear my word no more;
Although I feel you know already that to which I now refer,
I'll give it as my last instruction, word my headstone "cellar door".

* * *

MEMORIAL FLOWERS

This day we pause in life's turmoil
in silence to let fall
The flowered tokens of the earth
where rest our soldier dead.
A spread of beauty we behold to be
seen over all.
Which stands for more to honor them
than all that could be said.

Unto the good earth we return
when life for us is done,
And from this source we gain the
means to live while we are here;
And no idle fancy 'tis to think
that earth is one
That speaks in flowers to those
sons
We ever hold so dear.

While that peace they'd win for us,
with war along the way,
Is still in doubt, the flag they'd
save waves gently in the breeze
To seem to share the grief we'll
bear on this Memorial day,
And no honor is too high for heroes
such as these.

* * *

TIPS IN GOOD ORDER

From the plate rims and to the floor
restaurant knives must slide.
It makes me sore and what is more,
down there they seem to hide.
Today I bent to pick one up,
and made of it a mess,
I knocked and spilled my coffee cup;
my face turned red, I guess.
A waitress then observed my plight
and jumped right to my aid.
While those nearby took in the sight,
they saw some cleanup made.
And while she worked she joked and smiled,
which cheered me up a lot;
If all day long such time I'd whiled,
I would regret it not.
And furthermore she favored me
with service I call true,
More coffee she brought me for free,
and the knife replaced too.
Two quarters I left for a tip,
'Twas small for all of this,
A ten-spot for such fellowship
I would not count amiss.

* * *

A little squib to fill this space
To write I'll now endeavor.
Well, now, I haven't room for it --
Some break, if one was ever.

* * *

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Rhymes From The Tasseltoorn Times

X-PN# 827

.R

#236



GRAND OPENING

The new telephone line, with its service to shine, the best we could hope
it to render,
Was thrown open last night with high jinks at their height, connecting our
town up with Bender.
Everyone in that room let their feelings so zoom that their dancing was
recklessly whirled.
It was some big event, and with my bottom cent I'd bet it the liveliest
in world.
Such a big feed was spread that all present were fed, it surpassed all they'd
had in a year.
A guy self-appointed, worked things up disjointed, as the telephone line's
engineer.
He, a hungry deadbeat who'd joined others to eat, then mastered all the
ceremonies;
And they liked him not much as a personal touch, but they liked phone folks,
even phonies.
The big eating to fit he proclaimed as "banquet", a name not much known to
hillbillies;
And the bill of fare, too, he named ritzy "menu", but all the fun blotted
these sillies.
It might be opined that he'd have us refined, and he'd taken the job so to do;
But to judge how he ate, it did not indicate that the guy was sincere in
that view.
At midnight the affair was wound up, and a flare, true to holding the best
for the last,
Was launched by our mayor, a last minute stayer, as was shown by his hearty
repat;
'Twas a greeting he wrote, and it's with pride we quote, to the mayor at
Bender addressed;
It's when every tired ear was attentive to hear, that he spoke with his voice
duly stressed;
Original to core, the first words the line bore, he let go with the best in
him fraught,
And in historic fame, his will be a great name for the greeting yelled, "What
hath God wrought!"

AN HONORED NAME

A MISS
A haystack in a wagon
Our office passed today.
We couldn't see the driver
As he was sunk in hay.
So his name we don't mention
Where personals we print.
He surely roused our anger,
For pulling such a stint.
Our office devil knows him,
Though he's not much to know.
He says it was on purpose
That the guy acted so.
If then we'd had a pitchfork
We'd not have let him pass.
Anyway, he made our column
As some "Sneak in the grass".

MEANT TO CONSOLE

With much regret and shed of tears,
Down his long line of bygone years,
The average old man of today,
Looks back with remorse well in play.
But with sunshine he would be pepped
If he could realize he'd kept
Those ten rules of simplicity,
For which of them I should most grateful be.
To think of them I term no less
Than thoughts of mental happiness.
They shine forth, each a guiding
star --
The ten commandments, such they are.

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Rhymes From The Tasseltown Times

X-PN4827

R

#239

PRESERVE THE PHYSICAL

From the library came a book so old it had turned brown,
With many pages "broken" where the corners were turned down.
And "broken" is the word for it, so brittle they'd become
That to pinch them with finger tips you'd pulverize and crumb.
The book was by Walt Mason who put out that tiptop rhyme,
Ever his, not imitated in old or modern time.
I took the book back to its grave, to borrow it no more;
I feared my laughs at Mason's wit would turn into a roar;
And then a cyclone, it would seem, had badly shattered it,
Had made that action look as though a dust storm there had hit.
A new edition I am for, of these books just a few,
Where to compare in twenty years, the paper would seem new;
Or this great work we might preserve in cellophane confined,
As they might do that document which old John Hancock signed
When independence we declared, I don't know as 'tis done,
But my theme is as worthy as the independence one.
The present generation in these books would take delight,
But due to their condition they would seldom treat them right
Unless with fingers gingerly these youngsters turned each page.
And refrained from turning corners, to break like dried out sage.
In olden papers by the score Walt Mason's rhymes appeared --
These rhymings of the good old days, I count them most endeared.

SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

Hail "The Spirit of Seventy-Six,
That picture shines today;
Those boys are out to do their
stuff

In the true Yankee way.
To see them we acclaim their
stunt

And if they lived as real,
We'd go along and fight with
them
With patriotic zeal.

A fife, two drums are on the
job,
At tops in this event,
And by the way they step to
them

We know it's business meant.
A youth, an oldster, a young
man

Comprise this gallant three
Who from the artist's brush
went forth
To fight for liberty.

And as for him who did the work,
(All honor to his name)
I'll say he and his picture, too,
Should make our Hall of Fame.
Today that spirit is as strong
As it has ever been,
And it's a thrill that it would
mean
To see them both therein.

Though long ago those fellows
marched,
Their spirit we still own;
Without atomic bombs and such
We'd fight with guns alone.
It's inspiration they give out,
No less than freedom's call,
And this view of "Seventy-Six"
Should gladden hearts of all.

A MODERN VIEW

Came Independence Day again,
the day that's ours alone,
And by those bange and booms
and such our sentiments were shown.
All seemed to think it proper
that we should so celebrate,
But I've a different view of it
which I wish to relate.
In all the scores of years gone by
since we saw freedom's light.
Our independence we'd have held by
merely showing might.

To mark our victory like this in
early days was well,
But even to think of it now, such
thoughts we should dispell.

To stand in our shoes today a
natural 'twould be,
So why now keep the custom up,
this Fourth of July spree?

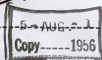
We cannot help but glorify old
England, little friend,
And few are they who celebrate
who'd see it to this end.

Lots of the people over there take
on the sense of pride
Because the day recalls their law
by which we had to bide,
While to compare it is a case of
mouse and elephant;

And here a glance should show why
we should not be jubilant..
Also John Bull and Uncle Sam now
stand on common ground

To act for peace and will succeed
if anywhere it's found.

With friendship strong, and may it
last, I deem it most unwise
That we should please our bygone
foes and, too, antagonize.
Tradition thrives in England as
a thing of life itself,
But here is one that old John Bull
would like to see on shelf.



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RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

#240

Glamorous Actress

5 NOV -9

Our actress friend, Miss Spotten, who maintains she's extra good,
Tells us she soon will leave us and make tracks for Hollywood,
That this proving ground awaits her, too long she's been away
According to her view of it, her talents to display.
She says she will come back to us, but 'twill be on the screen,
There to shine in her glory, and with oodles of long-green.
So jealous will the home gals be of her, she opines,
That some had rather see her go to where the woodbine twines.

X-PN4827

R

The preparations she has made, the venture to put through,
Would make us dizzy just to think of all she thought to do.
Among them were ten pounds of cards, which in her trunk she stored,
So when she signs those autographs she'll not have to be bored.
She says 'twill save her lots of time, that she'll just hand them out,
With long lines of her public pleased in being so devout.
But here is where we made a break which caused us much of woe,
We should have kept out big mouth shut and let Miss Spotten blow.

It was quite innocent we felt when we the question put
Which laid us up for seven days due to her fist and foot.
We just asked if the railroad had sold her a roundtrip fare,
And how that gal flew at us! Well, we wish we'd not been there.
There is one thing we'd like to say, to Hollywood we'd speak;
We'll say you fellows should give her whatever job she'd seek.
Those gal's names given hurricanes for this gal would be right,
Do her the way she would be done as she is dynamite.

* * *

OCTOBER

October brings us many scenes
we like to look upon,
These days when Summer's eve
gives place

To hard old winter's dawn.
The colors of the countryside
In turning leaves are shown,
And the beauty there to see
Is seen in them alone.

But still a better view I saw,
In keeping with the day,
As at an old farm gate I stopped
And gazed across the way.
The old red barn stood prominent,
Its weather-vane on high,
In fitful gusts to halt and whirl
Beneath the hazy sky.

The fodder stacks stood in the
field;

To see them, stark, serene,
They told of busy hands that
plied

To please me with this scene.
The old rail fence looked good
to me,

And here, to gladden more,
A frisky squirrel ran on its top,
Out for its winter store.

'Twas on an auto trip that I
Beheld this peaceful sight,
And while I sat and pondered there
My cares were given flight.
I cast an eye on such a spot,
In all our strife and woe,
I term a solace to the mind,
A blessing to bestow.

* * *

A SHINING LIGHT

Charles Dickens in a book he wrote
regarding the U. S.

Said as to humor we have none,
a statement we deny.
Though lots of it he had himself,
which some would not confess;
Still, to give credit where it's due
is a rule we go by.

While to compare with his output
in this noteworthy line,
We were allotted a back seat
from where we laughed with him,

But later on a person came
who rose up here to shine
To such extent the Dickens' brand
was seen to be but dim.

So, as to humor we have none,
perhaps some truth was there
To count the speaker and his time;
He's now an also ran.

The Pickwick Papers with their fun
to compete wouldn't dare
With Huckleberry Finn opposed,
and Mark Twain is the man.

* * *

Hold the Buck

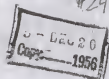
To pass on to someone else
One's problems he would sham
Is called "Passing of the buck",
And much of it is done.

Let your conscience be your guide
I'd say unto this kind,
Nothing's to be relished more
Than is this peace of mind.

* *

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RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES



Es Sees An Injustice.

Es Skeptic while in the big town some rabbits to a fellow sold;
His customer wrote him a check, which he deems ever troublesome.
Although assured that he would find this payment to be good as gold,
He claims when he is paid this way some sort of trouble has to come.
In this case it was strong to find and it came to him double quick.
To cash the check he walked into a bank, and there's where it began.
The money was paid him all right but he says he was done a trick
Which stamped the cashier of that bank as no less than a bunco man.
This person gave him a smooth spiel, with the result that he had bought
A safety box in which to store his things of value, safely kept.
When he'd paid for the article, that to get what he termed ill-got,
He and the cashier went down stairs, and Ezra Sceptic all but wept.
An iron box the bank man took and shoved it right into the wall.
He locked it, handed Es the key and said, "All right, sir, many thanks."
But Es says he was not so dumb, and told him that went not at all.
He says the whole scheme damned on him, and when it came to helping banks,
They'd go without his valuables, that they'd stay safely from that box.
He'd heard that banks went to the wall, but also says he never knew
Of the big risk the people ran of losing stuff behind those locks,
That hard-up banks go the walls to get the means to help them through.
His money was returned to him, but after a near fight he had.
He'd thought the box was sold to him to carry any place he went,
And thinks that few if any know of such a situation bad,
Or they would go to Washington and tell it to the president.

* * *

A TV By-Product.

My cat knows where to take a nap when she is so inclined,
And it's as warm as was the spot 'neath kitchen stoves of yore.
I've always wondered how it was such quarters she could find;
And that she has to jump herewith has made no wonder more.
It is beside the rabbit ears on top of the T. V.,
To where she jumps when I go out and leave the set turned high.
But how she could find that warm place whose heat could only be
An inch or two from whence it came, serves, too, to mystify.
It's little its inventors knew when this great work they wrought
That they would act in such a way to please the feline tribe.
But such it is, as other cats like mine are also caught
Indulging in this new pastime, a pleasure to imbibe.
What is transpiring there below to her is no concern;
Even if the show were Mickey Mouse she'd just lie there and purr.
If Tabby cat is wise enough of such a place to learn,
She'd know that all was make believe on what there could occur.
Comfort I like to be had by every living creature,
And I turn on my T. V. set to get this for the cat;
Though no picture's there to see, but if the sound's a screecher,
I turn it off because I know she cannot stand for that.

* * *

Be Cautious

Slim Beanypole is six feet tall and on the strength of that
An idea has come to his bean which we do not approve.
There's man enough about him figures this good Democrat,
That to allow him to vote twice would be a proper move.
One of his chief opponents holds him up to ridicule
By stating such an idea shows a wooden head on Slim,
And says his height, with so much wood, would do as a flagpole.
He'd better watch his step in this, that pole might fall on him.

* * *

A Time Saver.

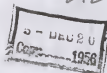
To speed up the dishwashing an inventor finds the way,
As is now demonstrated up at Hefflewanger's store.
It is a dishpan painted with some stuff that looks like clay,
Which kills reflecting powers in that article for sure.
The time spent by the women while they stand at looking glass,
Or any other place where they their facial charms can scan,
Had got to be a problem, but this part of it will pass;
It's elsewhere they'll admire themselves than in this kitchen pan.

* * *

X-PN4827

R

Rhymes from the Tasseltown Times



Solved

At the postoffice months ago arrived a big queer piece of mail
Which caused some worry at that place, quite a while to so prevail.
Our good postmaster, sad to say, was the one on whom it lit,
But finally he found a way by which he was led out of it,
A mailing tube ten inches long was the article here blamed;
It bore no address at all, and never has the thing been claimed.
It worried the postmaster much and to get it off his mind,
He made bold to open it, believing he might some clue find.
A photo it turned out to be of a lady young and fair,
And he cracked down on it to hold for his album then and there.
He'd keep it despite all claiming with the statement "You're too late",
That it had passed the deadline as to its delivery date.
While a hoghead apple barrel was providing her a seat,
In a monster pile of apples she was dangleing both her feet.
"In Apple Time" its title ran, neatly printed there below,
But no words were herchy needed this to let the people know.
After a long look at it while he held it flatly laid,
He was to find it acted up like a tight drawn window shade.
The thing had been compressed so long in that tube it just flopped back
To the spot it had been pulled from, and with a resounding crack.
He smoothed it out time after time, rolled it backwards that much too,
But this tension was maintained, no weakening there to ensue.
While on the problem he thought hard, an idea to him arose;
To get the result he sought the public was the means he chose.
This roll of paper he'd hang up where it could be seen by all,
So to put this in effect he hung it on a nearby wall.
He thought that the people here to get a good look as he'd had,
Would unroll it so many times they might make this charmer mad.
But their arms he'd limber up, as rigid as just off of shelves,
Or it might better suit to say as though packed in tubes themselves.
And the exorcise involved, together with the pretty scene,
Would straighten out his conscience here if he thought he had acted mean.
His plan soon was carried out, and now to look upon that girl
As a wet rag you'd see her hang, not to see one upward curl.

* * *

Gratitude

For the swell birthday greetings
which were sent me recently,
I wish to speak my gratitude,
return my thanks also,
Especially to the good folks up
there in Milwaukee.
With sixteen names they signed a
card, such good will to
bestow.

So many signers so to get are
happily received,
Moreso to one whose place is seen
up in the golden years.
And though worry is his lot he
is here somewhat relieved
When such kind words of cheer reach
him, he feels less in arrears.

To single greetings I've received
I've single answers sent
Which I think only proper when
compared they are so few;
Yet, to the wholesale lot I mean no
lag of sentiment,
I send to each my thanks as strong
though blanket goes the view.

* * *

A Quietus

A lady, young and honored by
her neighbors, everyone,
Has purchased some new music
and is giving it a run.
The same old tunes which they all
thought would never have an end,
A silent brush-off they give
here in manner to commend;
Perhaps they think enough's been
said their neighbor to deride,
They all have shut their mouths up
tight and windows opened wide.

* * *

Induction

To drop things and pick them up
As through this life we go,
Some comfort it would mean to us
Did we not have it so.

A simple method I'd adopt
This trouble's end to see:
If such things have a metal ring
It's qualified they'd be.

If not, a little steel then add,
A bit attached to each,
A horseshoe magnet pin to sleeve,
Then they should stay in reach.

* * *

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R

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RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

4327

#243

ONE MAN SPEAKS

Gloved and earmuffed, to show sense at its best,
With no thought of doctors or medicine chest,
His comfort, too, present in wind and in cold,
The rugged man goes, not these worries to hold.
But alas, a dark side must be shown to his state,
Though no blame in him is it ours to create.
'Tis the rise of a contrast I'm sure he'd lay low --
Though ears and hands suffer to render it so.
But knowing, like others, 'twould not help the case,
He keeps out the cold with no censor to face.

5-FEB-1

Very young ladies with shins, calves and knees
Devoid of all covers, continue to freeze.
And late zero weather, an acid test true,
Has had little weight on this thing to subdue.
May daughters and mothers or both if at fault
Some day end this practice which winter should halt.
And if to do likewise they don't soon begin,
To act to the purpose the law should step in.
'Tis said on the subject man shouldn't be heard,
But man has a right to condemn the absurd.

* * * * *

POE'S ANNIVERSARY

He trod the path where others'
steps before and since have been
unknown.
Apprising those who'd follow him
that his brave way was his
alone.
In song whose strength was
recognized aside from beauty
there contained.
In mountings from the source
unique, whose heights
exalted he attained.
His efforts were to mystify, to
charm, to captivate and hold
those who hearkened unto him,
Who ranked them as of fancy's gold.
Physically his life was scant, of
worldly goods his portion poor;
Yet genius would mock pity here to
tell by such it thrives the more.
In him was seen that case so oft
exemplified where minds of men
Failed his true worth to see till
death, when it arose as born
again.
Here in glory's realm to shine, no
brighter star for us to know,
A priceless heritage we own --
the gift of Edgar Allan Poe.

* * * * *

WATCH PARTY

My nearest rhyme to January
Is Connecticut's Danbury.
They make fine watches there,
I hear,
Coincident to the New Year.
If with my words I don't come
clean,
The old watch party's what I
mean.
I do not like these things
called puns,
They'd sorta rile these bundle
buns.
But here I think this one is
fit,
So with reluctance I use it.

* * * * *

QUALITY INTEREST

The street car rider lays aside
the paper he's just
bought
While from his pocket he brings
forth
One in the mail he got.
Of world affairs he'll later read,
They now take a back seat.
It's little he considers them
beside the home town
sheet.

* * * * *

AN OPINION

Up at the top of Doodle hill from the back of Jim Scroggin's cart,
A jug of liquor rolled and fell, whereby it took on such a start
That fifteen feet of level ground it traveled on at such a rate,
It left its owner standing there, to watch in a bewildered state.
And when it reached the hill's incline it went downhill, such force to it,
That Scroggin's telling of its speed, said that jug went lickety-split.
But at Skate Dooverlitt's house, which stands a good way down the hill,
Its trip came to a sudden stop, its contents not a drop to spill.
Some say Skate's house was in the way, which thereby caused the jug to halt,
But we opine this view to take would go best with a pinch of salt.
They may be right but we believe much cause is given here to doubt.
Some agency inside the house we think brought this jug's stop about.

* * * * *

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RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

#244
X-PN4827

R

Taken In.

Ambition is the word for it, it nigh drives him cuckoo;
Jim Botts we see the victim here, and 'tis a sorry plight.
To help him out he fails to find anyone to look to,
But recently he thought he'd found a man who'd set him right.
His "bug" as people call his case is to learn how to sing.
A letter came to him last week from one Professor Pop,
Who stated that he could teach Botts to warble anything,
And said all singing teachers to compare with him would flop.
He told Botts to read ten books, and right on his home ground
He'd make a singer out of him who'd rise to wealth and fame.
And as the King of Singers in this state he would be crowned.
The money he sent out forthwith and by next mail there came
A sheet of music named thereon The Barnyard Melody.
Blank spaces of an inch or two in every line appeared,
And for a while the use of them was more than he could see.
But the instructions on the back the situation cleared;
And when to read them he began, disgusted was his state.
"Just mosey round the old barnyard", the first instruction read,
"And memorize all of the sounds the animals create.
Then sing out any sort of sound while getting into bed.
With the music held before you fill each space on the sheet
With the sound of the animals, such as were given you.
Sing them out at all the spaces in voice as loud as can —
The onk of pigs, the quack of geese, the cow's contented moo;
Then a great singer you'll become, belike a superman."
Jim says he read the whole thing through, then tossed it in the fire.
Professor Pop, he adds, must think his head's a wooden block.
Jim tells us to learn how to sing is still his chief desire,
It's singing lessons he would take, but not from his livestock.

* * *

Hay While Sun Shines.

"While You Wait" is a good sign hung up by custom baiters,
But some way the time to pass would better please the waiters.
Sitting down or standing up, a person finds himself,
Unless he's patient as was Job, like something on the shelf.
It's true that some establishments have shared with me this view,
And have provided in a way this tension to subdue.
In doctors' waiting rooms, to read, are papers, magazines,
Which are supplied to suit the case as proper go between.
But to veer from the argument though still not far removed,
I have a money making plan which some should stamp approved.
It has to do with phone booths and industrious barber folk.
With lots of tips to gain thereby and much on which to joke.
To explain I'll point to you the phone booth standing near,
Though any one of them would serve to make the subject clear.
You see those people all lined up awaiting there to phone;
Something inside is taking place which they cannot condone.
A fellow has talked on that phone, as many others do,
For a whole day, it seems to them, and still he isn't through.
Now, barbers, from all I have said you should know what I mean,
To run your chair outside that door much business you would glean.

* * *

Future Bait.

Es Spottem went to the big town and says that he got swindled there
To such extent that he maintains that all of it sticks in his hair.
Into a picture show he went as innocent as would a lamb.
And when they seated him in there he found he'd come to be flimflamed.
He says he has seen nerve before but here it was shown at its peak
They flashed some samples on the screen of pictures to be shown next week.
He didn't pay his cash to see such things in future to be had.
For future custom they laid for which would make the most patient mad.
And when Es left that picture show, at the box office he stopped by.
And left a few instructions there to which we think they will comply.
He told the management if he would prevue and keep it pleasant,
He'd best start with the audience to make sure that he's not present.

* * *

RHYMES FROM THE TASSELTOWN TIMES

#245

6 - MAY 16
1957
OVERLEACHES.

William Shakespeare, I am standing while I tremble like a leaf;
Up against the wall I'm resting just like one in bas relief.
Your great statue stands before me wrought by man of marble stone;
And I know I'd faint completely if you stood in flesh and bone.
I can hardly understand you, even Goldsmith claimed as much;
Yet, he knew he was a small fry here beneath the master's touch.
Here and there in your great writings shines a crystal thought to me,
Just as clear, elucidating, as that Webster guy can be.
But I'll not spiel further of them as my cheap song doesn't fit,
And to bring up in this manner would but make a mess of it.
There's the fellow they call jester in that all important role,
Who was there for entertaining kings, as shown by old King Cole.
I'm admitting he'd go better than the more high-hatted sort,
As he stands at the king's elbow where they let him hold the fort.
But that popular opinion which maintains this fellow wise,
Even wiser than the actors whom he likes to criticize
Would convince me altogether that the best song I could sing,
Could but leave me standing shamefaced at the weakness I would bring.
And even now I'm feeling that I've entered ground forbidden,
That the best of my verses would go better here kept hidden.
So right now I'd best be quitting as the topic's too profound;
I'll just hie me back to foolishness to live on my home ground.

X-PN4827

R

ENDED WELL

The fellow who puts out this goo
has slowed down a little;
Hit by a truck, 'twas his bad luck
to land in hospital.
As is well known the broken bone
is no slight pain to feel,
And such I had, which was so bad
it wracked me down to heel.

Yet, I elate despite this state
and all which I there braved
That I don't own today a stone
with my name there engraved.
Glad, too, was I not to deny
the best for me was done.
I know, also, that in all woe
the dark precedes the sun.

The Get Well Card and nonsense bard
were much in evidence;
Their words of cheer did me good here,
and will in time long hence.
I'll recollect with due respect
these friends who wished me well
By sail this way, 'twas every day
such boons to me befell.

In my good doc I take much stock,
and all his medic lore.
I know that he did well by me,
could have pleased me no more.
With such an ill to fill the bill
as easily as could,
He seemed to share with utmost care
the pain which I withstood.

Well, anyhow I make my bow
to say again I'm set
To hit again the nonsense yen,
which some rise to abet,
And those aside I wouldn't chide,
I'd just say ignore it,
To skip each time this sort of rhyme,
I'd blame them not a bit.

PROFIT HERE

To buy store's names on shopping
bags
is a cause to complain.
It's many reasons we could give
why such bags should be
plain.
One advertisement, though, we'll
show,
and it should be enough:
It's that the stores sell us
these things
to carry out their stuff.

DESERT SKULLS

Those skulls in the desert scene
the artist strews about
Have gone to show a detail where
that person is all wrong.
As cows don't roam the desert
sands
his brush should leave them
out.
As this is what they look more
like,
with those horns made so
long.
If camels grow horns on their
skulls
some artists are misled
Providing this is what is meant
as to this animal.
While a few show that they are
there
In studying its head
It's better it would be for some
to show no horns at all.

LOST OPPORTUNITY

Had we known that wisdom pays
As the T. V. Quiz portrays,
The college books would show degrees
Thick as holes are in Swiss cheese.

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PHILIP T. MARTIN,

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ST. LOUIS 12, MO.

RHYMES FROM THE TASSEL TOWN TIMES

#246

Ghost Town.

While homeward we were journeying from the Pacific coast,
We reached the ruins of a town: the sort which they call Ghost.
As to inspect it with our bent we parked the car got out.
Approached it with eerie walk, alert for life about.
We found it in a citizen, or such took him to be
Who watched us from an old shack, eyed us suspiciously.
We told him we were driving through and asked if he would tell
A little to us of the place and how such blight befell.
"Yes, strangers, I'll do so" he said "my fee is half a buck;
I'll tell you all you want to know of the town and its luck.
It's many tourists I've helped out in giving such info,
I've been staked out here all my life, and of it ought to know."
We thought his fee was low enough and gladly plunked it down,
Our interest had risen high in this shell of a town.
"Well, strangers," began the old man, for he was old enough
To nicely fit in with the scene, as on his pipe he'd puff.
"This town was once a booming one, it left New York behind,
With all its society and things of every kind.
The nearby mines gave up their stuff until there was no more,
And the people faded out as quickly as the ore.
A dance hall just across the street, including Kelly's bar,
Where to go home before sun-up they'd count irregular,
Raised such a racket all night long I feared it would cave in,
To make those dancers wish that they some other place had been.
They had a counter in that bar as long as a steamship,
Where fifty men stood at one time to guzzle, cuss and sip.
So thick with people this street was they'd have to elbow round,
With most of them so rough and tough that fistfights must abound.
An opry house was in full swing, the gals made that stage groan,
And the ugliest dancer knew she'd not be left alone.
If tough guys Uncle Sam looked for he would find here a lot,
For war or anything he'd name it was a likely spot.
The miners and all other sorts were here to make the grade --
But here we stopped our oracle and goodbye to him bade.
And so the old man and his town we left and drove away,
Not to forget what we had learned of ghostly stuff that day.

* * * * *

Gratitude.

Guess I sorta felt big headed
While in the hospital bedded,
At all the "Get Well" cards I got,
Just eighty-one comprised the lot,
With nearly half I'm proud to say,
From members of U. A. P. A.
Such words in my predicament
Seemed to make shorter time there
spent;
And as to what for me they've done,
My heartfelt thanks to every one.
* * *

Where Beauty Dies.

A cherry high up in the tree
Sunned itself quite prettily.
Observed by human eyes below,
It ended 'neath a plate of dough.
Thus beauty from the tree must die,
For many other kinds of pie.
For one I do not think it nice
That beauty must so sacrifice.
All things we eat that's known to
man
Cannot avoid the pot and pan.
When artists paint the "still life"
scene,
This point is brought out fully keen.
With work finished this must follow --
Such subjects they chew and swallow.
* * *

Have Faith.

Two simple words I ere repeat do
me a world of good;
I say them to myself and they serve
me as a prayer would.
When I'm in doubt or anything I need
to set me right,
I can't recall an instance where
I've not been shown the light.
Sincerity goes with the words, to
do as He would ask,
They have ever helped me out, to
meet my highest task.
They'd lead us on the righteous
path as He would have us go,
And He has shown from time of old
how strong He'd have it so.
The simple words He on high loves,
though they are only two,
Are just "Have Faith", they're in
my mind, and hold them in
yours, too.
* * *

All those who feed the pigeons in the
middle of the street
Where cars are ever running, show
gumption mighty small.
A baited fishhook means no more of
lurking death to meet.
And though it is well meant it's best
to feed not so, at all.
* * *

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Rhymes From The Jasseltown Times

#247

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R

5 - AUG 15
Conv

DIGNIFIED

Up at the Social club last night a dance was in progress,
The house was frail, the floor unsound, it was a shakey mess.
In a short while a thing occurred which came to disagree,
Except to one to whom 'twas seen it added dignity.
All of the dancers on the floor quickly made for cover,
To leave the one so favored here, who sat there in clover.
The jarring knocked the stovepipe down, the soot flew everywhere;
It should have come down in the Spring but laziness was there.
To the clothes cleaners, it was plain, some suits must there be sent,
And the boss said a suit he'd file to get refund of rent.
The benefitted one was he who the big fiddle played;
A section lit atop his head and upright it there stayed.
He then could sport a stovepipe hat, his own crown snugly on,
And he so sat in glory's role till all the guests were gone.

* * *

TABLECLOTH PROVIDES ITS OWN.

Jim Whittlestick with a few guests went picnicking last week,
And on the banks of Briar Creek his tablecloth they spread.
While they unpacked their things to eat the cloth flew in the creek;
'Twas blown there by a gust of wind to settle down like lead.
While Jim took after it forthwith the others sensed their plight,
To use the ground as tablecloth they didn't like at all.
The water on that cloth spread, too, with spirits dampened quite,
As an ill wind that blew no good it was there to befall.
But a most happy ending came at least for the Host, Jim.
He'd not have missed what fell to him if their woe it would end.
When he retrieved that cloth it held a great surprise to him.
A mess of fish was seined therein which made his eyes extend,
A catfish, two black bass, an eel, and big ones every one,
Had caused his eyes to pop out wide, his happiness to rise
To such height his company's plight he has seen fit to shun,
Says better things fall for his cloth than company and flies.

* * *

BUNDLE BUNS.

These bundle buns, such as they
are, come easy things to do,
But to add quality would mean
a quantity less, too.

Thoughts of the past come to my
mind
With many to regret,
And rather to think of this kind,
All of them I'd forget.

That "Bread and Butter's" not so
bad
To tell of a living had,
But 'twould sound better to this
lad
If some jelly they would add.

As Desert Devils they are known,
those whirlwinds on the
desert seen;
I wish our cyclones would whirl
there,
With so much sand they would come
clean.

It is a man's world it is shown,
And even women this admit,
But we will say a part they own
Because they have homesteaded it.

If tender pots we would see live
To moppet kids we shouldn't give.

No less it is than cruelty
Is in that loving squeeze to see.
It is well meant we must confess,
But this makes bad results no less.

The lamppost at its top gives
light,
And that's but half of it,
Down at it's base it keeps upright
Some guys already lit.

The office boy and "grandma's death"
are not much more in
evidence.

It's beaten paths they once made
though
To many a knothole in the fence.

Up in the stands the umpire takes
many a verbal sting,
But on the field his side's
reversed as down there
he is king.

What is so rare as a day in June?
asked a poet yesteryear,
I share his sentiment today and with
no "buts" to interfere.

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#248
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JUD AND THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Jud Hayrick went to the big town and to a carnival,
And something caught his eye while there which he could not resist.
A whirling platform, such it was, and seeing wasn't all,
'Twas a temptation he fell for which he wished he had missed.
A big herd of wooden horses were romping on its side
Along with stationary seats all painted bright and gay,
With kids aplenty using them and having a swell ride,
While a little grinning darkey, an organ so to play,
Though made of wood was grinding tunes which added to the fun;
And cautiously Jud asked a kid what all of this could be,
A Merry-go-round said the kid, Jud not to pass this one.
He should have stopped right there but no, more of it he must see,
To ride one of those horses now he thought he'd have to do.
He stepped aboard and stopped beside one which looked innocent,
And taking the reins in his hand, the saddle sank into;
And next the whole works started up and Jud grew turbulent;
He yelled to an attendant near to stop and let him off,
That he preferred to stand on ground due to a change of mind,
And said they could keep his cash and even more he'd cough,
But all he got was gathered speed, no sympathy to find.

As faster round with it he whirled he turned his head to look,
And saw a mess of shouting kids, all laughing fit to kill,
With him the subject of their mirth, and while he sat and shook
They hollered to him to jump off before he'd have a spill.
He sprawled out on the horse's back, a moment to stay there,
And then slumped down below its heels, but here his hopes rose some,
A tail that fluttered in his face was genuine horse hair,
Which made him think that back to earth he'd soon or later come.
At length, when ages seemed to pass, the thing came to a stop,
And to the solid ground he leaped and felt as though he should
Do as Columbus did that time, to that good earth to drop
And plant a kiss of thankfulness that on the earth he stood.
But not long did he think this way till a kid grabbed his sleeve;
And cried that he would pay Jud's fare if he would ride again.
A crowd of them around him swarmed, still further him to peeve.
"I'll give this one a ride!" he yelled, to the first one, and then
he clutched his fingers 'neath the jaws that wagged the offer made,
Then round and round he whirled that lad with little mercy shown,
And he was as generous, too, no fare the fellow paid.
And happily Jud says this ride was as bad as his own.

A BENDER.

Si Coke who measures seven feet from his boots to his brow,
A peck of trouble has been in since he gave up his plow.
This implement he's had to quit since planting time has gone,
And his new trouble comes to him which quitting it brings on.
An explanation is due here -- the way it came about:
When he lies down to sleep at night his shins are so far out
Below the footboard on his bed his boots he can't take off.
Unless he catches cold thereby and wakes up with a cough.
But when behind his plow he walked, his bent position there,
To be shaped like a question mark, his rest would better fare.

A curvature he got so good that when he went to bed
He realized the practice had would put him in good stead.
He tried to substitute the plow, to follow some advice;
A baby carriage he took out, but it did not suffice.
To try he pushed it down the street, his back bent over it,
But the way people gawked at him would throw him in a fit.
They know he is a bachelor, and this did not look right,
And now Si waits for time to plow and does so sitting tight.
We're told Si likes to hear advice, so some we would give him,
He'd tell him that a wheelbarrow might so keep him in trim.

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Rhymes From

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#249

WIDOW'S TACT THAT FAILED

Her eye on the romantic side a widow whom we know
Had a keen disappointment which, to mortify, she took.
She tried out her own system which she thought might catch the beaux,
And such an idea we will say is one meant for the book.
But, by the way, "beaux" doesn't sound as a fit word to me;
It's "beau" I would take any day when called upon to rhyme,
But to be proper any day it's "beaux" it has to be.
So, I'll just let it go at that, be proper for this time.
But now back to the widow, to relate that funny part
Which she played on a windy day, with bag of tricks there too
When she stopped out that morning, and to capture someone's heart.
Taking her "wash" from the line while the wind its strongest blow,
Handkerchiefs her favorites were, which she held high, let go
When a good prospect came in view, across the fence to land.
She knew the man would pick it up, then her thanks to bestow,
She'd run to him and gently take the blown piece from his hand.
She gave the system up at last, with failure to admit,
To stop them to converse with her was her intention here,
But each of them too hurried was to have a part in it.
"You're welcome" were the only words to reach her high-strung ear.
The last man she "handkerchiefed" she found of different sort,
And she was glad he got away from what she saw him do.
He lifted up the bait put out and with a loud report
He blew his nose on it, went on, the bait in pocket too.
The honest guy she's always for and this one wasn't that,
She'd rather have no man at all than take one of this kind.
"Twas an ill wind that blow no good", she says to tell it pat,
But hopes some day they will regret that they left her behind.

X-FN4827

R

* * *

STRETCH OF CIVIC PRIDE

Los Angeles has quieted in picking on our town
Because our population beside hers has fallen down.
At us her papers seldom failed to cast a daily smear;
Jealousy was the cause of it, which we stood by the year.
And by adding mile on mile she grew in strides the bigger,
To take those who lived in them, so in the count to figure.
By thousands we were left behind, but we've a consolation,
A conscience clear is ours to hold though loss population.
Dishonesty is not for us, and I might bring this out
By an incident which shows up the case we talk about.
While at the San Francisco Fair we saw a favored sight
Which struck us as an ideal one to bring our point out right.
A pair of bathing beauties a big signboard stood nearby,
Whose words informed the people of a theme then running high,
"Los Angeles city limits ends in this spot" it said,
And I believe it was sincere from all I'd heard and read.
If all the suburbs of St. L. were counted as do they,
Not to include half of the state, her old high horse would sway,
To drop her in embarrassed state, her proper place to hold,
And see our population rise to beat her claim three fold.

* * *

HESLEY PLATFORM

Sally Blow is all stirred up, she says her radio
An announcement brought to her which she thinks mighty queer.
She says an orator spoke to let the people know
Of a stunt he will perform, of which she is in fear.
She maintains this candidate for some high post will speak,
And that on a network and a hookup he'll be heard,
And says on such a platform his foot will surely leak,
For she thinks a hammock's meant, and owns this is absurd.
But she comes to his rescue and writes to him to tell
That a better platform she can furnish him at once,
That she makes them of barrel staves and has one to sell,
And adds to stand in hammocks would brand one as a dunce.

* * *

MELODRAMER SLANT.

The villain on the showboat yelled to the farmer's daughter
"Come me haughty beauty, be my darlin' as ye oughter.
If ye hold out any longer yer daddy's farm will pay me,
I'll clamp down with the mortgage and show I don't mean maybe".
The maiden for a moment stood there trembling and distraught,
But managed to get out the words "I never will be bought!"
"Then I will take you anyway", the monster said, "Come on!"
And roughly dragged her to the door as butcher would a fawn.
But a young rustic whom she loved and who loved her also,
Jumped to the stage from where he sat, his seat in the front row,
And who had seen and heard all this, moant for the show a part,
A fellow known to her alone, who likewise knew his heart.
He took it as a real life call, and on that villain guy
Rushed in a way not to forget despite his alibi.
The victim cried his innocence, said it was in the play,
That if his job he wished to hold he must act in this way.
The words checked his assailant not, but held around the neck,
He soon looked at the star-lit sky while he stood on the deck.
A copper he thought he would find and put this bird in jail.
But the next thing he felt himself sink down beneath the rail.
Hold thore and in the water dunked, to rankle him the more,
He says all these so sensitive should see their shows on shoro.

* * * *

BUNDLE BUNS.

To improve the social view on the
TV sceons,
Gather those wine glassos up, smash
them to smithereons.

A kick to got I'll say there is
In a new show on telovis.

The copper shows us the free hand
Whon he stops at the street side
stand.

That Jamboree at Valley Forge the
scouts enjoyed till
over,
But most were glad to get back
home,
Whore stood high such as Rover.

Newspapers, milk in bottles are
an accumulation
Which soon outside a fellow's
door,
donote he's on vacation.
And also tells the burglar guy
that the coast here
is clear.

Be careful whon you leave the
house that this
viov won't appear.

The postmaster informs us that of
stamps he is in need,
And asks that postal cards be used
till he gets a supply,
He also says his women folks not
one of them will road
As a vacation they are on up in
the mountains high.

Don't monkey round the band-
wagon if a horn you
can't toot,
This is a saying old and tried
which we should all
refute.

We learn things by experience,
and if the chance
were gone,
We'd have but few whon "know
hows" leave who
thus could carry on.

This morning Doovorilittle whon
We long have known as Skate,
Was soon to carry in his house
some fuse and dynamite

By several of his neighbors who
stood out at his
gate.

All were curious as to why but
worry thore was
slight.

* * *
SUGGESTION

To ladies fair who dance in
rows
With heads abob beneath their
toes,

This one convenience I'd suggest:
If with the time they'd keep
abreast,
The wrist watch might be better
placed
If shank instead of wrist it
graced.
* * *

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Rhymes From The Tasseltown Times

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#251

DISHONEST FLIGHTS.

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In my back yard grows an apple tree, 'twas laden with golden fruit,
And many a time has this apple tree been the cause of an active boot,
A boot that has helped kids over the fence who had come without an invite,
In hopes thereby to satisfy their apple-made appetite.

Near the scene there happens to be, though not in my own domains,
A vacant lot which the kids all use for flying toy aeroplanes.
One day I answered the door three times, and each time said a kid to me,
"My aeroplane, mister, may I get it down, it's caught in your apple tree?"

To number one I said "Why sure", and to number two the same,
And like the innocent dupe I was, went back to my crossword game.
So absorbed in the thing I got, the words appearing so hard,
That not a thought did I give the kids or the tree out there in the yard.

Then, while I happily found a word that panned out well as "warning",
Another kid my doorbell rang and I bade him "Good morning."
So good did I feel at my progress that I wasn't sore at all,
"Yes, son", said I, "go get your plane. Be careful you do not fall."

An hour went by when I got a jolt, to me it had just occurred
That another meaning was meant for me on learning that "warning" word.
Out of the kitchen door I dashed and was just in time to see
One of those kids' toy planes on high and bound for the apple tree.

With majestic stealth it moved along, its aim was pointed true.
A loosened brick lay at my side which told me what I should do.
I picked it up, a heave I made, and missed my mark a mile,
But scattered wide a bunch of kids who were watching me all the while.

They saw I'd tumbled to their scheme, they laughed and fled the spot,
Leaving their aeroplane up in the tree, and there it is going to rot.
A peck of apples I observed where bushels had been before,
A month has sped and never a kid has called me again to the door.

* * *

TOM'S COUSIN SID.

To the great Mark we honor do,
Two pets of his are also in,
Those real boys from old Missou,
Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn.
But there is one who doesn't
shine,
Though little of the bad he did.
He is an old standby of mine,
Aunt Polly's boy, Tom's cousin Sid.

One day Tom smashed the sugar bowls.
Aunt Polly belted Tom for this.
And when she learned Tom's guilty
role,
She reckoned she'd not struck
amiss.

Here, I confess, Sid looked not
good;
He should have cleared the other
kid,
Still, to compare, no worse he
stood --
That good boy, Tom's cousin
Sid.

I made a trip to Hamdbal
Where Mark's chief book folks
lived, to find
Their names resounding to the
full
With no lines drawn betwixt
their kind.
Old Injun Joe, Huck's drunken
dad,
Of them the town strove to get
rid,
But now to own them it is glad,
While it goes light on
cousin Sid.

* * *

TOO MUCH SKY.

A big surprise it was, we own,
In which we hated to condone,
When we heard that those Russian
guys
Had put that Sputnik in the skies.
Enough "skies" in their names we
see
To let the sky above go free.
To put it pat we missed the boat,
Or stronger still, they got our
goat.
Those fellows I like not a bit.
And all but wish them up in it.

* * *

MARCH, 1958.
VOLUME 3, NO 25,
PHILIP T. MARTYN,
EDITOR-AUTHOR,
MEMBER U. A. P. A.
5431 BARTMERE AVE.,
ST. LOUIS 12, MO.

Rhymes From The Tasseltown Times

#252
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A WRONG AND A REMEDY.

Out into the maddening whirl is forced the unwilling girl, who'd gladly mind
the fires at home if this to do she could.
To take part in the work and strife where business is the only life, among
the men she finds herself to gain a livelihood.
And there, so landing, out of place, it's an ordeal that she must face which
is aside from what she does in her appointed work.
She there finds men are in full sway, and never does she pass a day that she
doesn't hear their talk which reaches her to irk.
In office, factory and store and in places many more the ones who've shown it's
a man's world seem ever there to vex,
As though wanting to uphold that old bogey often told that no distinction
should be made in favor of her sex.
Much attention she gets, too, the sort she greets with a "boo" to let beknown
she spurns the amorous bent,
And she feels her job a loss by way of a vengeful boss, and all too often
this is his intent.
Yet, I'd gladly have you know that this condition isn't so when all the men
are looked on as a whole.
The cherished name of "gentleman" will ever be found in the van, millions so
superior I'd step up to enroll.
Also I'll say that I don't mean that all are bad who I've thus seen; I only
speak for the dark side, the others not berating.
Association in this wise often leads to happy lives, four out of ten is what
I'd guess, the figures to be stating.
But in behalf of all of those who daily tolerate such woes, and would like
to see them end, knocked out cold and buried,
To each of these I wish to say that to do this there's but one way -- get
married, gal, get married.

PADDING.

On these cold nights Tom Tate allows his dog to sleep indoors,
But Tate tells us his dog can't stand to hear his master's snores.
Last night he stuffed the dog's ears up with cotton pads so tight
That any sounds to be heard there could not be heard this night.
But when Tate entered his hen house today at break of dawn
As is his custom, 'twas to find that all his hens were gone.
A thief had broken in the place and stolen every hen;
No explanation here is due, he understood it then,
And blamed it all upon himself, that dog's ears he'd made dumb,
And what's more, told it round the town to tempt the thieves to come.
He says the dog hears everything with normal hearing there,
And he'd the same as told that thief that he need not beware.
We told Tate we agreed with him, and some advice we'll add,
That loud mouth's talk and the snores, too, at same time he should
pad.

NICKNAMES.

Panhandle is its moniker, the top
of that great state
Which spreads out like a big fried
egg, just north of Mexico;
And if I'd name its southern part
as one appropriate,
A nickname I've selected which, to
tell the truth, should go.
To judge by looks and to recount
all down there that's been done
done.
As an achievement that stands out
in the great work of man,
That handle placed by nature's hand
could not mention this one --

SUGGESTION.

Unc Sam astride a sputnik when
we send one on its way
Would be nice on a postage stamp
to honor that great day;
Not only to commemorate, but it
would show that he
Meant business, and those Russian
guys would learn from what
they'd see.
As Yankee Doodle he'd discard
that pony he once rode,
To hint that his missile power
was in what he bestrode.

CROSBY CROONINGS.....AUGUST ISSUE..... 1959

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Copy

It is quite evident that we are all very human - we all love the personal expressions of appreciation of our work. My June paper brought plenty of evidence of this. From two of our oldest members, the one is among our "newest" joiners, came direct messages of thanks for my personal words about their writings and personal status. From another member came congratulations on that June paper because of its particular type of write-up. The crowning touch came from Sec'y Daas, calling it my "best" paper and the "best of that type in the year's Bundles," asking for "more".

Well, I appreciate all that, too! However (and this I will whisper): I am not too sure that I think that type of paper should call forth the most complementary remarks. But I suppose it was the most out-going, and gave the personal touch to the most people. I put my heart into it in the first place; and, in the second place, I gave it plenty of time, effort and thought, to make it expressive, yet concise.

NOW - OUT WITH THE WELCOME MAT for the latest "Joiners" and newest Publications!

Edith Elsenhut - Florida
Greg Jennings, Illinois
Saron Linskens, Wis.
Diana Miller, Ill.
Geneva Alice Verkennes
Helen Prodehl, Ill.
Virgil Lafuse, Ind.

TO YOU

WELCOME

THRICE

WELCOME!!!

Manuel Branch - Okla.
Delberta C. Smith - Wis.
Wm. F. Nelson - N.J.
Dorothy Gallagher - Ariz.
Boris Zwenigorodsky - Calif.
Morris Abner Barr - Penn.

.....Read the interesting Biographies of these - and Papers.....
.....Noting the Newest Publications.....

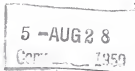
A couple of strange, new lights have lately appeared, dancing and flickering along the horizon, (Editorial "horizon", that is.) They did not at first enter the regular lanes of travel, but landed at the Milwaukee Port of entry, where the proper Official Investigator identified certain hieroglyphic upon their exterior, as corresponding to the UAPA Fraternity lettering. Also, they bore printed matter, without and within, which, when interpreted by our expert Official, were readily recognized as issuing from different parts of the Planet Earth.

So they were admitted for general inspection by all UAPA members, to appear in the Official Bundle of the current month.

The lettering upon one of these newly lighted Crafts, is colored, and it gives forth some new and startling thought-beams, dealing with other planetary and Space developments, which though rather out of the ordinary, may be well worth deeper delving on the part of the member of our Fraternity. Let us, at least, reserve any harsh, or sudden reactions but showing a willingness to "look aloft". The distinguishing nomenclature of this "light-ship", is a strange and novel word, -- seeming to indicate the region from which it originated -- "Colonian", N.J.

Now the second "light ship" gave off beams which generated happy feeling - that is, a happy philosophy for living - right down here on this Earth Planet, in its present state of "Ye Daily Grinde". In it, a certain person, named "Uncle Clem", who seemed to be a very "Old Timer", spoke in a decided "back-woods" style, indicating entire lack of formal education. But somehow, it seemed to be just the right way to present the ideas intended, for there was a lot of practical wisdom that shed light on many parts of Earth-life and experiences.

X-PN4827.R



#254

RANDOM

THE RAMBLING PENSMAN

U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION

M.L. BRANCH, EDITOR

WRITING AT RANDOM

IF MY PENCIL WRITES AT RANDOM
AND ITS WORDS CONFUSES YOU
IF IT MURDERS WRITING STANDARDS
TO BRING A POINT OF LIFE TO VIEW
IF IT CRUCIFIXES THE ENGLISH
THAT SOME MAN HAS SAID IS RIGHT
IS IT WRONG TO LET IT WANDER
IF IT BRINGS MY NEIGHBOR SIGHT

VOL. 1

NO. 1

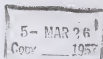
A PRODUCT OF THE ABBREVIATED PRESS

THE SHUT-IN'S DAY ASSOCIATION
ANNOUNCEMENT!!!!

SHUT-IN'S DAY!

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN

JUNE 1957.



President-S.I.D.A.-

Mrs. Wm. Franchlyn Paris

For detailed information and S.I.D.A. membership, write:

Mrs. Wm. Franchlyn Paris, Pres. S.I.D.A.

Five Acres, Greenwich, N.Y.

Telephone: Bridgeton 9-1146 J-1

Originated by Mr. Ernest Barker,

an invalid, Canadian, in 1941.

CHEER A SHUT-IN ON SHUT-IN'S DAY! REMEMBER SHUT-IN'S EVERY DAY!

The purpose of the Shut-In's Day Association is to interest the public in shut-in's and handicapped---to bring them to their attention on Shut-In's Day, the first Sunday in June, each year---the day set aside to cheer the ill and the handicapped. The Association urges the public, the press, the church, the school, radio & T-V, and clubs and organizations to: **HELP PUBLICIZE SHUT-IN'S DAY, THE FIRST SUNDAY IN JUNE! PLEASE REMIND OTHERS OF SHUT-IN'S DAY!**

The Shut-In's Day Association is interested in cheering the shut-in, the ill, and the handicapped every day of the year! The Association urges the handicapped towards rehabilitation and useful living, every day of the year.

The Association asks that YOU remember those who must remain indoors! Help the handicapped help themselves!

What can YOU do to help? What WILL you do to help?

A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR AIDING THE DISABLED ON SHUT-IN'S DAY AND THROUGHOUT THE YEAR!

- 1.---Pay a visit! Bring or send a thoughtful gift!
- 2.---Send a Cheer Card on Shut-In's day, and at regular intervals during the year!---Cr send a note!
- 3.---Telephone or telegraph good wishes.
- 4.---Take, shut-ins, who are able to cheer in your car.
- 5.---Take a shut-in for a ride in your car.
- 6.---Shop, and run errands for those who cannot fend for themselves.
- 7.---Send hobby and educational gifts to the handicapped.
- 8.---Share magazines, stationery, newspapers, candy, flowers etc. with shut-ins, who enjoy the aforementioned. Make sure, however, that the shut-in you select to cheer is permitted to have flowers, and eat candy or sweets. Offer to read to the disabled who have poor eyesight.
- 9.---Offer an afternoon or an evening to sit and cheer a shut-in, and give the family a chance to attend church, or have a few free hours.
- 10.---Urge the shut-in to study, or to use talents!

TEACHERS---Please offer free time to teaching

the shut-in and disabled!

HOBBYISTS!---SHARE YOUR HOBBIES WITH THE DISABLED!

TEACH THE SHUT-IN'S HOBBIES THEY CAN ENJOY!

EMPLOYERS: GIVE THE HANDICAPPED A CHANCE!

HIRE THE HANDICAPPED!

ENCOURAGE THE SHUT-IN!

HELP HIM EARN A LIVELIHOOD AT HOME!

OFFER TYPING, SEWING & OTHER MEANS OF HOMEWORK!

EVERYONE!---PLEASE PRAY FOR THE SHUT-IN'S & HANDICAPPED!

Each little kindness you offer helps much!

REMEMBER THE SHUT-IN'S ON SHUT-IN'S DAY!

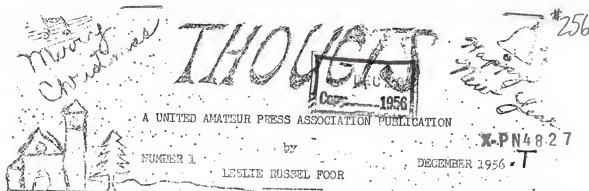
CHEER THE DISABLED EVERY DAY!

WE THANK YOU! THE SHUT-IN'S THANK YOU! GOD SHALL BLESS YOU!

Sincerely,

S.I.D.A. Representative-Kensington Area.

ymam
ect



Christmas is the most emotionally gratifying time of the year. It is a time that exalts the air with a spirit of birth. Could there be a better time to give birth to THOUGHTS than at the present?

There is something about Christmas spirit that gives a writer the power to obtain satisfactory communication with all his fellow men. It is that one precious time of the year when his friends seem so much friendlier, and he even receives a quick greeting from his enemies.

Communication is the main desire for all writers, both amateur and professional. The writer is egotistical enough to want to communicate his THOUGHTS to others. It gives him a thrill to read something in print under his byline, whether the circulation of the publication concerned is 350 or 4,000,000,000.

I confess that I am a writer. At the present time you might be able to deem me as an amateur. As a writer I naturally desire to impropagate the minds of men and women with my THOUGHTS. It is with the foregoing THOUGHTS that all my future THOUGHTS are dedicated.

* * * * *

CHRISTMAS MESSENGERS

THE NEW ARRIVAL

A little bell rang true this morn-
So piercing through the air
To tell us that my Lord was born
On this day so fair.

Some on the street sang out
Hail the king of peace
To spread the good news about
That our Lord is here

With such gladness
On this great day
I felt the joy that
And gave my voice to praise...

And only then with a new voice
Where Christmas joy convenes
Did I have reason to rejoice
And know what Christmas means.

Another year now slips away
To seal the one that's come today.
The wise old man is stepping down
For that young babe who's come to town.

To all who lived in fifty-six
It seemed each day was heaven,
But here's to even greater kicks
From nineteen fifty seven.

LOST...A YEAR!

A treasured year has stolen by
So prading into past...
There in the depths of days that die
So final and so fast.

The moments filled with happiness
And silent sadness too
Have fallen under time's caress
To pass from present view.

TINY THOUGHTS

Happiness is merely mental gratification, but there are degrees of satisfaction just as there are degrees of happiness.

But see...A New Year comes again
And may it never cease
Till hatred soars from souls of men
And all men pray for peace.

THE LAST CAROL

Not many Christmases have past
Nor very long ago-
Perhaps it was the Christmas last
I'm not so sure I know...

When all good children gaily sang
Before the town's great tree
Amidst the glad church bells which rang
So rich and merrilee...

A little girl looked up to say
Just for her Mother's ear,
"I'd like to carol if I may
Please let me sing this year."

"But, Mary dear, you're rather small
To walk about the town
In spite of Christmas Eve and all
A snow is coming down."

The mother saw a wistful look
Upon her daughter's face
Which hid away the smile it took
And left a frown in place.

She saw her Mary longing so
While looking at the tree
Which glistened in the falling snow
Just close enough to see.